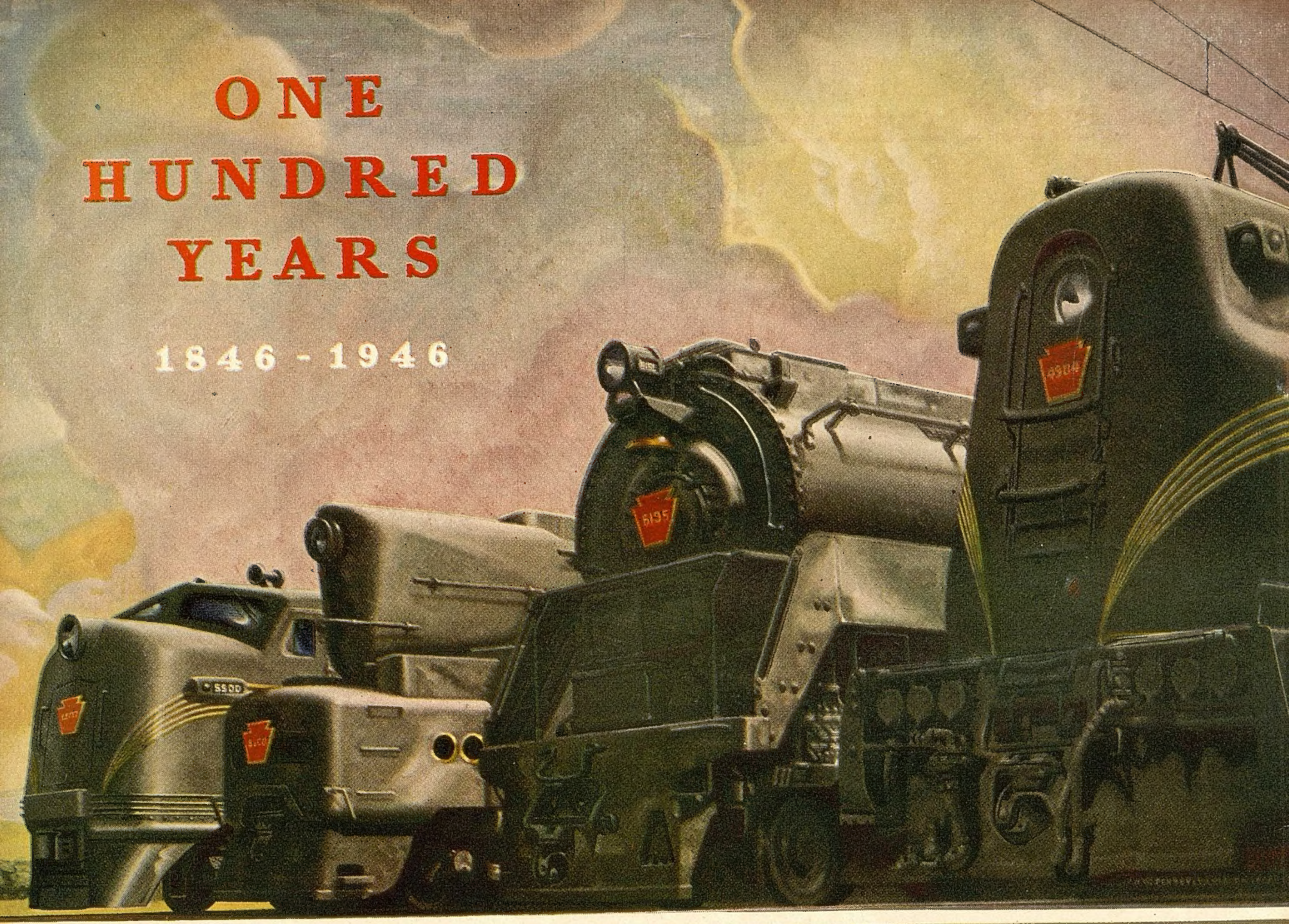
FEB. 23, 1946 10c

Liberty

Book: THE MANATEE

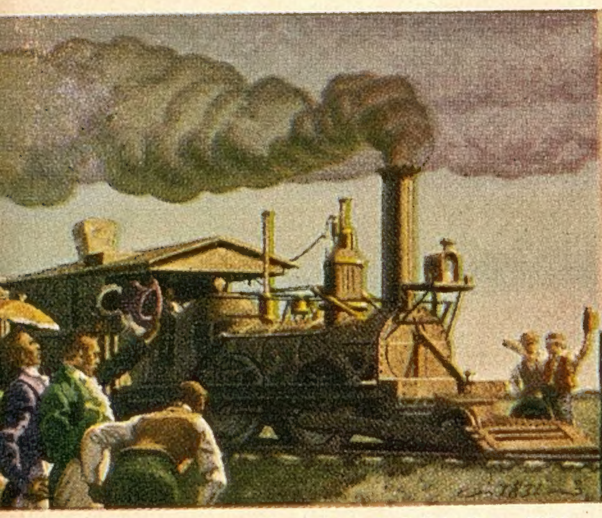
The Most Talked-About Novel of the Year

THE COMING EXPLOSION IN PALESTINE

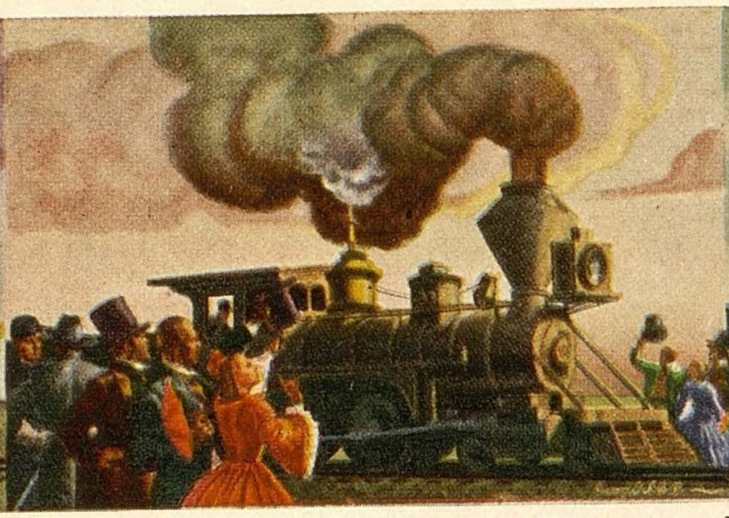


ONE HUNDRED YEARS

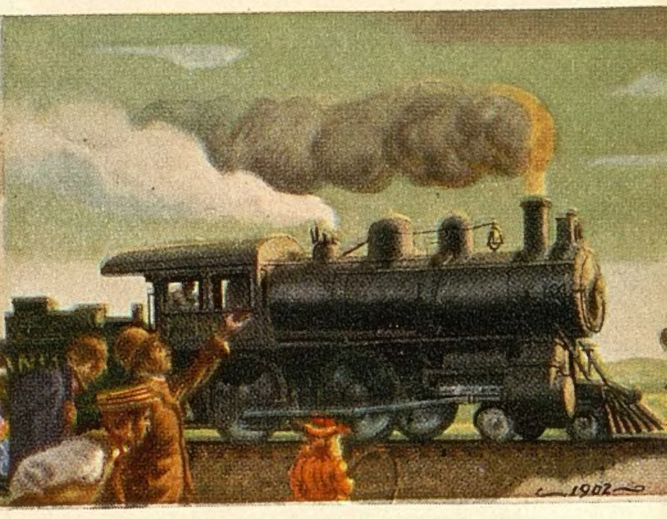
1846 - 1946



The "John Bull," built in 1831—America's oldest original locomotive



A Pennsylvania Railroad locomotive of 1865



Power in 1902 for the Pennsylvania Special, forerunner of the Broadway Limited

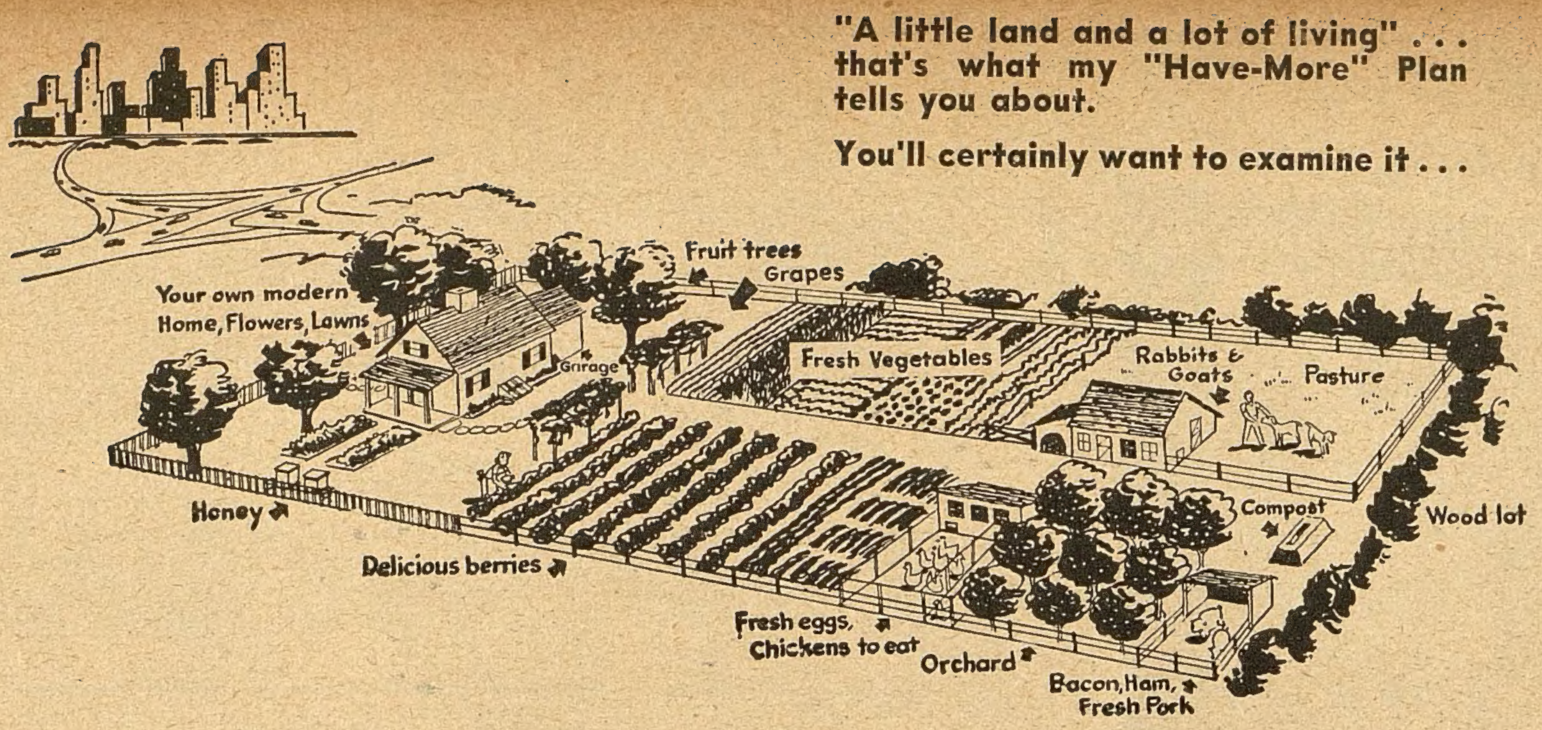
THIS YEAR—1946—marks a century of progress by the Pennsylvania Railroad in service to the American people. Reflecting the tremendous industrial growth of the Country itself, this service has steadily advanced from a few trains a day to 1,340 passenger trains and 3,170 freight trains daily, operating over 10,114 miles of line extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Now, as we prepare to move into a second century, our combined research, engineering and shop facilities are producing new trains, new locomotives, new cars, new comforts and new technical achievements . . . to add still another chapter of transportation progress that has continued for one hundred years.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

"A little land and a lot of living" . . . that's what my "Have-More" Plan tells you about.

You'll certainly want to examine it . . .



"This is the way I want to live— *the rest of my life!"*

Mrs. Robinson, Jackie, and I aren't selling any land nor promoting anybody's products. We only want to tell you how we've learned to have more fun, more health and more security than 99% of this world's families has ever had.

This morning for breakfast I had fresh berries and cream, a mouth-watering order of ham and eggs, raspberry jam and toast and coffee. The toast and coffee we bought at the store. The rest we raised on our little "Have-More" Homestead.

That breakfast, to me, is just a sample of part of the difference our "Have-More" Plan makes in the way people can live.

The strict city dweller who buys everything he eats is liable to have a toast-and-coffee life.

The family which does as we are doing gets the "cream"—and the berries and the ham and eggs and the jam. I guess this sounds boastful, but I don't mean it so. It is just the *enthusiasm* Mrs. Robinson and I have for the Plan we've worked out. We call it our "Have-More" Plan because that's how it works for us . . . we have *more* of just about everything that makes life worth living!

Our "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how we Robinsons moved from the city to our small place in the nearby country to find a "little land and a lot more living" while I kept a regular full-time job in town.

It tells how we grow most of our family's food in spare time—have fun doing it—have better living—more sunshine and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact, as I said before, *more* of just about everything!

All the Details

My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words, 73 illustrations, many actual photographs of our own place. And I've kept the price as low as I could, only $1.00.

It tells just how we do things—all our shortcuts, ideas, labor-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of really fresh eggs, a wonderful garden, delicious rabbit meat, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, geese, turkeys, squab, spring lamb, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, luscious grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc.—how we use the latest, easiest preserving methods, including quick freezing. (Note: No *one* family should start *all* these projects at once. But we describe them all so you can take your pick.)

No "Magic" About It

Now, please, don't get me wrong. This is no "crack-pot theory" on how to make an easy living! I suppose that if you absolutely had to, you could live a long time entirely off a small place like our two acres. But that would be just existing, not really living. You've got to have some *cash* income—from a job or a pension or something. What I'm saying is that with my "Have-More" Plan you can make a *small* cash income into the best and happiest kind of a living any man could want. That's *why* we call it our "Have-*More*" Plan.

Furthermore, you and your wife have to be real partners and *enjoy* working together. If either of you think of the housework and the chores as just drudgery, you better go live in a boardinghouse or a two room apartment. Personally, we wish we *could* spend more time working around our place—it's so interesting.

Will You Join Us?

A friend said, the other day, "Ed, why do you bother with other people? Why don't you settle down and just enjoy your own job and your 'Have-More' Homestead? Why try to spread it all over the country?" I may sound silly trying to tell you why. This *is* my job now. I am putting full time into gathering information on country living . . . for ourselves and others. I feel, somehow, that in the years to come the U. S. is going to need all the help it can get toward happiness and peace and security. We aren't always going to have a boom going on. I've got a boy I want to see grow up in a good country, and if ten or twenty million American families can get set as well as the Robinson family is, I don't think anything can hurt this nation.

Do you see what I mean? That's why I've worked so hard putting this Plan together. That's why I was so *careful* to be truthful and sensible in everything we put in it. And that's why I've kept the price as low as I possibly could—only $1.00, postpaid.

Now It's Up to You!

So if you are one of our kind of people, if you want to have a look at our "Have-More" Plan, just fill in the coupon here and send it to me. When you get the Plan—by return mail—look it over. If you are disappointed in it in any way, or if it doesn't suit you, put it right back in the package and return it to me. I'll give you your dollar back and send you a dime for your postage.

On the other hand, if you like it, and I am sure you will, help me by showing it to your friends and getting them to start a "Have-More" Homestead also. Yours for "a little land and a lot of living"—

Ed Robinson

P. O. Box 9702, Noroton, Conn.

Send to ED ROBINSON
P. O. Box 9702, Noroton, Conn.
Dear Ed:—
Here's your dollar. I want to see your "Have-More" Plan. If it's what I want I'll keep it. If not I'll send it back and you're to return my money—and we'll still be friends.

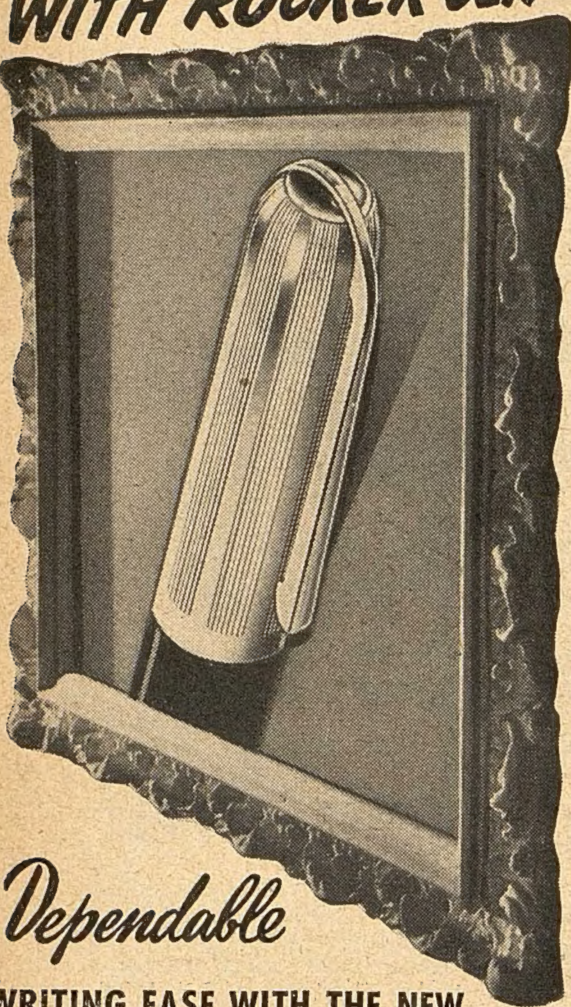
Name . . . .

Address . . . .

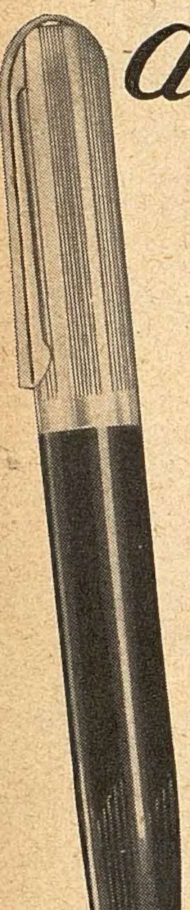
City . . . . **State** . . . .

(Please make checks $1.05 to cover bank charge.)

New Styling
WITH "ROCKER" CLIP



WRITING EASE WITH THE NEW



Autopoint
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS

You will like the rich, aristocratic look of these brand new styled "Autopoint" Pencils . . . exotic pencils with cap, clip and tip in gleaming yellow gold finish. Your fingers fairly itch to firmly grip their invitation to trouble-free writing. No other pencil will do, once you try them.

NEW "ROCKER" CLIP
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At last a clip that blends *in* with the pencil. It gives quick, easy clipping, holds fast and stays put. It fits the pencil low in the pocket.

FAMOUS GRIP-TITE TIP

These new "Autopoint" Pencils also have the famous Grip-Tite Tip . . . no-jam mechanism and easy rear loading . . . leads can't wobble, turn or fall out.

START YOUR SALES PROGRAM WITH "AUTOPOINT" PENCILS

Sales are your No. 1 problem. Start re-establishing sales by giving Imprinted "Autopoint" Pencils. They are constant reminders—goodwill builders, giving long life to your sales message. Ideal for your own employees, too. Increase efficiency . . . equip your employees with these trouble-free pencils. Write for catalog.

There's an "Autopoint" Pencil to fit any pocket . . . and every pocketbook.

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Painted by Harold Anderson

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

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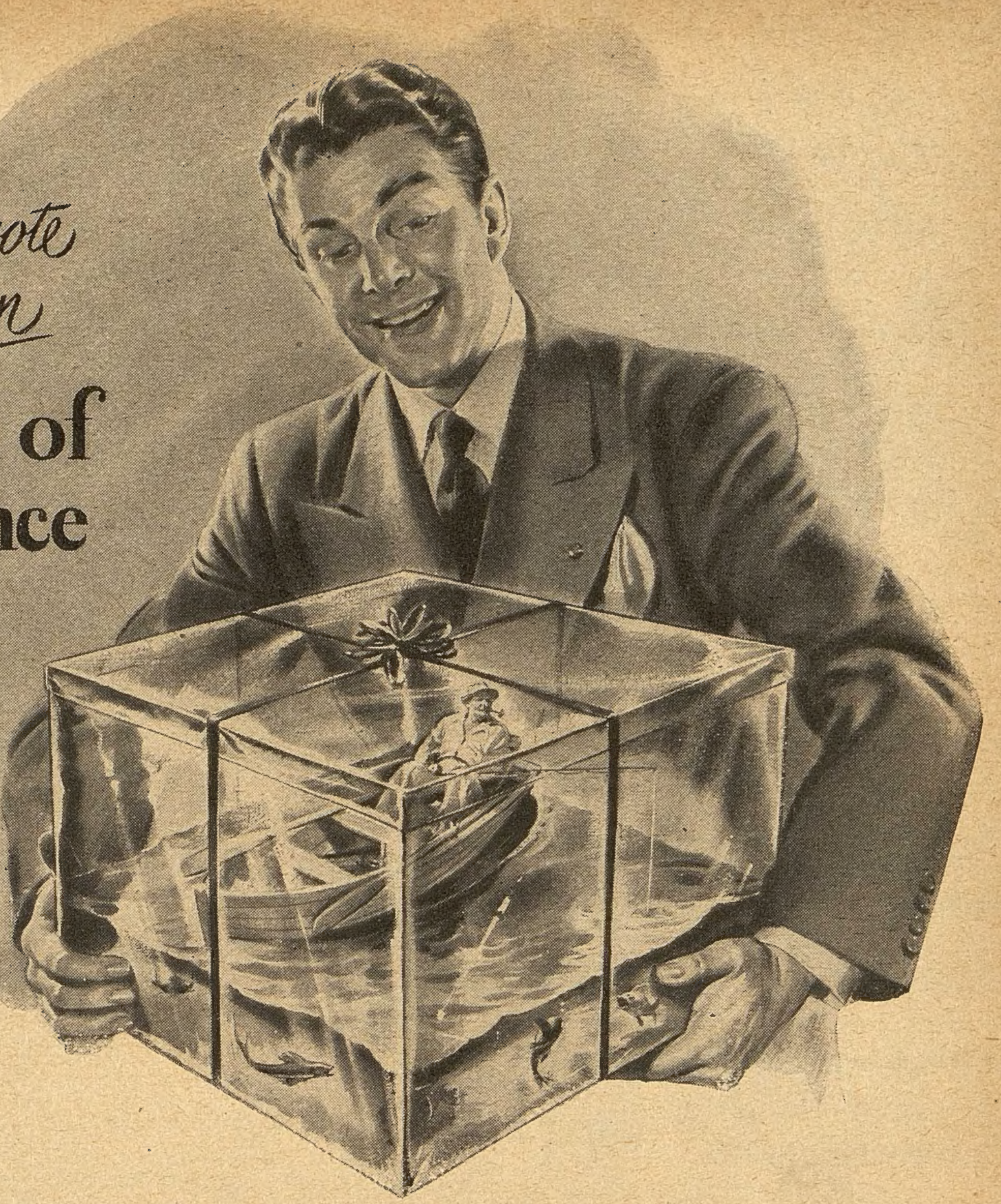
Liberty, February 23, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 8. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall. Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

The man who wrote his own Declaration of Independence



This fellow was far-sighted. He knew years ago what sort of personal independence he would want . . . and took steps to provide it for himself—*then.*

He knew that at a certain time in his life he would want to knock off and take things easy. And he also knew he wouldn't be able to do it unless he had more of an income than Social Security would provide. So he asked a Penn Mutual Underwriter and found out what to do.

The chances are you, too, will want to ease up a bit at 65. Perhaps sooner! The premium deposits on retirement insurance are moderate. And anyway, isn't it like taking money out of the pocket of the suit you're wearing today and putting it into the pocket of the one you'll be wearing some years from now?

Penn Mutual Underwriters can explain the details to you. They are experts on all life insurance planning, and out of their experience they can help you build a future patterned to your own specific requirements. Why not get the benefit of their advice?

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE
• • STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FOUNDED IN 1847
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

YOUR LIFE PLAN DESERVES THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF A PENN MUTUAL UNDERWRITER

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Buying a Food or Drink Mixer?

LOOK FOR THIS TAG!
SUPPRESS MAN-MADE RADIO STATIC
TOBE FILTERIZED*

Food and drink mixers are great time savers! But they often spoil radio reception by causing static interference. The cure is simple:—Buy a mixer that's *Tobe Filterized!* A tiny Tobe Filterette is *built into the mixer* as standard equipment. And presto! You enjoy "quiet", undistorted radio programs.

Look for Tobe's Tag before you buy *any* appliance, including Vacuum Cleaners, Oil Burners, Electric Razors, Electric Fans, Sewing Machines, etc. *Reg. Trade Mark

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

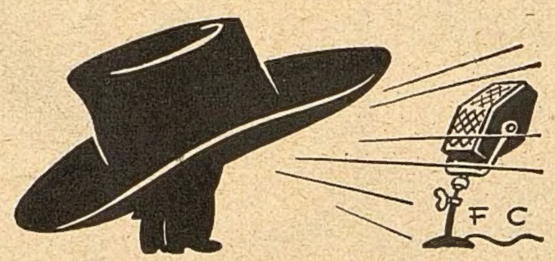
LAGUARDIA ON THE AIR

New York, N. Y.—F. H. LaGuardia's first radio period (Sunday night, January 6) for your magazine was well presented. But he could be a better influence if he would forget his former political connections.

In his talk about labor and industry, he implied that General Motors was responsible for its labor trouble in that it would not present to the union its price and profit condition for their approval.

Actually General Motors' position is very well stated in its advertisements, and so far I have heard no answer to that position by labor, except a smoke screen of abuse.

What I'd like to know is—who will take care of all the great mass of employees who do not want to join unions? Are these people not to get increases, or are they to be permitted to ask their employers for records of expenses and income and have a say in both? And will they then be permitted to ask for a prorated share of the net income?—*W. Thomas.*



CONGRATULATIONS FROM GORIN

New York, N. Y.—As a steady reader of your fine magazine I want to congratulate you on publishing a delightful short short story by Bernadine Kreis — Things Greater Than He (December 15). — *Igor Gorin.*

A HAPPY MEDIUM

San Pedro, Calif.—It was with much interest that I read the Big Four of the High Iron, by Morris Markey (January 5). It is an article like that that shows what labor unions are really fighting for.—*George McEwan.*

Manchester, Conn.—I feel Mr. Markey deserves to be complimented for his fair treatment of trade-unions. All too many ordinarily fair-minded people seem to go haywire with prejudice and lose their sense of humor when the subject of unions comes up. Too much of what is written and said about unions makes them either all black or all white.

Unions are not infallible institutions; their faults are those of human beings, not those of demons. Doubtless there are crooks within unions, as in other groups, but they by no means dominate the union movement.—*J. W. Cheney.*

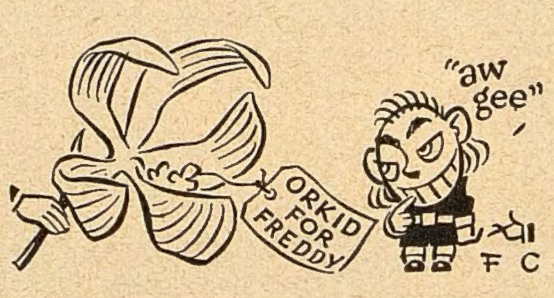
HORSE SENSE

Waverly, N. Y.—I have just read Paul Hunter's editorial, We've Got to Get the Facts (January 12), and I want to commend him on his clear thinking. It's good horse sense.

I would like to suggest that instead of having too large a fact-finding committee, there be at the most three, and the chairman be the one to sit down with labor and management to adjust grievances. I feel sure if labor and management had confidence in the man (labor particularly), they could adjust their differences and we would have very few strikes.—*John E. Umpleby.*

EFFICIENCY VALUE

Salt Lake City, Utah—Your yearly calendar issue (January 5) for 1946 has come. It's tops in efficiency value for any place.



I have the cover of my copy framed.—*George Harrcamp.*

A LIBERTY SCOOP

Guam—Some of us former newspapermen, still in uniform, were chatting the other evening and remarking that the field of the illustrated comic was overlooking a good bet—picturing the activities of a small-sized town. Perhaps that was due to the fact that so many of us, and many in mufti in the fourth estate, hail from small communities and we recognize the potentialities

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Boy, that's how to buy a car!"

"When I came out of the bank I wanted to kick up my heels like a colt. You see, I've found the only way to buy a car—and my friendly State Farm agent is the one I can thank.

"I got the idea when he told me about the State Farm Bank Plan. He and I dropped in on Pete Johnson at the bank. With my agent's help, the loan went through in a jiffy. I've got the cash. And I'm off to buy the car I want, at my own terms. Maybe I'll get Mary a new outfit with the money I save. She'll want to look pretty chipper when we drive to church Sunday."

Yes, Fred's found out the best way to buy a car. Any State Farm agent—and there are 6,000 of them from coast to coast—will gladly explain how you, too, may save three ways with the State Farm Bank Plan. First, by borrowing from a cooperating bank and avoiding high "finance charges"; second, by paying cash so that you may make a better deal for your car; third, by insisting on a new, low-cost, broad-coverage State Farm Mutual policy.

More than 1,100,000 State Farm Mutual policyholders have saved in excess of $55-000,000 in the cost of their insurance alone, and more than 100,000 have already saved money on car purchases through this plan.

IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. See your friendly State Farm Agent today or write State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for address of agent near you. Also, secure *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance.

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car

STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
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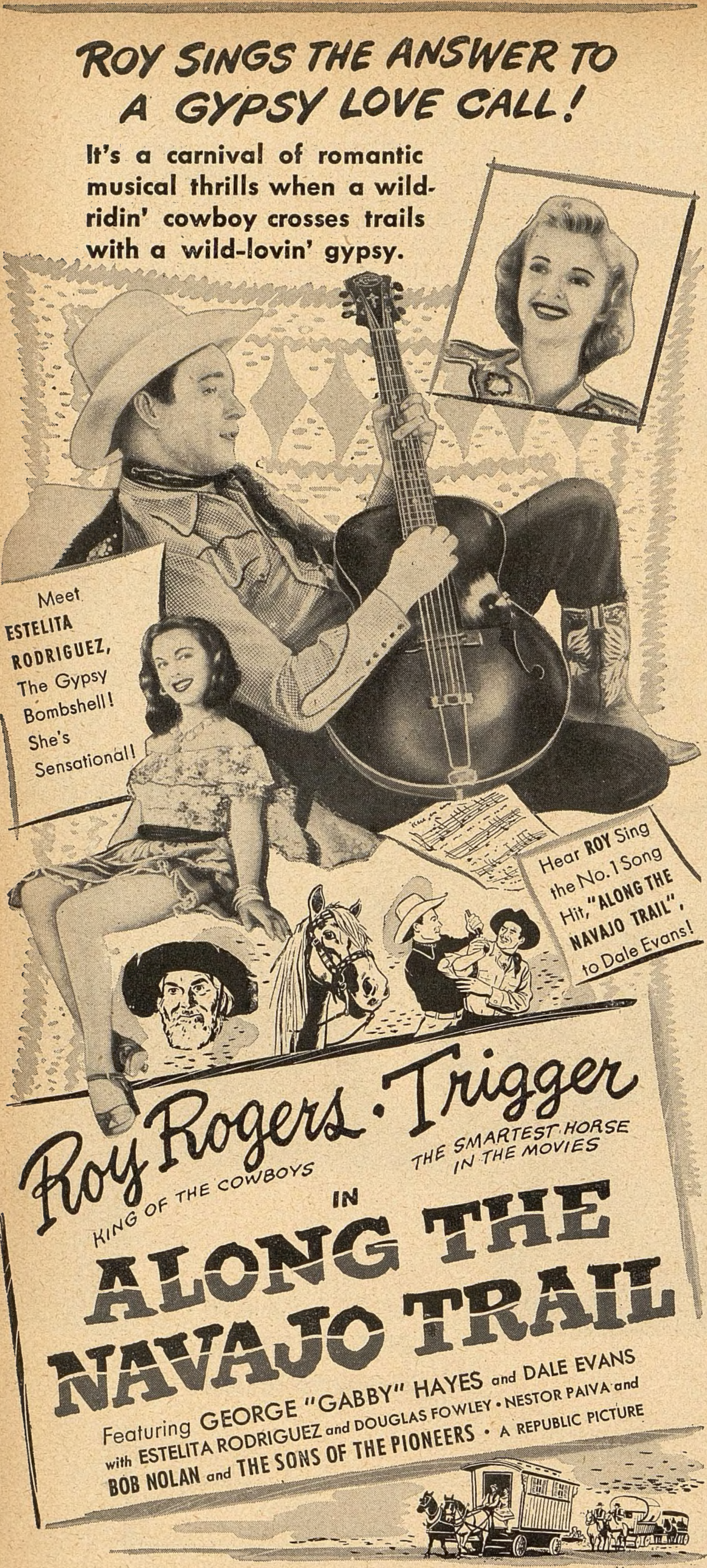

ROY SINGS THE ANSWER TO A GYPSY LOVE CALL!
It's a carnival of romantic musical thrills when a wild-ridin' cowboy crosses trails with a wild-lovin' gypsy.
Meet ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ, The Gypsy Bombshell! She's Sensational!
Hear ROY Sing the No. 1 Song Hit, "ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL", to Dale Evans!
Roy Rogers · Trigger
KING OF THE COWBOYS
THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES
IN
ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL
Featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES and DALE EVANS
with ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ and DOUGLAS FOWLEY · NESTOR PAIVA and
BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS · A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(*Continued from page 6*)

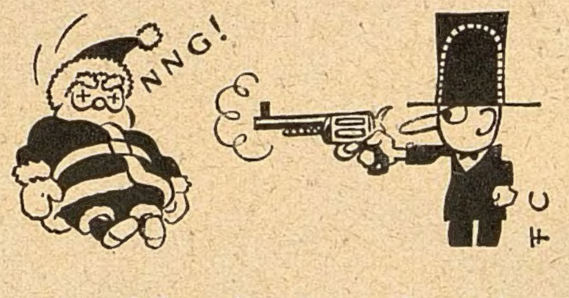
in such a strip or story.

Imagine my surprise to discover that you had anticipated us by having brought to the market The Thropp Family, which has appeared every week since the October 27 issue.

May the Thropps thrive.—*Major Ben Kaufman, Air Corps.*

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A SANTA CLAUS

BATAVIA, N. Y.—I note in Woman-Talk (January 5) that Margaret Fishback tells about a professor who advises parents to give up the Santa Claus myth and to substitute democratic philosophy. I merely wish to refer the learned gentleman to Robert W. Service's poem, The Sceptic:



My Father Christmas passed away
  When I was barely seven.
At twenty-one, alackaday,
  I lost my hope of heaven.
Yet not in either lies the curse:
  The hell of it's because
I don't know which loss hurt the worse—
  My God or Santa Claus.

Democratic philosophy (whatever that may be) will never replace Santa Claus in the eyes or mind of a child.—*William E. Severe.*

PULLING OUT CHESTNUTS

AGAWAM, MASS.—The biggest horse laugh for Britishers is to read letters, like that of Thomas F. Cox (VOX POP, December 29), about how Uncle Sam is always pulling Britain's chestnuts out of the fire.

Perhaps Mr. Cox prefers to forget what happened after the fall of France, when Britain stood alone until Mr. Hitler attacked Russia. During that rather uncomfortable period, many Britishers might be excused for wondering whose chestnuts they were pulling out on the side. If ever he should visit the tight little isle which paid a higher and longer price for security, he should be careful. Britain thinks she kept the European war "hotted up" for the other allies; she did give the U. S. time to prepare; without her, there just wouldn't have been a war to finish.

Where would Uncle Sam's European trade have been then? It might interest Mr. Cox to know Great Britain was America's best single customer in the halycon days before September 3, 1939.—*Mrs. E. H. W.*

For Gracious Living

Wherever the better things of life are enjoyed and appreciated . . . Schlitz is a natural and expected part of the setting.

JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
No harsh bitterness

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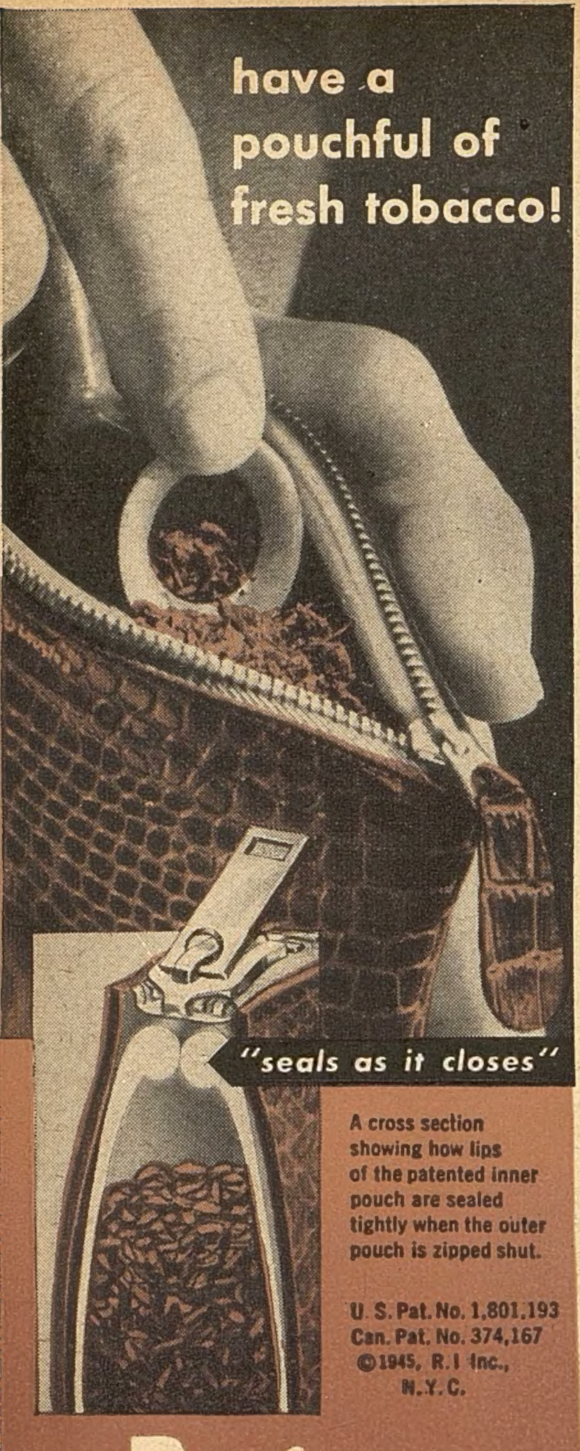
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS


have a pouchful of fresh tobacco!
"seals as it closes"
A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.
U. S. Pat. No. 1,801,193
Can. Pat. No. 374,167
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the largest selling tobacco pouch in the U. S. A.

The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models, by Rogers craftsmen . . . Model No. 213 (illustrated above) $3, others from $1.50 to $15. At better shops everywhere.

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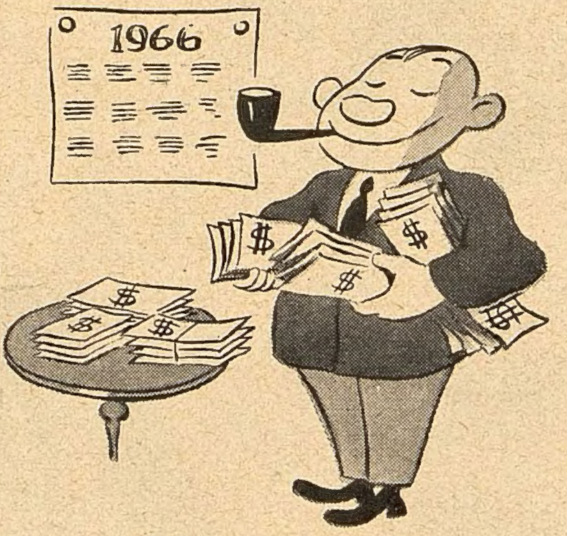
VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IT all began in the service when insurance was practically forced on us. To most of us that was agreeable. The cost was not too high and the personal risk was always present. But now that we are back in civilian life, too many of us are dropping it and allowing a golden opportunity for investment and security to slip through our fingers.

Because of the ballyhoo surrounding G.I. insurance, the average vet probably regards it with misgivings. That's understandable. But after a week of sweating it out with top insurance people—both civilian and military—this department is convinced that Uncle Sam's insurance is a great thing.



Recommended

Our first suggestion is that you keep your insurance at all costs. Sure, it's going to cost more in its most beneficial civilian form. Cut down the amount of the insurance if you must—but don't cut it out entirely. It cost less in the service because it was term insurance at a low emergency rate. It paid off only if you died.

Your first immediate job is to convert this term insurance into permanent insurance. As such, the premium rates will be much higher because this policy is worth something to you alive. It's like a bank account—every cent you put into it will be available, after one year, for you to borrow on—or withdraw, if necessary. On top of that, it probably will draw yearly dividends.

Remember, too, that in changing term insurance into permanent insurance, you still hold *National Service Life Insurance*—backed by Uncle Sam—and premiums are still the lowest anywhere.

Your next problem is to determine exactly which form of permanent insurance to take. Using a $10,000 G.I. policy as an example, the monthly payments for the average veteran would approximately total: For a *20-Payment Life,* $21; for a *30-Payment Life,* $17; for the *Ordinary Life,* $14. The actual amount will depend upon the exact age of the insured. However, in the Ordinary Life the cheaper monthly payments do not end in twenty or thirty years, but continue throughout life. *If financially possible, the 20-Payment Life is recommended as the preferred form.*

What about the money that you have already sunk in G.I. term insurance? Is there a way to salvage any part of it?

There most certainly is! When converting G.I. policies into permanent insurance, it is advisable, if financially possible, to go back and pay up the difference between the former war premiums and the regular permanent premiums. For example, term insurance, with the government's help, cost us on the average about $6.60 a month. These paid-in premiums as term insurance have no cash value; but premiums in a permanent policy do have. Therefore, to make war insurance retroactively valuable, you will have to convert its war premiums into permanent insurance premiums by paying off the monthly owed difference. In this way, you are not only able to make your insurance payments pay off from the day you first took out government insurance, but also it will lower your monthly premium rate to that lower age level.

* * *

R. F. Smith, Jr., Decatur, Ill. If you are finding the sledding too tough to keep your (converted) 30-Pay policy in force, and are in good health, you may exchange the 30-Pay for the lower premium Ordinary Life policy. This can be done at any time within five years from the effective date of the 30-Pay policy. If the 30-Pay has been in force less than a year, the difference between the amount paid into the 30-Pay and the lower amount that would have gone in the Ordinary Life policy, had you originally chosen that, must be used to prepay premiums on the Ordinary Life policy up to a like sum. This gives you a breather in that the policy pays for itself for a time. If the original policy has been running longer than twelve months, the difference on exchange may be withdrawn in cash if you wish.

* * *

M. L. Spitz, Fargo, N. D. No, you will not have eight years to convert your National Service Life Insurance policy, since it was issued to you after January 1, 1946. It must be converted before the expiration of five years, and after you have had the policy one year. If it had been issued just one day sooner, the three-year extension would have applied.

* * *

W. D. Gulick, Lima, Ohio. Proof of good health and payment of two monthly premiums without interest are all that is necessary to reinstate your lapsed National Service Life Insurance policy, irrespective of the date of lapse of the policy. The "irrespective" part, however, applies only for the duration plus six months—so do it now!

Keep after him!

* * *

Sgt. Albert Parks, Miami Beach, Fla. The Regular Veterans Association was originally organized to coordinate the activities of peacetime servicemen, although veterans of World Wars I and II (not Regular Army) are admitted to membership. For a statement of policies and membership qualifications, write Regular Veterans Association, Inc., 1115 Fifteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mrs. R. Cumberledge, Saline, Kans. Your husband's policy remains in force during the thirty-one-day grace period allowed for payment of premiums. It's dangerous, though, for him to run so close to the edge. Keep after him to send in his premiums on time!

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FLEDGLING NOVELIST

WHEN Nancy Bruff deliberately set out to write a story that would keep her husband awake, she got results—a successful first novel, THE MANATEE, condensed in this week's issue. About a whaling captain (there are many in Miss Bruff's ancestry), the book is laid in Nantucket, where she spent her summers as a child. In the winters she was busy being booted out of school. When she was seventeen, her father sent her to the Sorbonne. Two years later he lost his money in the 1929 crash, and his daughter went traveling on next to nothing—crossed Corsica on donkeys, the Pyrenees on foot, France in third-class carriages. Self-educated, the blonde socialite-authoress has read voraciously all her life and started writing soon after her return to America in the '30s.

FRANK ON THE SPOT

REVOLT IN THE PROMISED LAND, which appears on page 17, is based on a confidential British report and on Gerold Frank's on-the-spot observations in Palestine. Well known as a war correspondent and author, Mr. Frank traveled widely in Europe before World War II, and has recently returned from more than a year's study of the political situation in the Middle East.

NEXT WEEK

WITH a million war vets wanting farms, it's not how to keep 'em *on* the farm, but how to keep 'em off. It's O.K. if you ex-G.I.s just want to be among the birds, the bees, and the flowers. But if you want to make a living, DON'T GET STUCK WITH A FARM. Take it from C. Hartley Grattan, it's a tougher row to hoe than you think. . . . Being a HOSTESS IN THE SKY isn't all glad-handing and chic uniforms. But they do meet—and sometimes marry—the most interesting people. Wendell Knowles gives you the dope on postwar projects in one of the most glamorous jobs for career gals. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY, by Edward Harris Heth, is the dramatic story of one night in a gambler's life—a night that changed his whole existence.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paris to Washington via Africa and South America, 10,500 miles in three days. All aboard for a long, exciting air voyage home!

TO anyone else, Flying Fortress No. 338536 would have looked just like any other of the thousands of Boeing B-17 bombers produced before and during the war.

But to me and to several Army men, No. 338536, sitting out there on Orly Airport, near Paris, had a singularly warm and engaging aspect when we went to look it over early in December. It was to be our home for a few days on a long four-continent flight to the United States.

It was called Quivering Queenie. It had been flown to Europe to take part in the war, but had been a late arrival. It had never seen combat service, but some hopeful and enthusiastic crew had given it the intriguing name. Maybe some member of that christening crew will write and tell me of the name's origin.

I think I was casual enough on five previous transatlantic flights, for there is something pretty routine and organized about an air transport plane; but before taking off in Quivering Queenie for the U. S. A. via Africa and South America, it occurred to me a number of times that this would have been an historic flight had it been made a short ten years ago. Ten thousand five hundred miles from one continent to another via two other continents, and we expected it to take three days at the most. Literally thousands of airplanes have made that circuit within the past five years, but still and all this was a long trip more exciting, in prospect, than any of my previous ones had been.

On a Saturday afternoon the officers and men who were to be the crew and passengers (I was the only non-Army man on board, although I was in the uniform of a war correspondent) took our luggage to Orly Airport. There were only nine of us, but the luggage came to almost a ton, for everyone was coming back home to stay and wasn't leaving any belongings behind.

Take-off time was set for Sunday morning. We were out at the airport shortly after breakfast. Like almost every other day in Paris in November and December, it was grim, cold, overcast, and even drizzling a little. It was pleasant to contemplate flying due south, for it was bound to be warm near the equator.

Flight clearances were obtained and we boarded Queenie. Those not in the actual crew found a seat and fastened their seat belts. The B-17 had been stripped of most of its war material, but it was never built for luxury air transport—the only seats were two bucket-seat benches accommodating about three persons each, located in the back cabin where not much heat ever filters through.

But no one cared about comfort. One by one the four engines started up and slowly we taxied out toward the runway for take-off. It was about

(Continued on page 15)

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

If this isn't Quivering Queenie, it's a sister just like her—another Boeing B-17.

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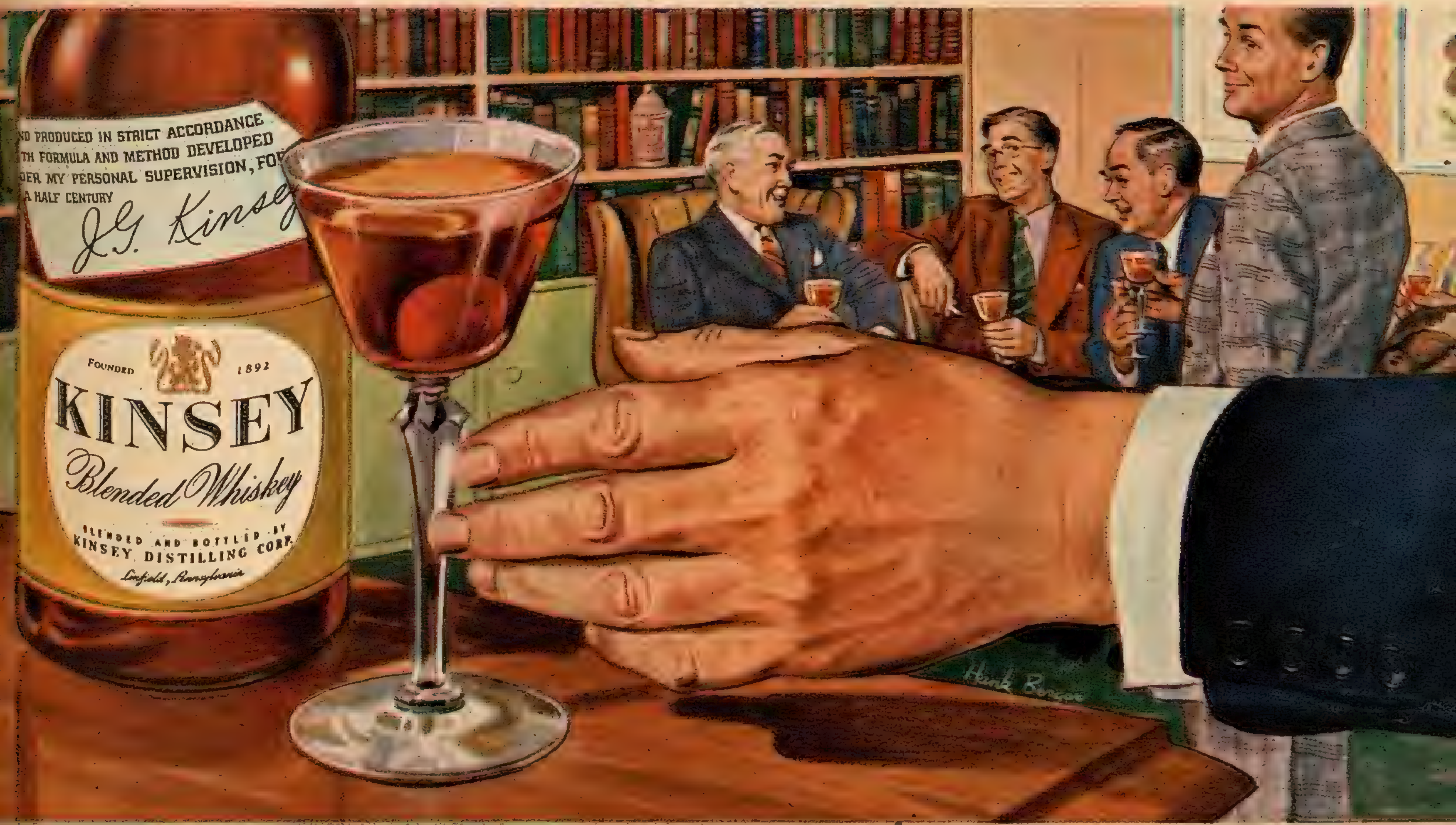
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Add a dash of bitters . . . stir with ice . . . strain into a glass . . . garnish with a cherry.

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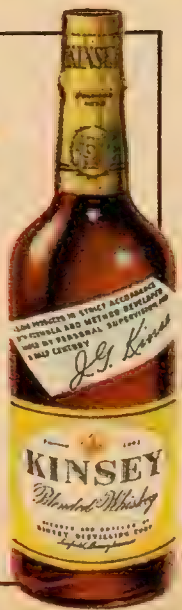
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(Continued from page 13)

10.30 A.M. Just as we neared the end of the runway, there were a loud explosion and a groan. Quivering Queenie quivered and came to a quick stop. The right front tire had blown—and blown so hard that the steel rim was shattered.

A quick examination revealed that the rubber had stayed on and the bomber had not sunk so low on one side that the propellers could hit the concrete runway. Having it happen on a concrete runway was fortunate—but having it happen while taxiing before take-off at Paris was still more so. It would take three hours or so to change the tire of a heavily loaded B-17. Having blocked the main taxi strip and thus forced all other planes at the busy airport to detour, we knew we would get quick help from airport personnel.

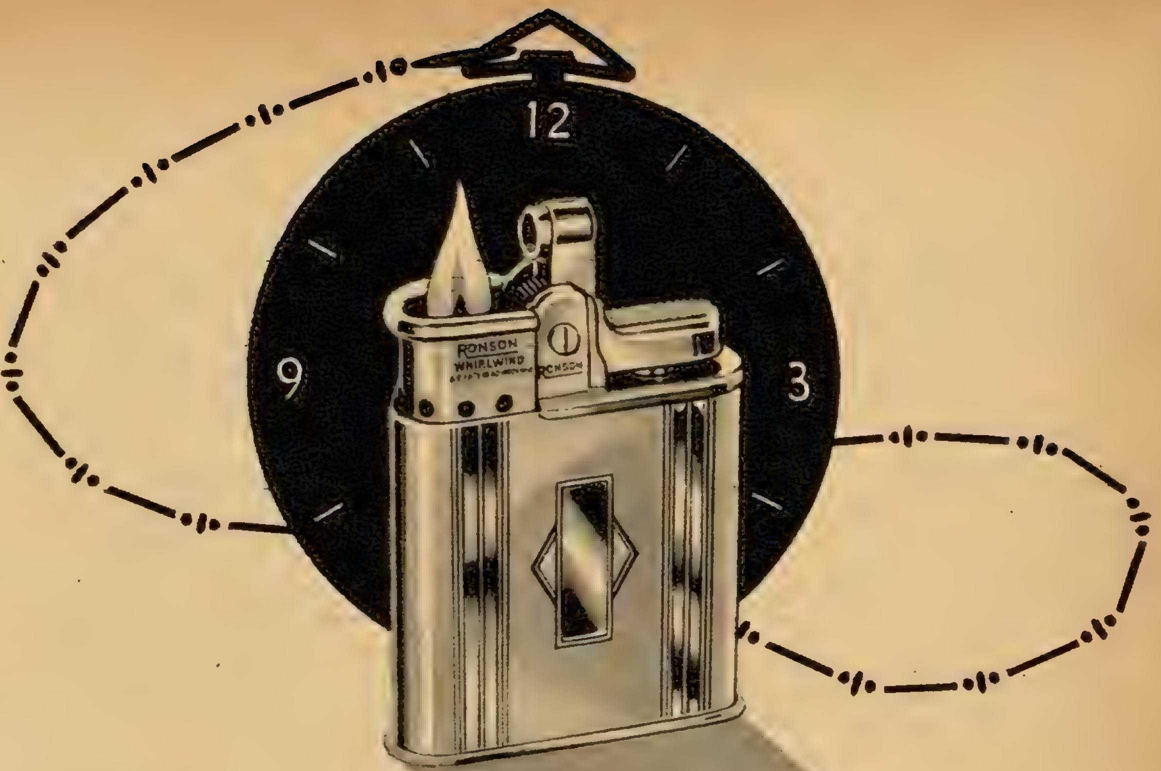
INSTEAD of a mere three hours, it was 4.35 P.M. before Quivering Queenie took off. If one flies the shortest route from Paris to Washington, as does TWA in its new commercial service, the trip passes quickly—in about seventeen hours. But under War Department orders, returning bombers had to follow a stated route via Africa and South America. That ferry route is longer, but has a shorter overwater crossing of the South Atlantic.

It was nearing dusk in Paris as we took off and into and over the low-hanging clouds. We headed first for Lyon, following the radio-range airway, then for Marseille. Southern France was clear and we could see the lights of communities surrounding the airports northwest of Marseille, but we couldn't see Marseille itself. A brilliant full moon had come up and we were flying at about 9,000 feet. Less than two hours after leaving Paris we were out over the Mediterranean.

When we had reached southern France I had gone up to the nose of Queenie, which, on a B-17, is certainly—except in wartime and combat!—one of the most delightful places to sit when you have the ground in view. There is nothing in front of you except the rounded glass nose. You can see ahead, down, or up. You are considerably ahead of the pilots and the engines.

So up there in a world all of my own, with the moon on my left and the Mediterranean below, I remained all the way across the Mediterranean to Oran and on to the Atlantic at Casablanca. First came the Balearic Islands on our left and shortly afterward the coast of Spain on our right, with the lights of the coastal towns clearly discernible. Oran was well lighted, but most of the land route from Oran to Casablanca was dark, with no sign of habitation, although there are quite a number of villages and towns on the route.

Mr. Parrish's account of his long voyage home by air will be continued in Liberty next week.



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PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

British officers and Tel Aviv police, conferring before a barbed-wire barricade, know what it feels like to sit on a powder keg.

Revolt in the Promised Land

BY GEROLD FRANK

Step by step it's coming—an uprising in the Holy Land that will rock the British Empire. The British expect it; in fact, they forecast it. Here's why an explosion is certain and how it will happen

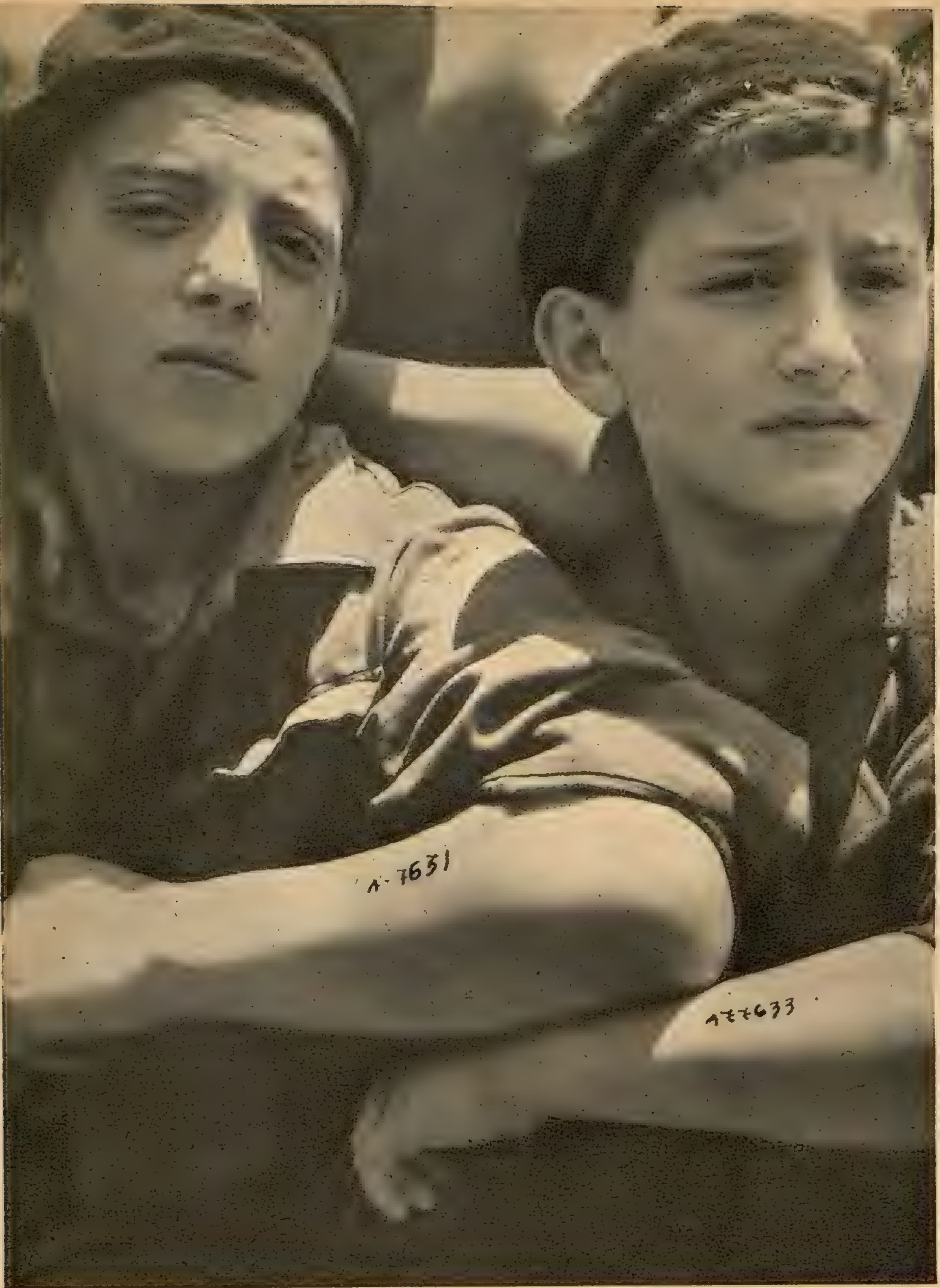
RECENTLY, when the disturbances in Palestine were at their height following Foreign Minister Bevin's announcement continuing restricted Jewish immigration into Palestine, a group of British officials sought to forget their troubles at a dinner party in Jerusalem. One of them, a member of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Palestine Police, turned on the radio. But instead of dance music from the Continental-Savoy Hotel in Cairo 400 miles away, a woman's voice announced:

"This is the voice of Israel! Don't think these street outbreaks are our war. They are child's play. When we go into action, no military measures will be able to suppress us. We warn the Colonial Office—"

The radio was angrily switched off.

"That station's broken in on a dozen different wave lengths in the last forty-eight hours," the police official complained. "We can't trace it. Must have a transmitting unit on a fishing trawler. Those bloody Jews!"

But oaths are not the only coinage in Palestine today, and the British government knows these were not idle threats over the air. The clandestine "Kol Israel"—Voice of Israel—broadcasting a score of times daily in English, Hebrew, and Arabic, is the official spokesman of the Jewish underground resistance movement of Palestine, the highly secret defense organization known as "Hagana." It appeals to its listeners to refrain from "wild, childish outbreaks." Declaring that it seeks friendship with Great Britain but that it cannot accept a British policy which "must strangle us and ultimately liquidate Palestine Jewry," the Voice of Israel broadcasts censored news and keeps Palestinians up to the minute on latest world events as they bear on the Palestine crisis. In one broadcast it charged that a Brigadier Temple, British commanding officer in Tripoli, waited nearly three days before attempting to suppress the anti-Jewish riots there; quoted U. S. Senator Robert F. Wagner's Washington speech denouncing the White Paper; and then charged that two Englishmen in mufti were offering British rifles at twenty dollars apiece to Arab nationalists in the village of Beit-Chalon, in the Gaza district of



ORIENT PRESS PHOTO

Branded by the Nazis, they're home in Palestine in time for still another war.

Palestine, a few miles south of the all-Jewish city of Tel-Aviv.

Whether it is true or not that alleged British agents are arming and attempting to incite extremist Arabs against the Jews, illicit arms in Palestine do represent the major problem faced by the authorities.

THE situation has become so desperate that anyone in Palestine caught carrying a gun without a permit can be hanged, and anyone found in a house in which weapons are secreted can be sent to prison for life. Nonetheless, both Jews and Arabs have hidden huge caches of rifles, mortars, hand grenades, bombs, and ammunition. And scarcely a day passes without a police communiqué announcing the latest village roped off for a room-to-room search. Yet the country possesses arms in abundance. The Arab towns of Beisan, Nablus, Tulkarm, and Beersheba are virtual arms markets today. Rifles are smuggled into Palestine across the Syrian border, and from Trans-Jordan, where arms are practically uncontrolled and the nomad hasn't yet given up his traditional privilege of carrying weapons.

Even with this abundance of arms, however, no immediate clash between Jews and Arabs seems likely. The Arabs know the Jews are better armed and better trained; and since they anticipate a British-Jewish showdown sooner or later, with the British emerging victorious, the Arabs see little reason to have their own skulls cracked in a struggle which they expect to end in their favor anyway.

What form that showdown may take has already been charted.

Several months ago, it can now be disclosed, a British military mission was sent to Palestine on a confidential assignment. Its members, presumed to know what course the British might take in Palestine, were to draw up a report indicating the expected reaction of Palestine Jewry to a British decision considered unfavorable by the Jews. In short, would Palestine's 600,000 Jews revolt? How would this revolt begin, what measures would be taken, and how prepared were the Jews of Palestine? That report was drawn up. If its sizing up of the situation is correct, what we have seen so far in Palestine is only the beginning of a series of events leading to a prolonged fight against the carrying out of British policy—and a fight which the Jews apparently are prepared to carry to its ultimate conclusion, whatever that may be.

For there is no question that the new British policy on Palestine, which involves a joint Anglo-American commission to study the situation while continuing to limit Jewish immigration to 1,500 a month subject to consultation with the Arabs, and thus rejecting President Truman's request for an immediate 100,000 certificates, is a decision not only considered as unfavorable by Palestine Jewry, but one denounced by them as a virtual death warrant.

IN the forecast made by the British military experts, a Jewish revolt is expected to take form as follows:

First stage: Civil disobedience and general strike. Isolated attacks on British installations. Protest marches and laying down of tools.

Second stage: Violence against military and civilian authorities.

Third stage: Mobilization of the Hagana. Joint action between Jewish underground in Palestine and that in Europe, to bring in increased numbers of Jewish refugees without certificates. Armed resistance by Hagana against any who attempt to halt this immigration.

Fourth stage: Palestine in a state of siege. Hagana takes over Jewish agricultural settlements which become fortresses in which to conceal immigrants and bases for action. Guerrilla warfare between Hagana and British troops.

Despite all the disorders up to the time this is written, the Hagana has not yet been mobilized for full action. The disturbances have, with few exceptions, been the work of two secret conspiratorial extremist groups, the Irgun Z'vei Leumi, or National Military Organization, and the Fighters for Freedom of Israel, or so-called Stern Gang, both of which were disavowed by the Jewish authorities. The assassination in Cairo a year ago of Lord Moyne, British Resident Minister in the Middle East, and the earlier attempt in Palestine on the life of Sir Harold MacMichael, then High Commissioner of Palestine, were carried out by Sternist youths. So far, the I.Z.L. has devoted itself primarily to making existence miserable for British authorities by blowing up police stations (first warning police headquarters) and disrupting communications by blowing up telegraph poles and cutting telephone lines.

But both these organizations with a combined membership of little

ORIENT PRESS PHOTO

Freed from Buchenwald, will they enlist for the imminent revolt against Britain?

more than 2,000, with their melodramatic passwords and pseudo-military communiqués, are a far cry from the mature Hagana, which is a people's army and appears to have support of the Jewish authorities in Palestine. It has a general staff, and in the event of mobilization can put into the field from 50,000 to 80,000 armed and adequately trained troops, spearheaded by three mobile battalions of about 3,000 picked commando fighters—called "Palmach"—who can be dispatched to any corner of the country within a few hours.

THERE is reason to take the Hagana seriously. Some members of its general staff had extensive military experience as senior officers in European armies before coming to Palestine; others won their laurels in brilliant anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi work in half a dozen different countries; still others got their experience in Jewish defense groups in Poland, Rumania, and Russia before World War I, when defense against pogroms was a matter of course in Jewish life.

The Hagana, which claims the membership of virtually every able-bodied Jewish man and woman in Palestine, possesses home-fitted armored cars, gun carriers, machine guns and submachine guns, mortars, rifles, automatics, hand grenades, bombs, and ammunition—all, it is believed, in sufficient quantity to equip its full strength. These armaments are strategically distributed through the country. It has its own secret arms factories turning out mortars, automatics, and grenades. Members train as often as five times a week—comprehensive curriculum ranging from bandage rolling and first aid among housewives to thirty-hour forced marches, chemical warfare, and intricate maneuvers and skirmishes between "Blue" and "White" armies on the field. All this is accomplished with surprisingly successful secrecy.

BLACK STAR PHOTO

This shepherd of Palestine is actually a sentry on guard at military maneuvers.

American G.I.s who have witnessed some of Hagana basic training say it makes American basic training seem like a lark. Young stalwarts can be called out at any hour for their arduous maneuvers. Many Hagana maneuvers take place in the agricultural settlements. There are nearly 400 of these settlements, and many of them are isolated. It is difficult for the authorities, therefore, unless they stumble on the scene by accident, to know that 500 or 600 Jewish troops are engaged in maneuvers there.

Separate training camps are maintained for men and women. There are proficiency tests in stripping machine guns and putting them together again; in wireless communication, decoding, signaling. Women who specialize in supply, in communications, as well as in marksmanship—preparing for the tragic day when they may have to defend besieged buildings—are also included among the high general staff officers.

WHAT is taking place in Palestine indicates that the third stage—mobilization of the Hagana—is either about to take place or is taking place. The British expect that the Hagana, being in touch with Jewish youth in Europe, will begin bringing in increasingly larger numbers of refugees without certificates. At present, it is estimated some 20,000 Jews are waiting along Mediterranean shores to come to Palestine. They are men and women who have been accustomed to fighting against great odds, and they will not be easy to stop. When they finally reach the coast of that ancient shore line stretching from Tel-Aviv northward to Haifa and beyond, they will be signaled to safety in the dark of night by the young boys and girls

(*Continued on page 66*)

Jap studios are crude, but the box office is terrific. Here Isuzo Yamada, the Japanese Bette Davis, gives with the glamor.

Japanese Hollywood

The Japs have a Hollywood, too. But their top stars get less than $100 a week, and their love clinches would put even Boston's censors to sleep. Which is one reason Jap fans now cry for Gable and Turner

BY VICTOR BOESEN

TO a Japanese, one of the finest things in life is a certain species of red fish, served raw and very dead. There is only one thing he prizes more. That is a movie.

Japanese movie houses sell 300,000,000 tickets a year—more than four attendances annually for every man, woman, and child in the country. Even now, without adequate food, shelter, or clothing, the fans queue up for three blocks outside the theaters that remain, waiting for the doors to open.

The Japanese likes American movies best, just as his choices in other things are American: his elevator an Otis, his motorcycles Harley-Davidsons, cash registers National, automobiles Fords, Plymouths, Packards, and so on down to Ronson cigarette lighters and Parker fountain pens. In prewar times, Japan imported thirty out of every hundred films shown in her theaters, and of these, twenty-five were made in Hollywood. Therefore one of the foremost popular questions in Japan when the Americans came was not how long were they going to stay, but "When are we going to get American movies again?"

Koji Ichikawa, Toho studio boss.

As for Japan's own motion-picture industry, it was almost extinct by the war's end. The only categories of story material allowed by the government were "classicals," based on Japanese life in ancient times, and propaganda in furtherance of the country's imperialistic enterprises. The official screws received their first turn soon after the Manchurian Incident in 1931, getting more turns as war-making developed. Finally the War Ministry virtually took over the industry. Besides hedging it in with restrictions, it would "request" certain pictures, and although the producers theoretically could refuse, to do so was sure to result in loss of their quota of government-controlled raw film. Moreover, the Army's secret police, the Kem-Pei Tai, seemed to think that most of the Japanese population was suspect of

Kazuo Hasegawa,
Jap Clark Gable.

Yamada is
Japan's best.

Hisake Yamane, another favorite.

Hideko Takamine, the
Orient's Miss Temple.

pro-Anglo-Americanism, and would welcome the excuse afforded by such a refusal to throw the offenders into jail. Some writers made the lock-up.

A typical film product requested by the military after Pearl Harbor was one called Shoot Down That Flag, the flag being American. The action was something about the gallant Japanese troops rescuing Filipino soldiers from the cowardly Americans who were shooting them (so the picture showed) for fleeing to Corregidor as the Philippines were falling.

The star of this piece was a Canadian-born favorite named Tetsu Nakamura, who reminds one of Warren William and is the Nelson Eddy of Japan. A baritone, he hopes to sing for the American troops, offering such impregnable favorites as Old Man River and the two Road songs, Mandalay and Glory. His repertoire, when he stands up to face the American armed forces, also will include You Are My Sunshine.

Shoot Down That Flag didn't pay. It earned only a million yen (about $66,000 with the yen at 15 to 1), which isn't enough, according to the Toho studios, producers of the film. Iwao Mori, Toho's production chief, estimated that only about one in five of such rankly propagandistic offerings made money, and then only because it dealt with a topic of news interest, such as the attack on Pearl Harbor.

AS the war grew older, and the high tide of Japanese success began to ebb, the movies were further prostituted in an effort to keep up popular morale. When the films no longer could reflect victories, they were used to show the suicidal heroism of the Imperial legions, but the people of Japan could not escape the essential truth that their troops were nonetheless falling back. The people were not deceived, and they stayed out of the theaters, much as they crave movies.

With a low priority on raw film, production dropped from a high of seventy-two films in 1940 to fourteen in 1944, and it was still falling as the war ended.

Then came the B-29s. When they were finished, so were 900 of the country's 1,800 theaters, by the word of Toho officials. Toho, biggest of the studios and owning 100 houses, had only forty left. The other two major studios, Shochiku and Daiei, were hit in the same proportion.

Finally Hirohito's rescript halting the war froze production in its sound tracks. The Americans swept in and impounded the antidemocratic film material. They also snatched out of circulation some 250 pictures described by the American War Department's David W. Conde, who now heads the motion-picture division of the Civilian Education Branch of General MacArthur's headquarters, as "pure poison." They killed the laws throttling the industry, kicked the ubiquitous police out of the business, freed the jailed writers and gave them a chance to work with the Americans.

The picture makers soon learned that this was the house-cleaning in the spring of a new era for them and that they were to have fresh and unprecedented room for expression. The gist of the new production code's provisions, set down double-spaced on less than a single sheet of paper, is that truth prevail. Taboo only are pictures negative to the democratic idea, and the samurai nonsense, glorifying the state of nationalism at the expense of the individual. To see that these simple conditions are kept, Conde rides

(*Continued on page 69*)

Young Man in the Chair

What kind of man is Henry Ford II? Can he fill his grandpa's shoes—or will he outgrow them? A candid snapshot of one of the country's coming giants

By A. D. RATHBONE, IV

New model Ford at the wheel of a new model Ford Motor Co.—Henry II.

A YOUNG man sat down in a chair in Detroit one day last September, and reverberations were felt throughout the vast automobile industry. The young man was Henry Ford II, and at twenty-eight—an age when most men are getting their first toe hold on a modest job—he had been appointed to a pivotal seat in American industry: the presidential chair of the billion-dollar Ford Motor Company, formerly occupied by his father, Edsel, and his grandfather, Henry.

The wave of speculation and rumor that had accompanied young Henry's return to the Ford Motor Company from the Navy two years before, now swelled to an all-time high. There was an audible buzzing from the conference rooms of giant competitors to the hallowed halls of the Detroit Athletic Club. Questions were being asked, the answers to which could determine not only the future of Ford but also the trend of the whole industry.

Was Henry the Second a mere figurehead, fronting for Ford policies of old?

Or did his appointment signify new, vigorous policies in a bid to recapture old-time Ford supremacy?

Would it mean a departure from traditional Ford attitudes toward labor, production, and sales?

What did this twenty-eight-year-old Yale man who had dropped engineering to major in sociology know about the immense complexities of the automobile industry, anyway?

You don't get the answers from Mr. Ford in so many words. He is a reticent man, given more to action than to talk. But deeds already reveal the way the wind is blowing in the Ford empire. And in one of the rare exclusive interviews Mr. Ford grants the press, this reporter had the opportunity of observing the extraordinary young man in the chair.

The office of the president of the largest privately owned business in the world is strikingly unpretentious. There is no suggestion here of the Hollywood conception of an industrial tycoon. Yet it is thoroughly in keeping with the serious young man who occupies it. His desk is uncluttered and orderly. He dresses plainly and wears no rings, lapel insignia, or other jewelry. His hair is close cut and his blue eyes are level and calm. He is a large but not commanding figure—about six feet tall and weighing 190 pounds. There is decisiveness in his movements and pleasant restraint in his conversation.

Modesty and earnestness have marked his actions from the start. "I am green and reaching for the answers," he told his first press conference when he took over the job of executive vice-president a few months after being released from the Navy in 1943. And he did reach earnestly for the answers, learning the workings of the business from grease-monkey operations on up. But he does not pretend that he has found all the answers.

But the answer to whether he was a mere figurehead came a scant six days after he took over the presidency from his grandfather. On that day an official Ford press release stated: "J. S. Bugas will head industrial relations," a division which previously had not been identified by that name. "Mr. H. H. Bennett will serve in a consulting and advisory capacity, and continue as a director. Mr. Henry Ford II said: 'Mr. Bennett's excellent background and knowledge gained through long association with the company will prove valuable to us in our future operations.' "

It looked as if the wind were blowing rather gently, so far as Harry Bennett—for twenty-seven years the right hand of Old Henry and stalwart number two man of the company—was concerned, depositing him in a comfortable little backwash with plenty of opportunity for observation and suggestion. But it didn't work out that way.

One month later Bennett's resignation was announced, along with that of Raymond Rausch, who was a "Bennett man." News reports spoke of dismissal or demotion of nearly a dozen so-called "Bennett men," and

He looks over some of the new output with M. L. Bricker, his new vice-president in charge of manufacturing.

Jack Davis, progresive West Coast Ford sales executive, was elected to fill a vacancy on the board of directors. The industry held its breath, waiting for a sign from Old Henry, but grandpa didn't say boo. The old regime had passed; a new one was here. It was still the Ford Motor Company, a younger Ford was at the head of it, and it was pikestaff plain that he was the boss in fact as well as in name. If further proof were needed, it came from Young Henry himself, who announced that from then on everyone would be responsible "directly to me."

Henry the Second had a job cut out for him that would have confounded the most grizzled veteran of the industry—let alone a lad with little practical experience and lacking the tinkering genius of his grandfather. And he was acutely aware of it. He knew his grandfather's business had survived World War I credited with manufacturing 60 per cent of the nation's motor cars, yet by the time World War II came along that figure had dropped to 20 per cent. He knew that business had gone to Chrysler, General Motors, and the "independents"—and that they would exert every effort to hold it. And he knew also that with the world demanding a host of postwar cars, the new Ford regime could not make many slips.

When John S. Bugas replaced powerful old-timer Harry Bennett as industrial relations chief, Detroit knew Henry II was no puppet.

But as of this writing, several months after Henry II sat down in that so-important chair, there have been no slips discernible, not even to the most hypercritical observers. Instead, there has been praise from high quarters. The vice-president in charge of styling and designing cars for one of Ford's larger competitors recently said: "The boy has both feet on the ground and knows where he's going all the time." In all sincerity, G.M.'s board chairman, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., has said that the Young Man in the Chair is competent in his own right, and as a keen and able competitor he will bear close watching. Such comment from the old masters is praise indeed.

In early 1944 Henry II was put to a severe test when the Detroit newspapermen's Off the Record Club invited him to a dinner and to subject himself to some rather intimate questioning. The grandson mirrors the grandfather in several respects, especially with regard to bluntness and an impatience with personal build-ups, but he tones both down with a subtle frankness which grandpa had neither time nor opportunity to achieve.

When the informal cross-examination was concluded Henry II said with a smile, "Now I want to ask you a question. Where's the men's room?"

The same year Young Henry made his first public address. Basically, it was his own composition, a policy he has followed ever since. Others may evolve the final verbiage, but the ideas are (*Continued on page 87*)

Poor Little Big Guys

BY STANLEY FRANK

Outsize galoots, they say, are wrecking basketball. How to solve the problem without penalizing the big boys just for their height? Well, there's an answer—but it'll make a lot of fans yell blue murder

EVEN the standees in the dim upper reaches of Madison Square Garden were grateful for the privilege of paying for an unobstructed view of the back of somebody's neck. Their only link with the events about to occur below was the public-address system, but the customers were happy in the wistful, whimsical fashion of sports nuts. They were unseeing witnesses to History in the Making; this was it and they were there.

It was the basketball game of the ages. Of the year, anyway. Oklahoma A. & M., N.C.A.A. champion, was playing DePaul, winner of the national invitation tournament, on March 29 last for the benefit of the Red Cross and red-blooded, right-thinking sportsmen. The two college teams recognized as the best in the country were meeting in the most representative national championship game ever arranged. Oh, boy! Yet that did not begin to account for the seething excitement.

For the price of the same admission the clients were to see a more engrossing duel within the game. Spearheading the two teams were the two most celebrated players in America—Bob Kurland, Oklahoma's seven-foot center, the tallest athlete ever turned loose in an arena, and DePaul's George Mikan, hardly a pygmy at six feet nine inches. Gargantua vs. Goliath, with modern refinements.

The natural build-up for the Battle of the Skyscrapers couldn't have been better if it had been fixed—perish the thought! In three tournament games leading up to the big blow-off, Mikan had scored 120 points, including 53 against Rhode Island State, a performance that erased from the records the great Hank Luisetti's 50 points against Duquesne in 1937, the previous high for major-league competition. Kurland, playing with a more conservative team, had warmed up nicely with 22 points against N.Y.U. in the N.C.A.A. finals

The tension was almost unbearable when the referee lined up the teams, tossed up the ball, and ducked for cover. Focused on Mikan and Kurland were 18,158 pairs of eyes. Virtually all the action revolved around those two men. Mikan put a couple through the hoop. Kurland wasn't gawking at the mob and counting the house; he threw in a couple. For fourteen minutes it was a good, although restrained, game as the two big guys battled on pretty even terms. Then the building collapsed on the game and the customers.

With six minutes to go in the first half and DePaul leading 21-14, Mikan committed his fifth personal foul and was finished for the night.

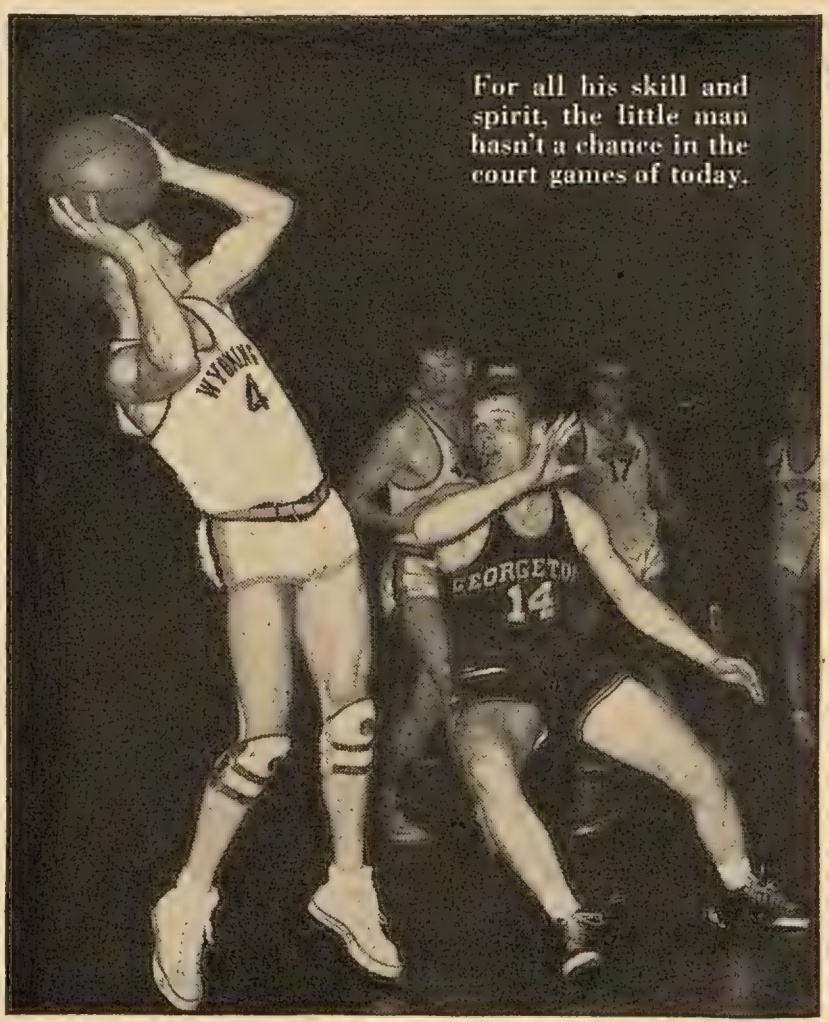
DePaul didn't have a prayerful chance without Mikan to cope with Kurland's seven feet of perpendicularity. At half-time, people began to leave; five minutes before the final whistle there was more activity in the exits than there was on the court. Oklahoma won, 52-44, and the whole thing was as anticlimactic as a wedding by proxy. The overwhelming height of one player had ruined the game by eliminating the element of doubt concerning the outcome, the lifeblood of competitive games.

It wasn't the first time, nor will it be the last. Basketball today is as predictable as an election in the deep South. The team with the biggest man is a ten-to-one sure shot to win; the top-flight team that doesn't have one player at least six feet six inches tall might just as well stay home, for it's an odds-on cinch that the other side will have a large loogan who pierces the stratosphere at six feet eight or thereabouts. Theoretically, basketball requires more physical skills than any other game, with the possible exception of baseball. Less than ten years ago basketball demanded more co-ordinated team play than any other sport. Today the team nature of the game is being distorted by huge bulks, seldom good athletes, who have nothing to recommend them but extreme height, a freakish attribute that has absolutely nothing to do with skill.

In all other sports, a youth who has attained a height of six feet four inches is considered big enough for all practical purposes. Once he goes beyond that height, he is suspected, with good reason, of unwieldiness, for physical co-ordination in athletes seems to vary in direct ratio to their height. Basketball is different because of one striking peculiarity: It is the only game in which the scoring zone is above the playing surface.

The basket is only ten feet off the floor; it is no trick at all for a walking alp like Kurland to dunk the ball through the hoop without leaving the floor. On the defense, any six-foot-six player agile enough to lift his carcass off the floor can jump up and reach above the goal, a stunt comparable—until the rule was changed last season—to putting a lid over the basket.

This is no idle figure of speech. In 1939, Mike Novak, Loyola of Chi-



For all his skill and spirit, the little man hasn't a chance in the court games of today.

cago's six-foot-nine center, the first of the animated skyscrapers, blocked fifteen field goals in a game with George Washington U. A few weeks later, in an overtime battle, his team won from St. John's, 51-46. Novak by actual count batted away nine certain field goals as casually as a man brushing off flies. There would have been no complaint if Novak, and the other giants who promptly copied his tactics, had accomplished a neat trick by mastery of a special technique, but they changed the entire character of basketball merely because they happened to grow too tall.

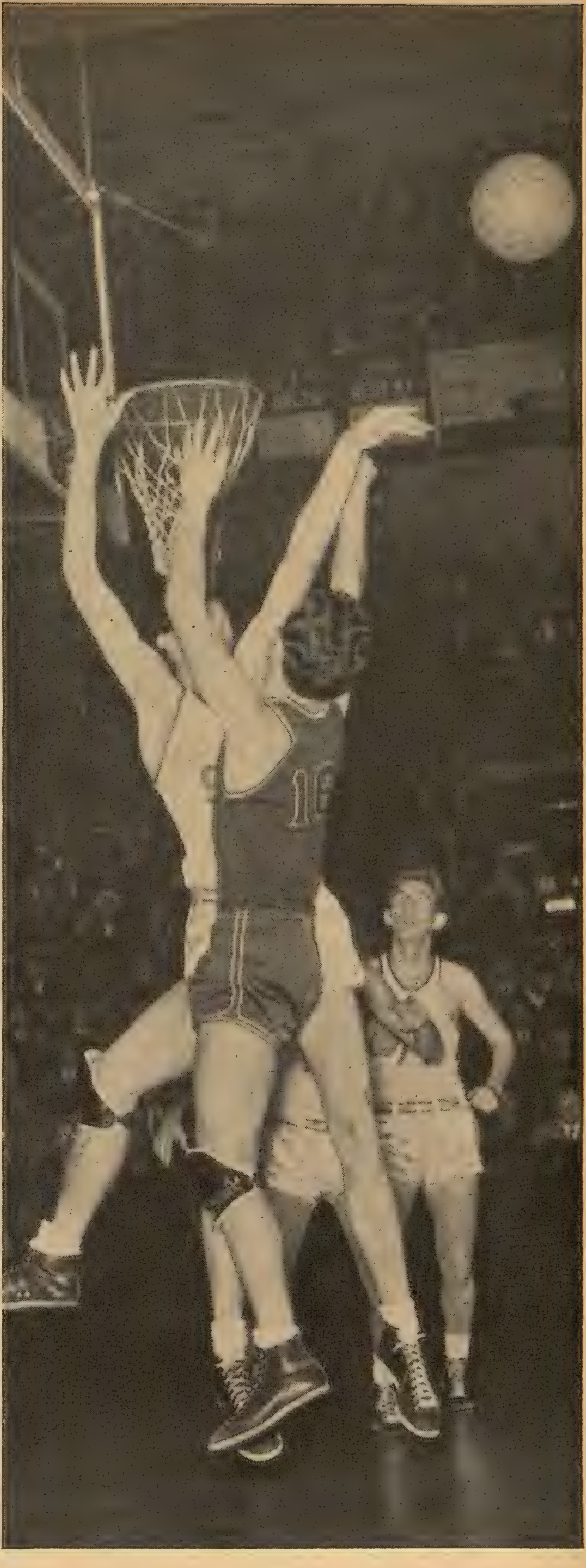
Fulminating against the young giants who dominate basketball—an indoor pastime second in popularity only to decrying the magnitude of the national debt—may appear to be highly silly in view of the extensive enthusiasm shown in the game. More people play or watch basketball than any other sport in America, yet there is a real danger that the freaks ultimately will drive away the customers by transforming the game into farcical one-man exhibitions, or automatically killing off interest in teams that don't own a couple of players closer to seven feet tall than to six. The big guys further possess such overwhelming advantages impossible for a normal-sized fellow to buck—without the use of an ax—that he may be discouraged from playing the game. Deception can cope with superior speed, and guile can cancel out greater power, but you simply cannot outthink a bloke who is reaching up for a ball if he has—literally—a head start on you toward the roof.

The shrewd fan attempting to pick the winner in any given game seldom asks how *good* a team is. The smart question is: How *big* is the team? And the answer pointing to the winner is suggested automatically in nine instances out of ten.

THIS increasing emphasis on height can lead to some fantastic extremes. In addition to the seven-foot Kurland this season, Oklahoma A. & M. has James Moore, a freshman only two inches shorter. If the kid has a faint vestige of talent and sufficient stamina to bear up under the physical strain, the opposition will need an injunction from the Supreme Court to capture rebounds off the backboard, where possession of the ball usually changes hands. And without the ball, it is impossible to score the field goals that win games. Shortly before the war, West Texas State College, an obscure institution, made the national headlines with a team that *averaged* six feet six and a half inches in height, a figure since approached so often that it no longer extraordinary.

As far back as 1936 the United States stunned the then civilized world by sending to the Olympic Games at Berlin fourteen basketball players who dwarfed all other nations' both in altitude and ability. There were five players on the squad—not necessarily the first-stringers—who averaged six feet six and a half. The Japanese, who apparently are seized with delusions of grandeur in several fields, threw a fit when they looked aloft at the Americans. Seems the Japs had quaint ideas about winning the title. The three teams from the Far East—Japan, China, and the Philippines—had exactly one player taller than six feet among them. Trying to lick the American giants was as futile as hoping to intimidate the marines with ferocious scowls, so the Japanese attempted to pull a sneak play.

They had prepared a resolution which would have limited the height of Olympic players to five feet eight inches. But that was a bit too thick, even for the Japs. They upped the ante six inches and proposed to bar players taller than six feet two. In a rare burst of idealism, the Olympic body rejected the measure largely because it smacked of discrimination aimed directly at the United States. The championship America won without drawing a deep breath (*Continued on page 72*)



Mere six-footers need an injunction to capture rebounds.

Where Medicine Leaves Off

Now that epilepsy can be brought under control, the chief stumbling block between the epileptic and a normal life is *your* attitude toward him. A unique clinic unscrambles twisted sensibilities and emotions—the rest is up to you

by
Herbert Yahraes, Jr.

LIBERTY PHOTO BY O. F. HESS

Play therapy, carefully guided, helps clear up the personality scars.

MARY, a New Jersey high-school freshman, was a terrific problem to her parents. She hadn't any friends, was stubborn, sulky, and in danger of failing in school. Although she had become an epileptic at eleven, her spells or seizures had been brought under remarkable control. It was almost a year since she had had one.

But her behavior and attitude had become worse than ever. "If only," her mother wrote to a physician in desperation, "there were something I could do to get her straightened out."

There *was!* The Baird Foundation Clinic, set up in New York in 1944, deals successfully with the personality problems of epileptics. And now that doses of dilantin or of dilantin and phenobarbital or of some of the even newer medicines can control the seizures and allow eight out of every ten epileptics to lead normal lives, the personality problems emerge as the chief stumbling block between the epileptic and a reasonably happy and useful life. That's where the Baird Clinic comes in.

Nothing like it has ever been tried before. Already doctors and social workers are planning similar clinics in cities throughout the country.

There is nothing—not even a whiff of antiseptic—to suggest that it is a clinic. The walls are a pleasing off-white shade; the window drapes harmonize with the rugs; the pictures are color prints a child would like; the lights do not glare. There are no benches in the reception room. The fee is fifty cents a visit, but of course some patients cannot and do not pay.

For the time being, the Baird Clinic is treating only young people—among whom 75 per cent of all epilepsy cases have their beginnings—and a certain number of veterans. When a child is referred to the clinic, the case worker—by interviews with him and his parents, and a visit to his home and his school—studies his background, his illnesses, his relations with his family and other associates, his school record, his interests and his problems.

In 10 per cent of the cases handled by the clinic, the children have been given no medical treatment for their seizures; in 20 per cent, they have not been taking the newer medicines or have been taking them only haphazardly. (Medicines for epilepsy are effective only when taken as regularly as insulin must be taken by a diabetic).

When the medical treatment of a patient has been inadequate, he is referred to the clinic's medical staff, headed by Dr. Jerry Price of the Neurological Institute.

Although there is no sure-fire cure for epilepsy, some patients' seizures have been brought under complete control. *And medicine—or with some patients, surgery or diet—will reduce seizures in 80 per cent of the cases to a point where, with simple precautions, the epileptic can resume a normal and useful life.*

He can, that is, if he has not permitted his affliction to mar his personality permanently. It is the clinic's job to remove these scars of the personality.

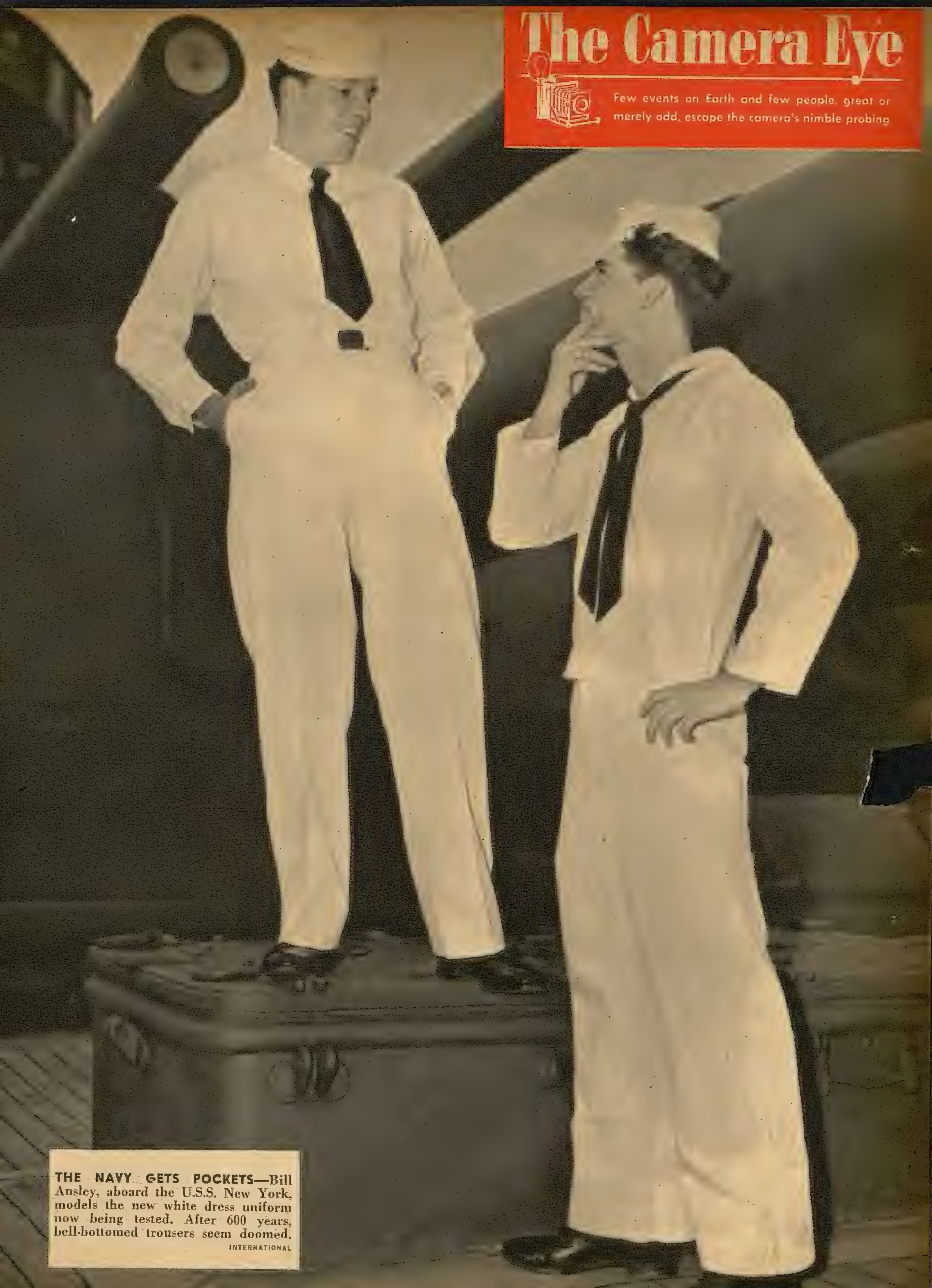
Take Jimmy, for example, who developed seizures during his junior year at high school and had to leave school. Medication brought the seizures under fairly effective control, but Jimmy's mother continued to keep him home — even though she and his father and his three brothers and sisters worked. Left at home by himself, Jimmy became moody and irritable and might easily have developed into a severe mental case.

Eventually, through a doctor, the parents heard about the Baird Clinic and took Jimmy there. Every time Jimmy went, they went too — unreasonably afraid that something would happen to him on the way.

(*Continued on page 82*)

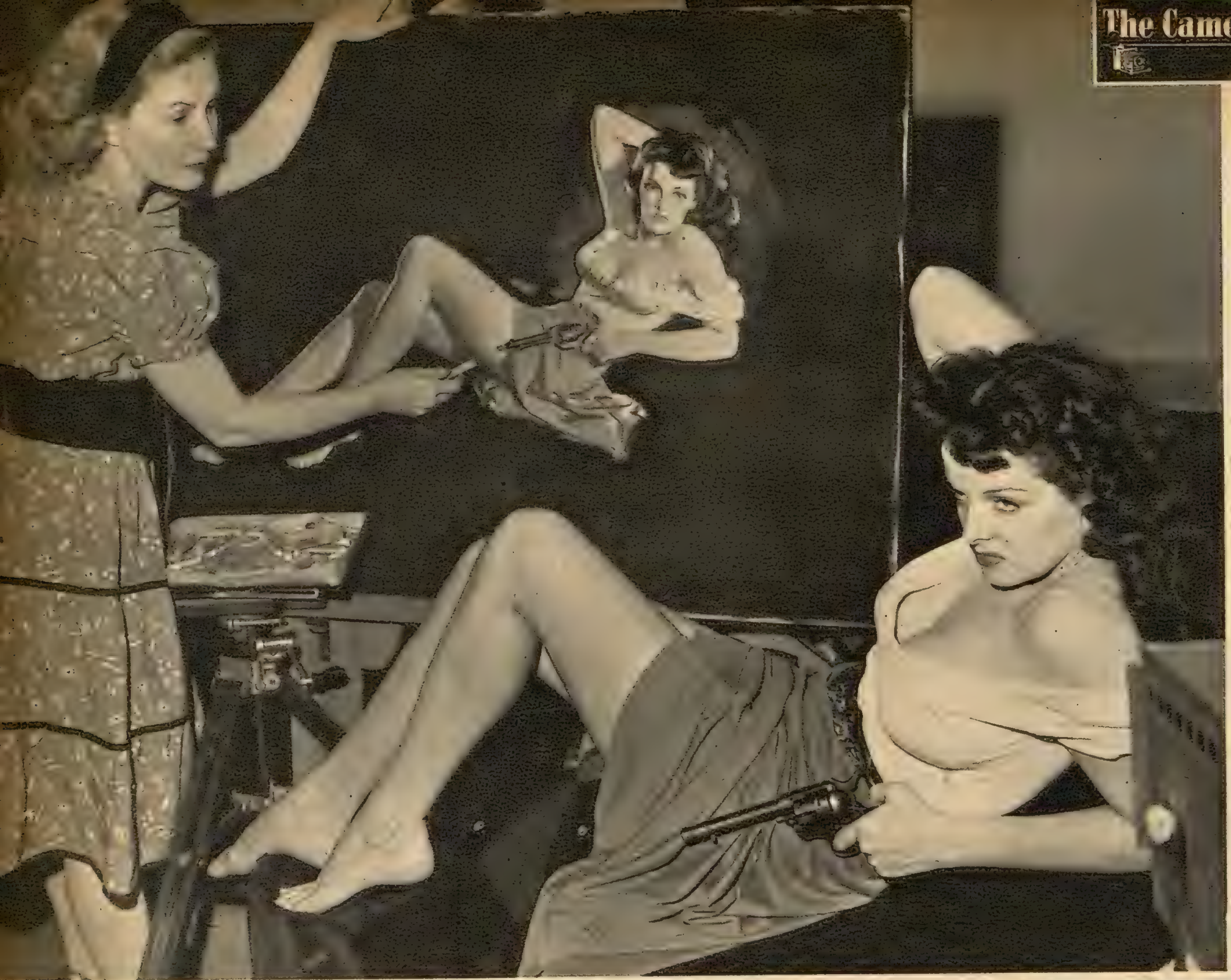
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



THE NAVY GETS POCKETS—Bill Ansley, aboard the U.S.S. New York, models the new white dress uniform now being tested. After 600 years, bell-bottomed trousers seem doomed.

INTERNATIONAL



LADY IN WAITING—The luscious Jane Russell has a right to sulk: The Outlaw, the picture she made three years ago, has never been released. Now, Howard Hughes is planning to show it this year. Hence the publicity sketch in chalk by Zoe Mozert.
ACME

WRONG BALL, JOE—DiMaggio, Yankees' star slugger now out of the Army, limbers up reluctant muscles with a ball that almost hides him. With this approach, DiMag figures to be plenty bad medicine for the opposition pitchers.
INTERNATIONAL

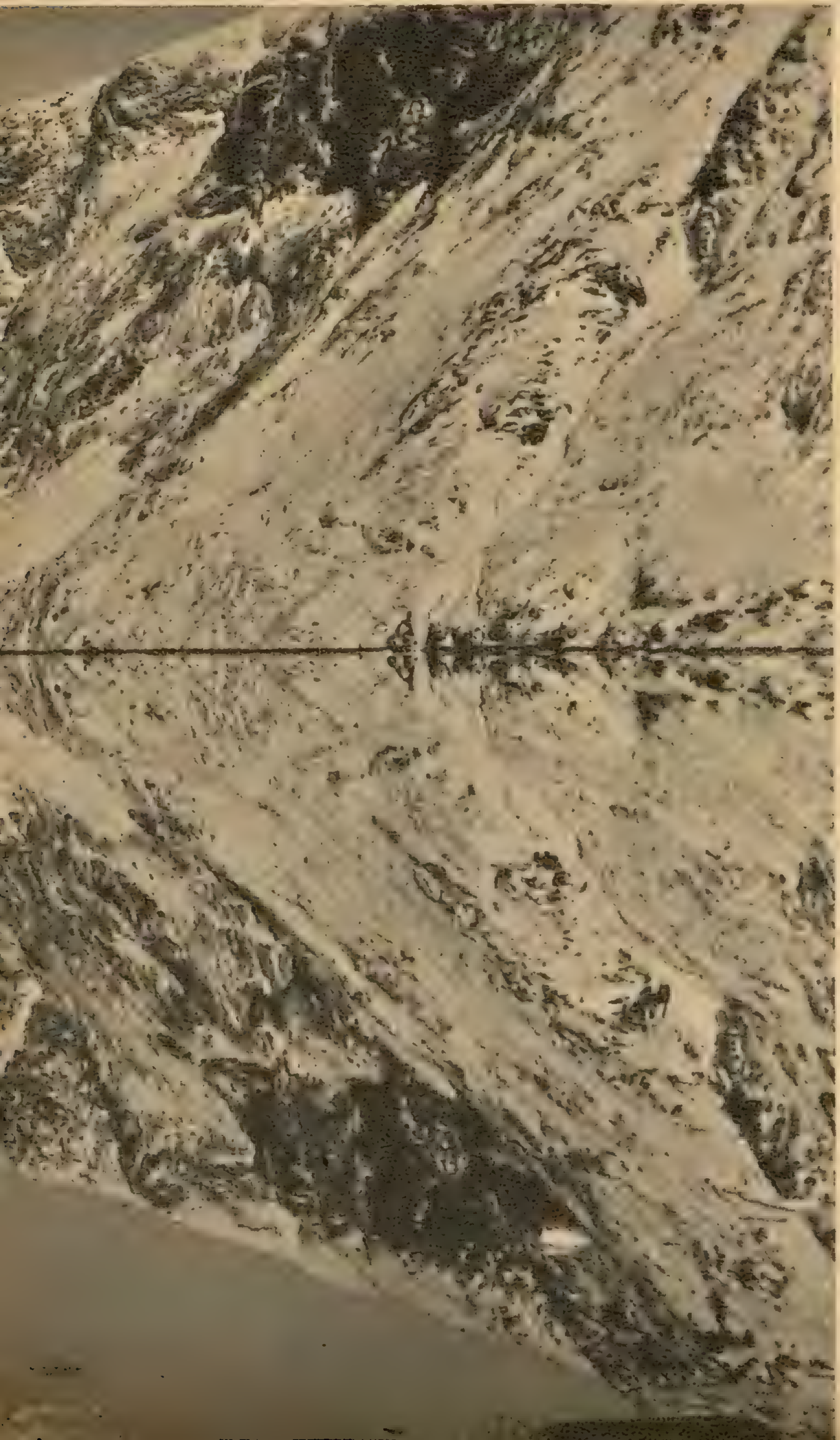
CAN YOU BLAME 'EM?—Three boys of Drancy, France, broke out with these grateful grins when the American Red Cross found them new shoes.
ACME

CHUBB AND CHUBB, BOTH CHUBBY—Twins Michael, left, and David Chubb, held by Actor Gig Young, spell each other in the film, Escape Me Never. Reason: babies may work only two hours daily before the camera.

WIDE WORLD

SNOWY-CRESTED WHATZIT—At first it's one of those meaningless puzzles that defy identification, even upside down. The tip-off is the Coast Guard boat in the foreground, cruising down a fjord past a wintry Greenland mountainside.

COAST GUARD PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL



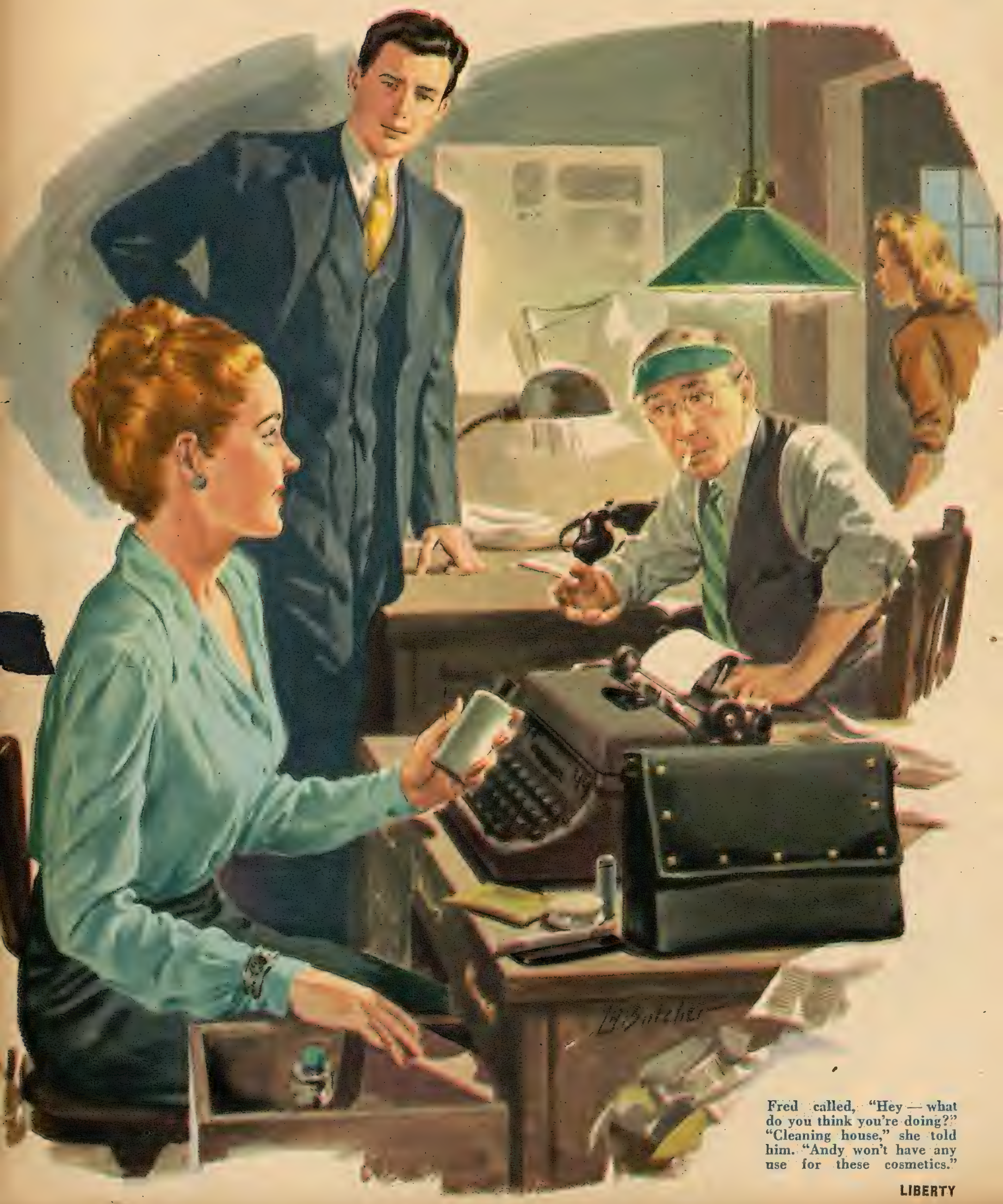
CHEESECAKE — IN REVERSE — Homeward bound to British Columbia, this knobby-kneed trio evoked a wolfish whistle from Pvt. Margaret Sadler of Alberta. Probably she's accustomed to getting, not giving, the call of the wolf.

ACME

ARMY BOSS—Behind his desk in the Pentagon Building, General Ike sits for a caricature by Oscar Berger. Ike is busy, but Oscar's speedy.

ACME

Something new had been added to the city room in Andy's absence. The cutest redhead he had ever seen was desecrating his desk. What was happening to the newspaper business? What was happening to Andy? For all the gruesome details, don't miss your



Fred called, "Hey — what do you think you're doing?" "Cleaning house," she told him. "Andy won't have any use for these cosmetics."

Moonlight Extra

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

I BOUGHT the loudest necktie I could find and went up to the Dispatch, walking into the city room just like I used to, just like I had never been away at all. It was too early for a morning-paper crew; there was nobody on the city side. There wasn't anybody but this mouse, this little cupcake with red hair and a freckled nose, both upswept, sitting at my old desk.

She acted like she owned it. If she had brushed off some of the paper and propped her long sleek legs up there the way I used to do, I wouldn't have been surprised but merely enthralled. She had a big bag lying open on her lap, and was counting money inside it as if afraid somebody would see. It was important money, folding money, what I mean.

I went up behind her and pulled open the second right-hand drawer of the desk before she saw me. She jumped and snapped the bag shut and I thought she was going to scream.

But she didn't. She said, "I *beg* your pardon! This is my desk, and you stay out of it!" Then she shoved the drawer shut again, but not before I had seen what was in it: hand lotion and cleansing tissues, a pair of stockings that could have been nylon, and a complete manicure shoppe, and a bottle of perfume.

So it was like they said: the newspaper business had gone to hell in a brassière. You could take the scattering of old-time gal reporters, and they were pretty good joes, talking and acting and sometimes even looking like men; and none of them would have stooped to unfair tactics like putting a drop of Exclusive behind her ears before going out to interview a business tycoon. This 1946 model is different, and streamlined, and dangerously numerous.

I said, "Well, it's gone, anyway. What did you do with it?"

"With what?"

"That bottle I left in the drawer. It was bourbon, and half full—well, nearly half full. I meant to come back and get it, but I didn't have a chance."

She got angry. She said, "I didn't see any bottle, and if I had—" And then the anger went out of her voice and left it small and scared, and the freckles stood out on her nose. "Oh!" she said. "Then you're Andy Walker. You've come back!"

"In the flesh," I grinned, and sat down on the desk. "And, speaking of flesh, what are you doing tonight after the city replate has gone to bed?"

"I'll have gone to bed too," she said. "Maybe before then. I suppose this is the end of it."

"Why," I told her. "I thought this was just the beginning of a beautiful friendship. My name's Andy Walker."

"We've been over that," she said.

"Yes, but what's yours?"

"Jessamine Van Zandt."

You see? They used to have names like Mary Black and Annie Laurie and Susan Jones.

I said, "Society? Or women's clubs?"

"Night police," she said. "Your old beat."

"Now, wait a minute!" I told her. "Maybe you can write. Maybe your stuff blinds the oldest and most depraved linotype operator with tears. You might be able to cover fashion shows and hardware conventions and divorce courts. But on night police you used to didn't write a line. You rode ambulances and patrol wagons; you helped fish floaters out of the bay and followed them to the morgue. You went along when the cops knocked over dope peddlers and bookmakers and what is known on the editorial page as bordellos. That," I said, looking hard at her, "is the way it was on night police."

"It's still that way, and I cover it," she said. "Or I did, until today. Here comes Fred now."

FRED McQUAID was the best city editor I knew, in the days when he was running a local staff and not a harem. He shook my hand and pounded me on the back and began yelling for a copy boy to get him a milk bottle full of coffee.

The copy boy had a page-boy haircut and wore bobby socks.

"I see you've already met Jess," Fred said. "When do you want to go to work?"

"Right away," I said.

Jessamine Van Zandt drifted over to my old desk and began taking things out of it. Fred called, "Hey—what do you think you're doing?"

"Cleaning house," she told him, and smiled. "Andy won't have any use for these cosmetics."

That smile was a little weak around the edges, and I felt sorry for her. Fred said, "Don't get in a hurry, Jess! Andy may not want his old desk back."

"No," I chimed in. "I never used it anyway. Any old desk'll do for me. You stay where you are."

She picked up her bag and came back to the city desk, and I liked the way she walked, chin up and proud. She faced Fred McQuaid.

"Look," she said. "Let's have it straight. You know I'm crazy about newspaper business. I know that I signed an agreement to the effect that the job was temporary, and I always knew it wouldn't last. I can start looking around."

"Well, now, wait a minute," Fred said. "Nobody said there wasn't going to be a job for you, Jess. We can fit you in somewhere."

It didn't sound like Fred; he never used to beat around the bush. I could see that petticoat diplomacy had warped him.

"No," said Jessamine Van Zandt. "It would turn out to be society"—and she looked at me—"or women's clubs, or hardware conventions. I'm not complaining, Fred. It's Andy's job, and he's more than earned a right to it. I'll move on."

"Listen," Fred said earnestly. "Wait a couple of days before you decide. I want you both to go on night police tonight. Andy's been away a long time and he's rusty, and there are some new people down at the Hall of Justice. At least break him in for me, Jess!"

She said she would, and went out to fix her hair. Fred took me to one side. The city room was beginning to fill up—mostly with females.

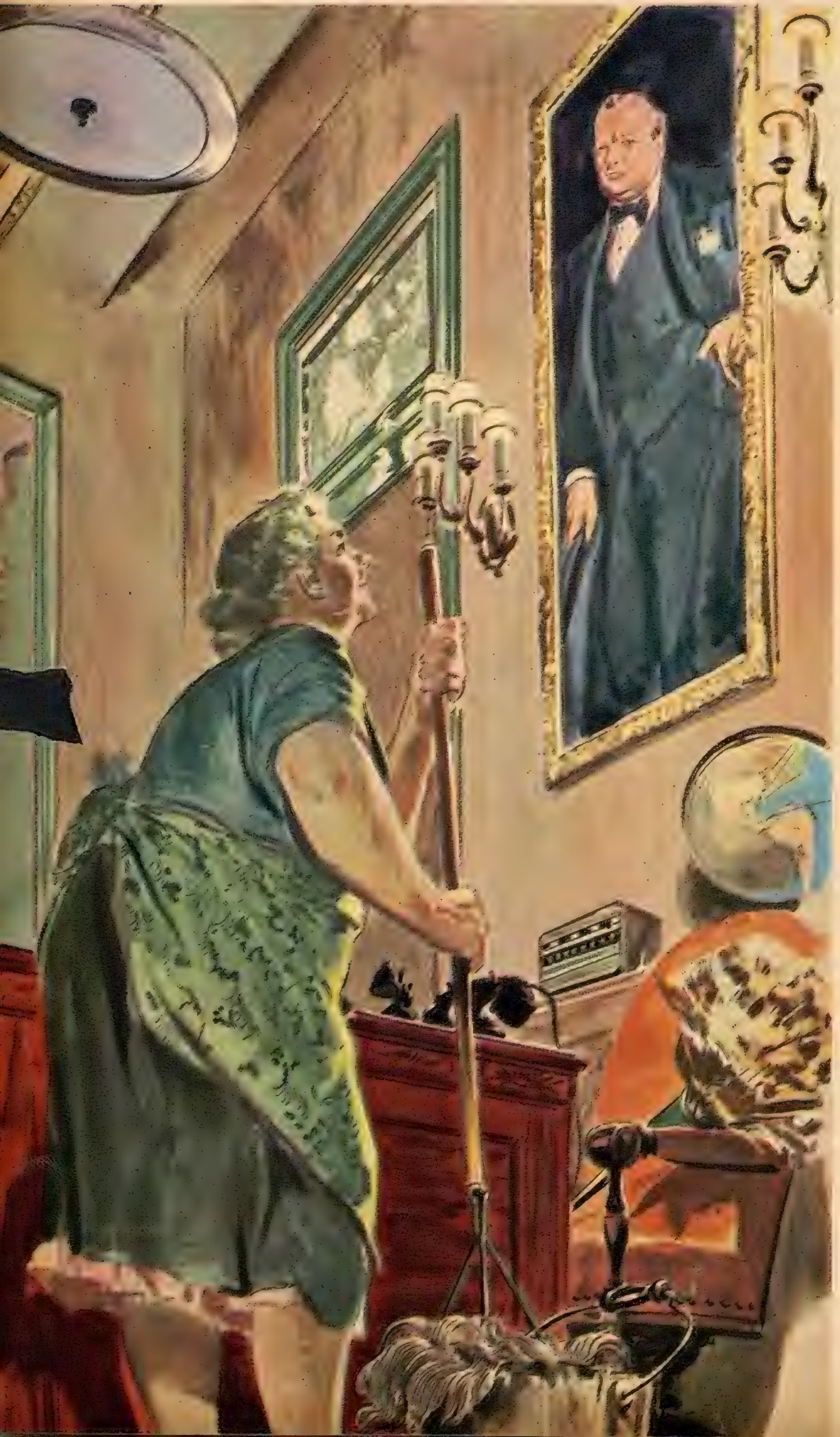
"I never thought it would be this way," I told him. "I feel like a

(*Continued on page 56*)

Mrs. O'Leary Does Her Bit

By Lt. Comdr. A. G. Brookes, R.N.R.

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY



She looked up at the picture of Mr. Churchill. "Mister," she said softly, "I done right, ain't I?"

MRS. O'LEARY shuffled along the dimly lit and deserted corridor to the elevator, bucket and mop in one hand, feather duster in the other. She pressed the button set in the cold marble wall and the answering clang of the bell echoed and re-echoed through the silence.

To Mrs. O'Leary it was all routine. She never saw the building in the daytime, when it was alive, but only when it slept at night; she was used to the silence which her scuffling footsteps hardly disturbed.

But tonight was different. In her pocket was a letter from Pfc. Michael O'Leary, Mrs. O'Leary's son and confessed mainstay of our victorious armies in Europe. After reading the letter, Mrs. O'Leary had felt quite justified in finishing off the bottle of gin the Commander had given her on V-E Day.

It had made her a little late.

There was a whine of cables as the elevator came down the shaft. The polished doors swung open and George the night watchman greeted her.

"Come aboard, admiral."

It was his usual joke—because she cleaned out the office of the British routing liaison officer. Mrs. O'Leary was ready.

"Aye-aye, me man," she said, "and don't forgit to salute." Her naturally husky voice had been deepened by the effects of the gin.

George closed the doors. "All you want," he said reflectively, "is a pair o' them bell-bottomed trousers, an' with a voice like that you could join the Navy."

Mrs. O'Leary eyed him with slight disfavor.

"Never mind me voice," she wheezed. "If I'd bin born a man I'd'a' prob'ly bin a admiral or a lootenant by this time."

"Gotta do what we can to help the boys," George said, and stopped the elevator with a jerk. He pushed open the doors and, as she stepped out, delivered his parting shot.

"Some," he said, "spends their money on likker, but me, *I* buy war bonds." With a slam the outer doors closed. Muttering in a deep bass, Mrs. O'Leary unlocked the door of the office.

Mrs. O'Leary was no isolationist. She was all for the United Nations, and even though her forebears were from Erin, she didn't mind giving the

British a helping hand. With care she flicked the feather duster lightly over the Commander's desk, using diversified routing to avoid the inkwells, the telephone, and the blotting pad.

The effort tired her, and putting down the feather duster she lowered herself into the comfortable desk chair, recovering her strength while basking lightly in reflected glory.

Her thoughts turned to her son, somewhere in Germany, and from her pocket she extracted a crumpled letter and spread it on the desk before her.

Dere Mom,
I have finished off the Krauts. The Lootenant says we shall be coming home as soon as we can get a ship to take us. There are no ships yet. I wisht I was home. There is no beer in this joint but when a ship comes I shall come home dere Mom don't worry about me. Yore loving son
MIKE.

As official deck swabber in the office of the British routing liaison officer, Mrs. O'Leary occupied a strategic spot in the drive to bring our boys home—more strategic than the Commander or her son, Michael, would ever suspect

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT STORY

Mrs. O'Leary refolded the letter and stuffed it down inside the front of her dress. A tear splashed down on the Commander's blotting pad. Poor Mike, waiting for a ship. She could see him, one of a queue stretched right across Germany.

An' no ships—an' no beer. It was too much.

The telephone rang.

Ordinarily she would have ignored it, but tonight, as we know, was different. Also she was sitting in the Commander's chair. She picked up the receiver and in a firm voice said, "British routing office."

"Commander," said a voice, "sure glad to find you're working late. The captain of the Marathon just phoned up for his routing orders. She is British and I wondered if you can confirm her destination. She's a big ship and if she doesn't get the tide tonight she'll be delayed for twenty-four hours. If it's O.K. with you, we can get his route down to him tonight. I understand that he is going to Australia for passengers and is loaded with food and beer and stuff—but I just wanted routine confirmation as to his exact destination."

With Shakespeare, Mrs. O'Leary knew that there comes a tide in all men's lives which taken at the flood leads on to victory. She did not even hesitate but boomed into the telephone one word:

"Germany."

"What?" said the telephone in amazement. "Excuse me, Commander, did you say Germany?"

"That's what I said."

"But she's loaded for Australia."

Beer! As she leaned forward the letter crackled in her ample bosom. Very firmly and with the confidence of rank, Mrs. O'Leary replied, "We just had orders from the admiral," and, remembering a comic strip she had recently read she added sepulchrally, "secret code."

The voice replied, "Well, if that's the order, Commander, I'll make out a new route. You will confirm in writing, sir?"

"Indade an' I will."

"All right, sir. What port is she going to?"

This hardly seemed fair to Mrs. O'Leary, for her geography was poor. What port indeed!

"Berlin."

As though in duty bound, the telephone gave back a somewhat forced laugh and then said, "I see, sir. It's Falmouth for orders?"

Mrs. O'Leary did not know that this was a routine destination for vessels bound to the continent of Europe, but she answered, "Right," and added a final, "Good night to ye."

"Good night, sir," said the duty officer, "I'll get the route off right away."

A sigh of relief mixed with slight alcoholic content welled up, and with a sense of duty well done Mrs. O'Leary rose from the seat of the mighty. Lightheartedly she mopped the floor. On the wall was a large picture of Mr. Churchill. She looked up at it and confidence returned. "Mister," she said softly, "I done right, ain't I?"

Presently she put on her old black coat and locked up the office.

George was waiting in the elevator, poring over a newspaper, as Mrs. O'Leary entered.

"Home, John."

He ignored the pleasantry and nodded to the paper. "Says here that the boys can't come home so fast. Ain't no ships available."

"Wotta they know?" said Mrs. O'Leary.

"Well, o' course, they don't work with no admirals," said George with heavy sarcasm. "Guess you know better."

Mrs. O'Leary felt that she could afford to be magnanimous. She placed the feather duster under her chin and smiled in a somewhat superior manner.

"Certain information," she said, "cannot be divulged to no civilians." She handed him the key of the office.

George looked at it, surprised. "What's this for—you quitting?" He slid the doors open, awaiting an answer.

"Me man," said Mrs. O'Leary stiffly, "in the Navy we don't quit, we resign!" And tucking the feather duster jauntily beneath her arm, she walked away into the darkness.

"Even gin," said George, "has its uses."

But the words were tossed back at him by the revolving door which Mrs. O'Leary had successfully navigated.

THE building was alive again in the bright light of day and the desk chair in the British routing office was occupied by its rightful owner. In front of the Commander was a pile of unopened mail.

A lieutenant came into the room holding a signal pad.

"Good morning, sir. Urgent signal from Naval Headquarters."

The Commander took the pad, read the signal and reached for the telephone.

"Port director's office, please. . . . British routing officer speaking. Good morning. We've just had a signal from H. Q.—the Marathon is to be diverted forthwith to the Continent. She's on her way. . . . good work. . . . What? *I* did last night? Oh, well, thanks very much. Good-by."

He replaced the telephone and regarded his junior with bewilderment.

"It's damn funny. They say that the skipper of the Marathon called them last night and asked for his route and that when the duty officer called about it, *I* gave him instructions to divert her to the Continent. *I* didn't give any instructions—I didn't know anything about it until you showed me that signal."

"There was a new duty officer on last night, sir. He may have called H. Q. direct, and they told him what to do, and then they sent this signal to make sure."

"Yes, I suppose that's what happened. Anyhow, we seem to have done the right thing."

He held up his arm and blew off a little brown feather that had stuck to the gold braid.

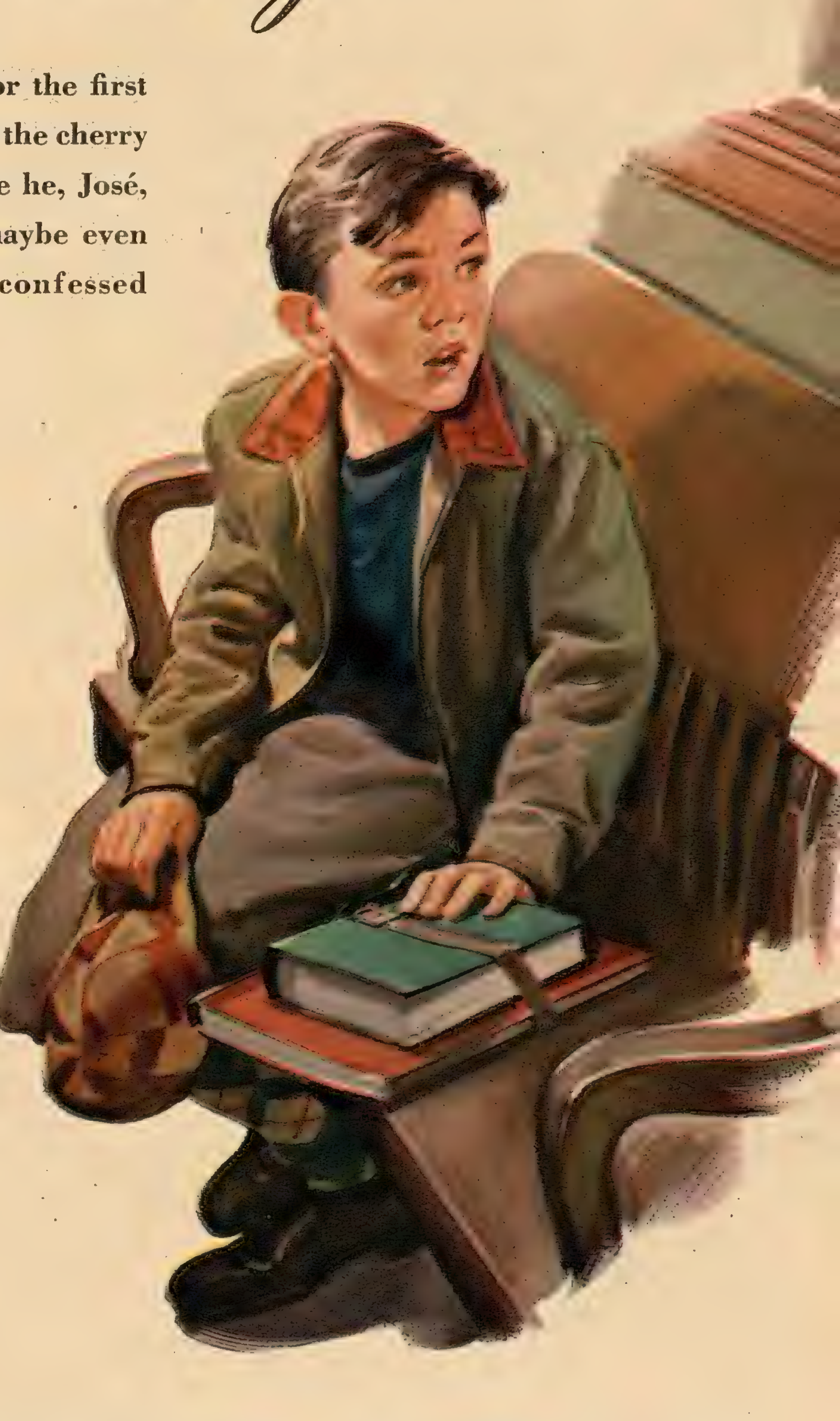
THE END

Little George Washington from Málaga

José was a little Spanish boy hearing for the first time the story of George Washington and the cherry tree — hearing it in a cold sweat because he, José, was *living* a lie. But, in José's shoes, maybe even George Washington would not have confessed

BY CARMEN LOPEZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

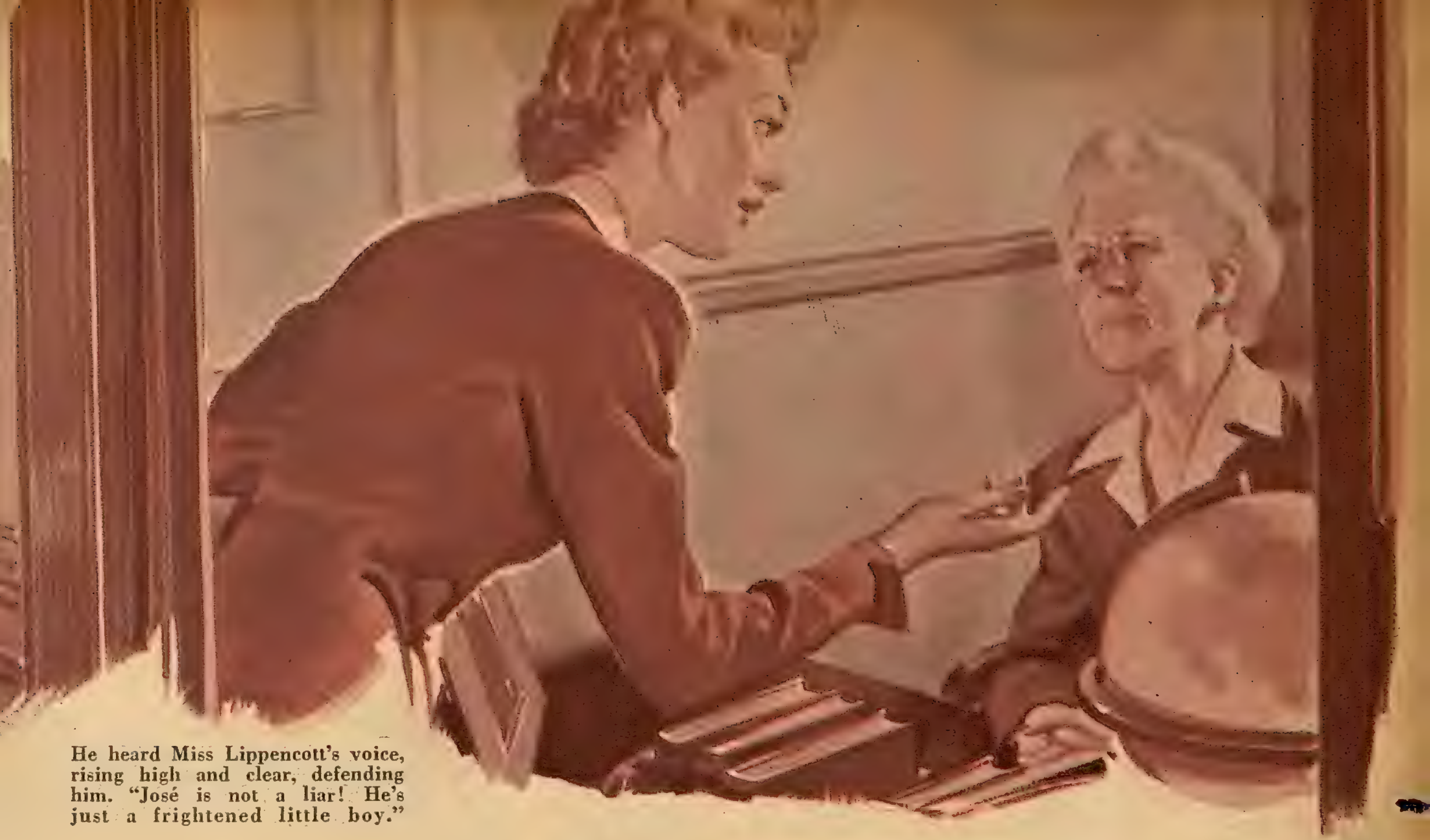


LITTLE José Miranda had expected many and wonderful things of America. For was not America the great, rich, fabulous country of which people told stories so amazing that they were more incredible than fairy tales? If, when he stepped off the boat, José had seen pink elephants parading up and down the streets of New York, he would have accepted them as one of the wonders that from now on would become everyday affairs in his life. But even in his wildest dreams he had never imagined that anything as wonderful, as beautiful, as unbelievable as Miss Lippencott, his teacher, could happen to him. Teachers just didn't come like that!

Miss Lippencott was pink and white and blue and gold. On the big feast days his mother used to make a honey-colored confection called *cabello de ángel,* angel's hair. Miss Lippencott's hair was just like that, but instead of hanging down in straight strings, it was all little curls on her head.

He had been placed in Miss Lippencott's class because the children were about nine years old, like he was, and besides, she knew some Spanish. His progress in English had been really remarkable, due to his rapt attention to every word that fell from Miss Lippencott's lips. But on this February afternoon, José's attention was being held chiefly by the story she was telling. To the other children it was an old story. Besides, they were city children, and to them if a tree was cut, it was not such a terrible thing after all. But to José a tree was precious, to be cared for and protected and treasured. His father had owned a small grove of trees, and José remembered how he had cared for them. He used to call his grove the *tacica de plata,* the little silver cup, and he kept it neat and spruce and beautiful.

But strangely, now, as José listened, the picture of his father's grove that flashed into his mind was not of the *tacica de plata,* but of the way he had seen it after the airplanes had come. They had been "merciful," the planes; they had not bombed the town of Navia de Málaga —it had only been a warning of what



He heard Miss Lippencott's voice, rising high and clear, defending him. "José is not a liar! He's just a frightened little boy."

could happen if the townspeople continued to work on the "wrong" side of the movement. The planes bombed the outskirts, and when they were gone the people had rushed out to see their groves and their vineyards and their crops—shattered and burned. In José's father's grove the trees were wrenched and torn so that it made one ache inside to see them. And José could see his father's face, the color of a wax candle, his hands clenched tight, his teeth clenched tight, and only the little muscle on the right side of his jaw working up and down, up and down.

ALL that José remembered in a flash, without losing an ear from the story. For he was waiting to hear what would happen to this boy, this George Washington who had so wantonly cut a cherry tree.

In the end it all turned out well for George Washington. He told the truth of what he had done, and as a reward his father had not punished him.

Miss Lippencott clearly admired this George Washington very much, which was as it should be, for the truth was a fine thing. At this thought a cold fear crept around José's heart. If Miss Lippencott were to know about him, she would certainly not like him any more—she might even have him sent away from her class—for he knew that the lie *he* had told was a terrible lie! It would be very hard to make her understand how it had all been, and that he had never intended to tell the lie, but things had all seemed to happen without his being able to control them. Still, it was a very terrible lie!

But he could tell her about his father. So he stood up and said:

"My father fought in the revolution too—and he was a hero!"

A wave of laughter passed over the class and died away in tittering. They thought he was lying! José felt the sting tears come into his eyes and his throat tighten with anger. He clenched his fists tight and, facing the class, in a taut voice he cried:

"My father *was* a hero! And maybe he would have won the revolution too if they had not caught him and shot him against a wall!"

And then, to his own amazement, he fell into his seat and burying his head in his arms burst into a violent fit of sobbing. The laughter stopped and the whole class lapsed into an embarrassed silence. Suddenly he felt Miss Lippencott's hand on his shoulder, and he heard her lovely voice, full of sympathy and understanding: "José's father fought in another revolution. In that revolution people were fighting for the same things that George Washington fought for, and I'm sure José's father was a hero."

When the class had gone, Miss Lippencott spoke to him gently:

"They didn't mean to make fun of you, José. You see, when they think of the Revolution, it is the American Revolution, and that took place long, long ago, before your father or even your grandfather had been born. They thought you meant that revolution and, naturally, what you said sounded funny. But I understand. And I'm glad to see you're so proud of your father. He must have been a very brave man. I know he would have been proud to hear how you spoke of him today."

José raised a tear-stained face. He shook his head and he said:

"No, he wouldn't be proud of me. I've told a terrible lie—a terrible big lie. He'd be ashamed of me. I told the awful lie, and now I'm afraid my uncle and aunt will find out. I know I shouldn't be afraid, because I'm the son of a hero, but I'm afraid just the same."

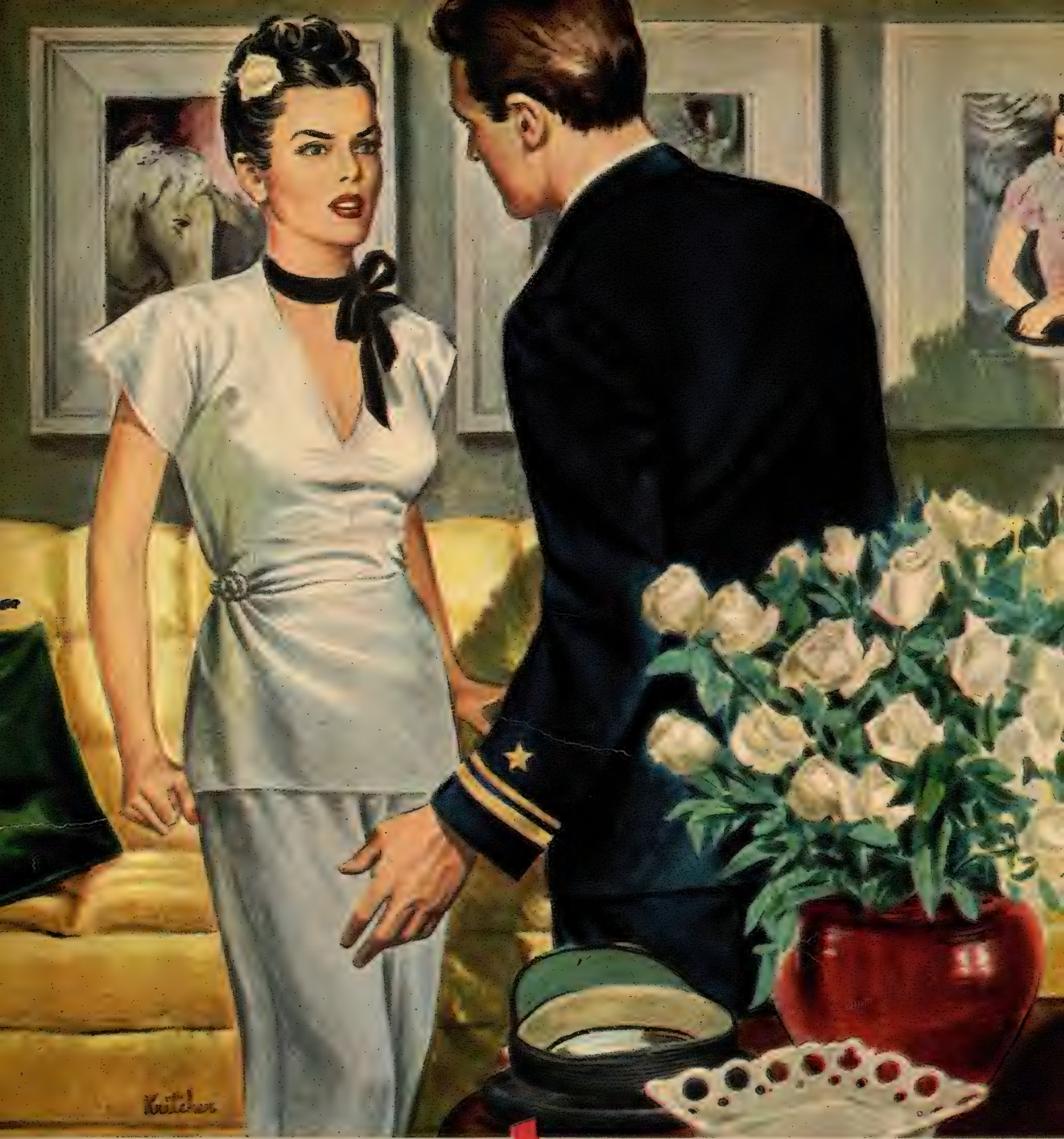
And he collapsed into another fit of sobbing.

Miss Lippencott gently raised his head. "Do you want to tell me about it, José? Telling someone else sometimes makes things easier, and we might be able to fix it up after all."

He hadn't meant to tell her, but he found himself babbling away about the other little José Miranda, and about his uncle and aunt, who were not his uncle and aunt really, and about the bus and the bombs, and the director of the school. . . .

AS José thought back, it all seemed to have started that day the airplanes bombed the groves and the vineyards. He had never seen his father laugh after that. And his mother cried a lot. One night, very late, he awoke and heard his father going out. He looked out of the window, and presently the door of the house opposite opened, and his father's cousin, who was also called Jose Miranda, came out. Together they walked to the corner, and there some other men joined them and

(*Continued on page 61*)



High Tide

"Is this a proposal or a—a refusal?" Cyrilly exclaimed in an angry voice. "All this is too much for you? Oh, Adin, you—you prig!"

"It was calf love, we were only kids, I was crazy then," Adin always told himself when he thought of Cyrilly. But a face in a magazine — a strange, new Cyrilly — set his heart afluttering, fanning an old flame dangerously high

BY NAOMI LANE BABSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

RÉSUMÉ OF PART ONE

UP to the time Cyrilly Gage was twelve and Adin Lerrigo fourteen, picnicking and swimming from the rocks at the Point with the gang, they had sought each other's company. Of all the children whose parents owned summer homes at the Point, Adin, Cyrilly thought, was just right. There wasn't one of the girls she would change places with; not Hope Hillyer, nor Jennie Tillson, nor Mona Pritchard. Rosy-cheeked, black-haired, and black-eyed, and full of the joy of life, Cyrilly was not too much disturbed at this period that her father, Lieutenant Cyril Jackson, had left her nothing but his first name, having neglected to marry pretty Marjorie Gage before he marched off to France, where he was killed. Her mother had died soon after she was born and ever since then Cyrilly had looked upon her grandfather and grandmother as her parents.

Through their teens the paths of the crowd diverged and Cyrilly was seventeen when she met Adin again. He had been in college for a year and intended to spend the summer studying. But he found time to meet the gang—and Cyrilly. For both of them the old magic was regained. Cyrilly meant to start a business course after Labor Day. She would learn and become worthy of Adin. She did not mind at first that he kept their meetings secret. Some day he would let his folks know how they felt about each other. Then suddenly she understood. She did not belong. Adin was ashamed of her. To him, this was just a summer romance. Furious, Cyrilly slapped his cheek and rushed home. Adin waited by the rocks next day, and the next, eager to forgive Cyrilly and make up. When she did not appear, he ventured to call and ask for her. "Cyrilly's gone to New York," Sarah Gage, her grandmother, told him.

PART TWO—Conclusion

THE year was 1942. The month, October. Adin, now Lieutenant Lerrigo (j.g.), U.S.N.R., was still mildly surprised to find himself engaged to marry Hope Hillyer. They didn't pretend that theirs had been a world-shaking love affair—but it was satisfactory and pleasant just the same. Hope was smart-looking, decorative, too; obviously expensive, and nice to kiss.

They decided it after word had arrived from Texas that Adin's brother Paul, in camp near Dallas, had married a girl named Lady-Rian Richey, only eighteen years old, whom he had met less than three weeks before. Paul Lerrigo had been engaged to Hope a long time back, but it was broken off, and she had broken other engagements since, so people said. George Suffolk—Penrose Netter—Hope never lacked for eligible men.

Adin and Hope had gone dancing that night, and there was something sad in her mood, it seemed to Adin. Or perhaps only in his own. Or maybe it was romantic melancholy induced by the news from Paul, the music and the drinks he'd had. The war, with its harsh warning that life was short, made a man reach out for permanence. Marriage was one answer—but that took two, and Adin had never found the other one. A darkhaired ghost still haunted his imagination, yet he had made no effort to see Cyrilly again. *Calf love; we were only kids; I was crazy then.* Now he was sane and twenty-five, dancing with a pretty girl and all at once aware she was a woman and desirable. He held Hope closer; she was sweet; he was suddenly very, very fond of her.

"We could fix things up, you know," he said. "I mean, if we married each other."

Putting it lightly, so he could meet her laughter with his own. Only, that wasn't the way it had turned out. "Why not?" Hope said. "A very attractive notion, if you ask me."

"I do ask you, and it's a promise," Adin declared. He had a funny feeling afterward that she was not entirely surprised.

"Perhaps we were waiting for each other all the time," she told him later on, between kisses.

"Could be," he said, smothering a tiny nibbling suspicion that in spite of the three-year-old broken engagement, Paul was the one she had been waiting for—until today.

THEIR news was pleasantly received by both families next morning. Hope's mother still wished it was Paul instead of Adin: and Adin's parents thought: That girl again. Adin bought Hope's ring when he had another leave, and on this October day they were talking of a wedding before Christmas, though no exact date had been chosen yet.

Hope ruffled the pages of a magazine. "Look, Adin. That's sort of the kind of living room I'd like. Nice, h'm? I hope we can find an apartment near the river. East Sixties or so, you know."

"A long way from the Navy Yard."

"But, darling, nobody lives in Brooklyn." Hope flipped more pages. She studied a colored advertisement of china patterns. War or no war, there still were lots of lovely things to buy. "I'm going to look at rugs today," she said, "just for the fun of it."

"Better go slow. Suppose I got sea duty all at once?"

"Oh, Adin—with your eyes? You know you just scraped by, the way it is. You're going to do your fighting behind a desk," Hope said; then saw his face and added hastily, "Thank heaven for that. I couldn't bear to be worrying all the time."

"You know there are desks and desks in the Navy, Hope," he said. "Not all of them in commuting distance of the East Sixties, either."

"Yes, I know. But we have to live somewhere. We could always sublet the apartment if I wanted to follow you round the country."

Her smile was affectionate, even tender, but in the end she would not choose to follow him, he thought, knowing the scrambled, cluttery kind of living it could mean. Hope would decide to keep the home fires burning. A smallish blaze, perhaps, but bright and clear. She was wise, no doubt. She knew just what she wanted: a home of her own, and a baby fairly soon. . . . Rian was going to have one in the spring. But that, of course, had nothing to do with the case. Adin lit a cigarette. Hope turned another page. She said, "Oh, Adin, look! Do you know who that is?"

Cyrilly's face was smiling up at him from a full page in color. She wore a skirt and sweater and a ribbon round her hair, which looked longer than he remembered, but not so curly. Her legs were crossed and her hands clasped lightly round one knee, showing off her long slim fingers. The picture advertised a brand of nail enamel. Five years since he had seen her. No, it was more than that. Six years, at least. She is too thin, he thought.

"You don't remember, I suppose," Hope said. "It's Cyrilly Gage. We used to play with her when we were kids. She's a model now and fearfully successful. You see her picture everywhere, honestly."

"Not in the magazines I read."

"Oh, Adin. On the covers, everywhere. It's simply fantastic. And a couple of columnists have mentioned her lately. She's really a hit. I think it would be fun to call her up some time when I'm in town."

"I don't see why." He felt a little shiver of premonition.

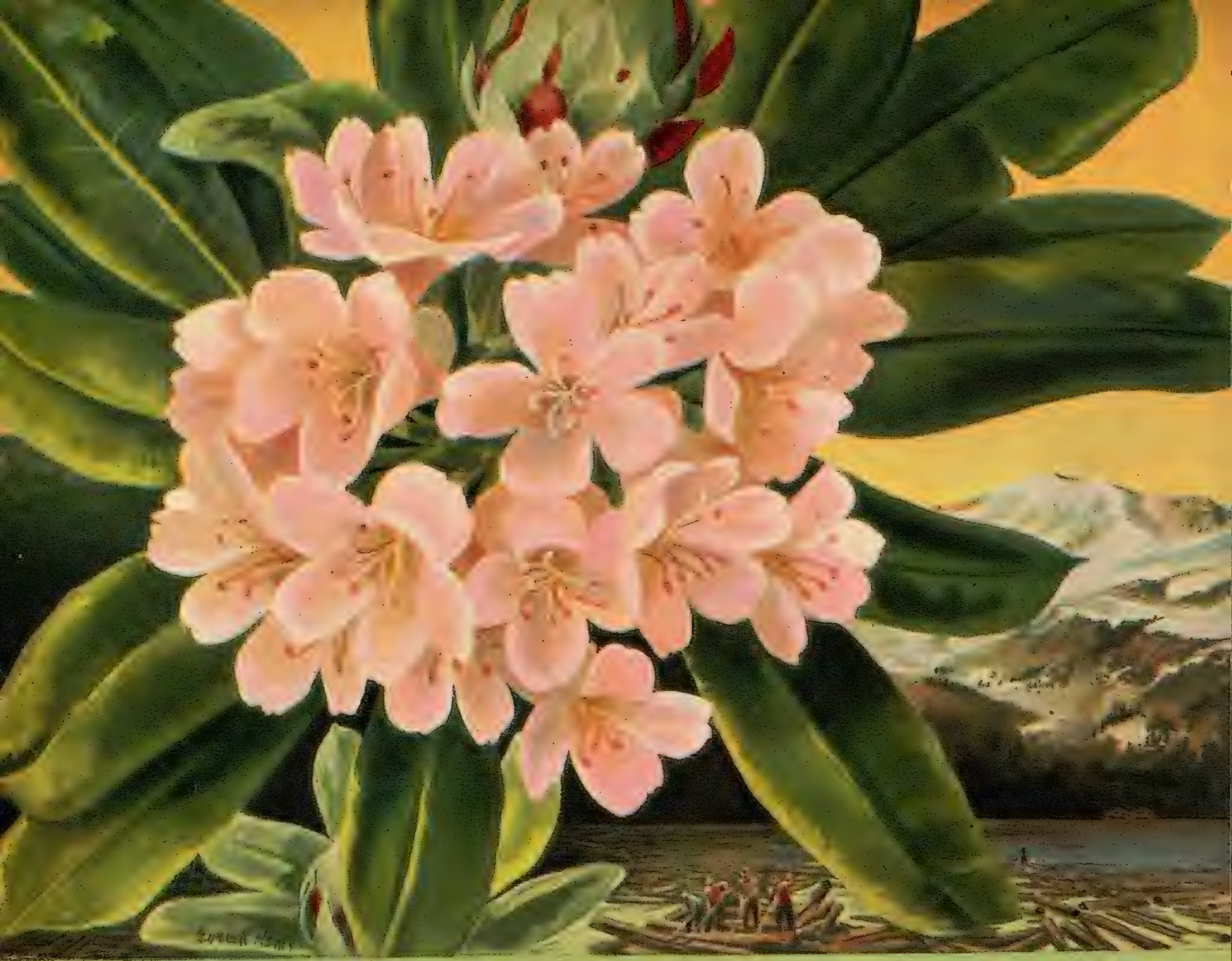
Hope said, "Oh, don't be stodgy. I used to think of modeling, myself. Really I did." She closed the magazine and began to fix her lips. "And moreover," she added in a hushed voice, "some people say that Sonny Holland means to marry her."

"Hasn't he already had a couple of wives?"

"Oh, three, I think. But Adin—Sonny Holland!" Hope replied, as a girl a generation earlier might have said, "Oh, but the Prince of Wales!" Sonny had all that money, that was why. Billions of dollars—nobody knew how much.

CYRILLY was just going out when the telephone rang. She hesitated for a moment, then turned back to answer it. "Yes? . . . Oh, yes, of course I remember—" She recalled the scarlet bathing cap of long ago, and the bland egg-shaped face, the

(*Continued on page 74*)



A Favorite in Flowers

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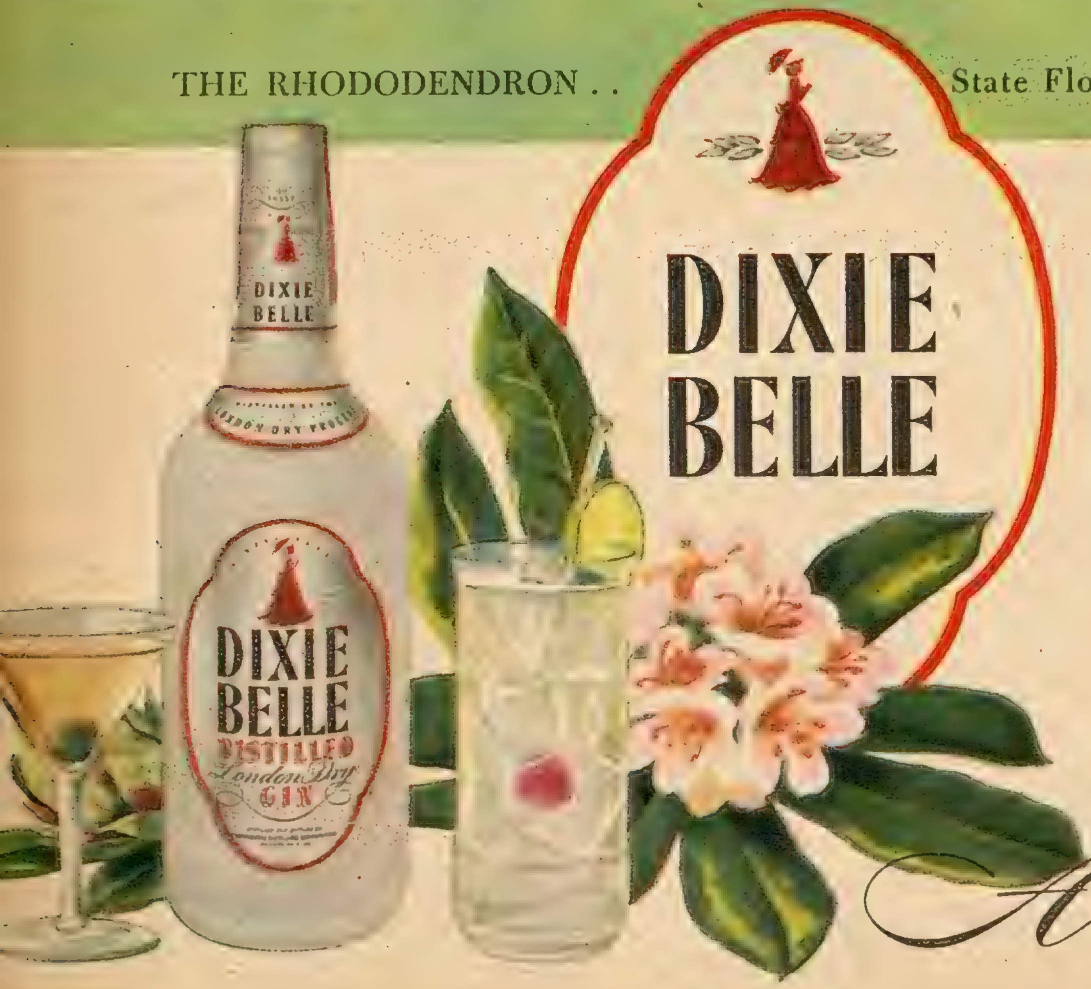

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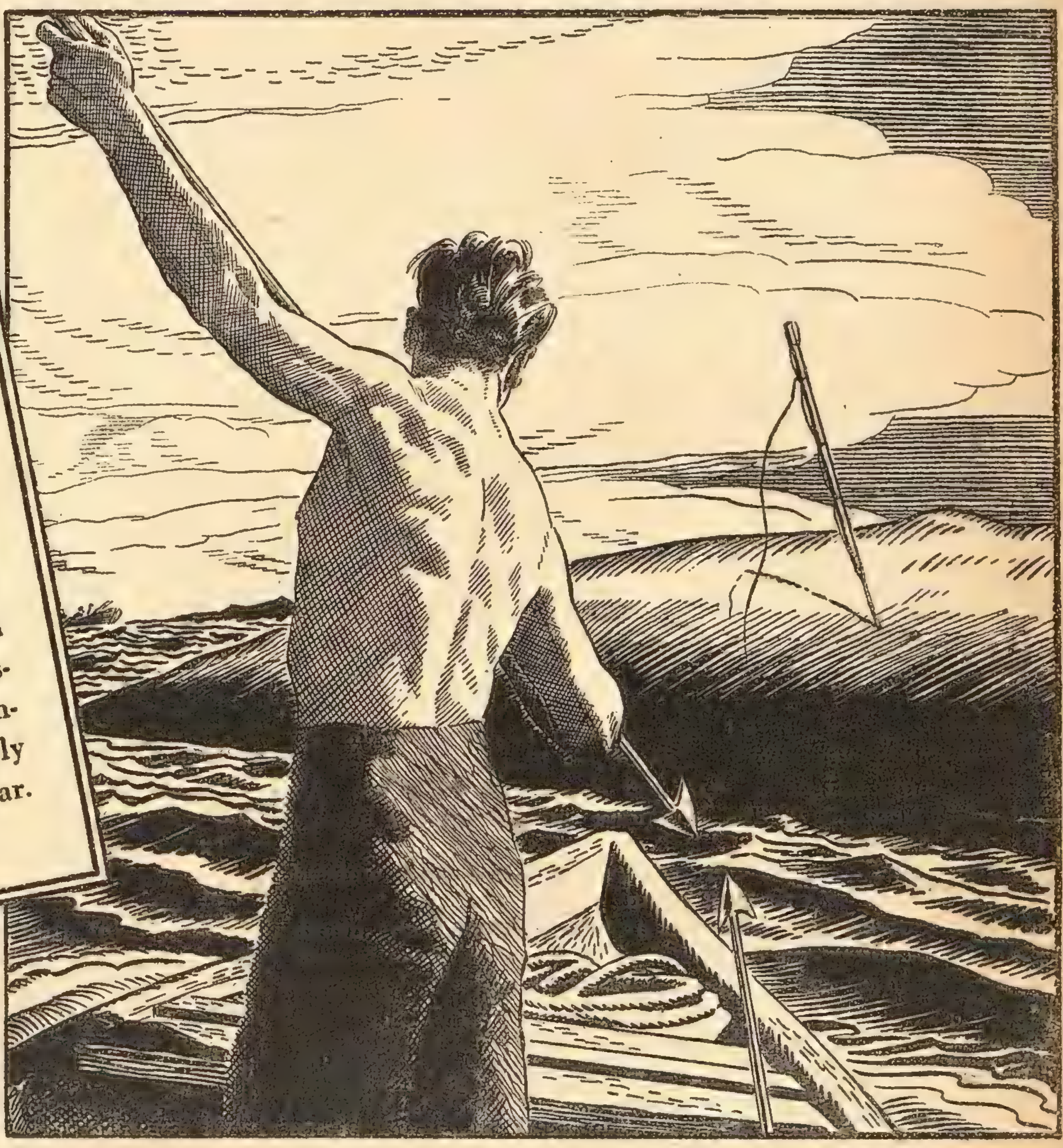
The MANATEE

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

BY NANCY BRUFF

Whaling Captain Jabez Folger had a secret that warped his life. Hated by Piety, his wife, feared by his crew, he sailed his lonely way over the seven seas in pursuit of the elusive sperm whale. This story of passion and sin in old Nantucket is the most widely discussed book of the year.



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

JABEZ FOLGER stepped off his whaler on a hazy July morning in 1830 and, detaching himself from the enmity of his crew, walked away.

He started up the hill toward the town of Nantucket. "Land," he said contemptuously. Home but not home, he thought; just land—arid and gritty. Unyielding earth—no reassuring dip and sway to it.

Jabez, starting at the age of fifteen, had been at sea for the last twenty years with few intervals on land. The latter, and everything upon it, was for him a desired haven as he neared it but an irritation the moment he set foot upon it.

Now a savage annoyance came over him as he thought of Piety, the young Quaker girl from the Vineyard whom he had courted and married three years ago during the strange lull that occurred every now and then in his violent nature. At these intervals, it was as if a temperate wind blew from a subterranean gulf stream in his own soul until tenderness overcame him and he performed foolish and loving acts out of keeping with the usual Jabez.

He turned impulsively and looked down at his ship, *The Manatee*, from high ground.

How spent and dirty she is, he thought. How I love her. He swayed toward his ship in yearning and knew that he would rather relive the grim stimulating misery of the last voyage than go home to his new wife.

Jabez walked up Center Street, then turned up Main Street. When he came in sight of the house he had rented for his bride, a vision of his ship floated before his eyes, her hull green with scum and the left breast gone from her large figurehead. This was a Manatee with a mysterious, grave woman's face and a bold female torso,

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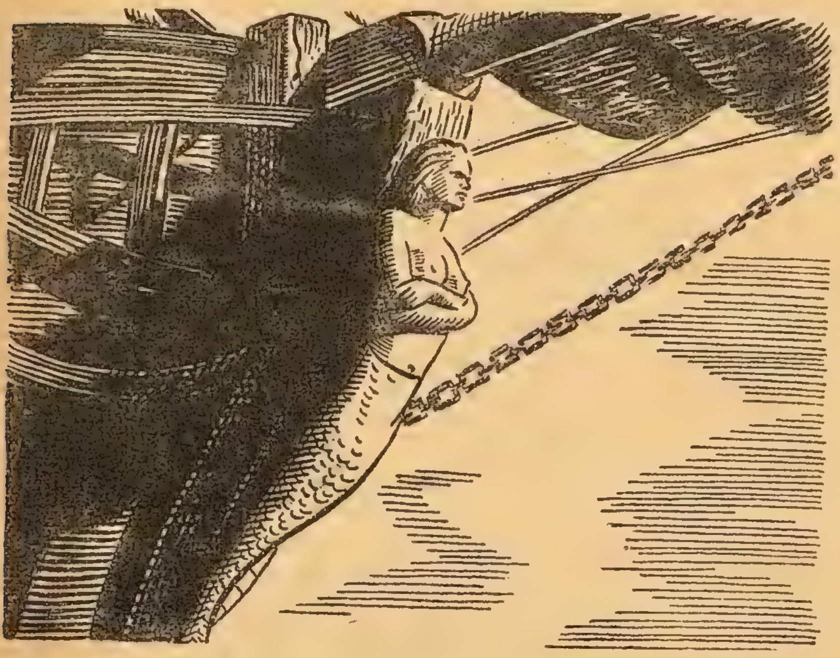
ending at her human navel in scaly folds and a tail. Jabez had designed her himself, commissioning a famous French sculptor with the carving.

Jabez looked up at the massive door of the house. He knocked. In a moment the door was opened to his hard, blank, grey stare.

Piety stood just inside the door, her large radiant eyes lifted to his. The long years of waiting now seemed to have happened to someone else, a shadowy forgotten Piety, and she had become the young bride again—all the tremors and the ecstasy were there. Piety moved forward with a little rush and put her arms around him.

"I watched thee—Jabez. I watched thee from high on the walk. I saw *The Manatee* come in and I saw thee walking home—to me—to us."

Jabez looked at her delicate shoes and his gaze slowly traveled up her dress, taking in every quiet but expensive Quaker detail. When he came to her throat and lovely exalted face, his look traveled on upward, unseeing, to a spot above her head. There he pictured *The Manatee,* her blunted, weathered face forlorn as her one breast trailed green weeping strands of sea grass.



"It is new, all new," exhaled Piety. "A little too gay for the Friends, perhaps, but none too gay for the homecoming, dearest."

Jabez pushed past her without a word and walked through into the drawing room.

She followed him, worried at last. "Jabez," she cried, "what's wrong? Art thou ill?" She came up close to him and held on to his lapels, her great shining eyes boring into his.

"Nothing," he said at last. "It's only that I—that it's difficult for me to make the readjustment between shipboard and—and here," he finished, wrenching himself away from her.

"Jabez, I *will* be understanding with thee," she said with great intensity. "And now," she attempted a spurt of gayety, "will thee come up and see thy son!"

Jabez started and gave her his terrible and difficult smile. "I might have known," he said.

Piety started up the stairs. As she turned to beckon, she saw him for the first time objectively. She noted his large nose and his small mouth, thin-lipped and drooping, with the expression, she thought, of a lazy, malignantly dreaming shark.

On their way, a mulatto girl passed them in the hall. Jabez noticed that she was young and lovely even as his wife called her back to meet him.

"Jabez, this is our maid. She is only fifteen and we are searching for a name for her. We have tried out several, but—"

"They disagrees with me," the young girl said softly.

Jabez' grey, expressionless eyes roved over the girl's figure with all the freedom and ease of that pleasant moment when, landing on a tropic isle, he would leisurely select a mistress from those who welcomed him. Suddenly his home did not seem so alien.

"What is the matter with your given name?" he asked.

"Miz Folger converting me," she said, smiling at him.

"I am trying to find a good Quaker name for her," Piety said.

"What was your name?" asked Jabez.

"Flowery Shrine," she replied.

"Flowery Shrine," repeated Jabez. "How did you come by such a name?"

"It was her mother's name, Jabez," Piety broke in. "Her mother is a South Sea Island native, named and loved by a sailor from our own island. He brought his little girl home a few years ago and taught her all he could. But he went to sea and sent her to me with a note asking me to take her in service here."

"What makes you smell so sweet, child?" he asked the girl.

"Why I smells sweet because I crush flowers and takes away their juice, sir."

Jabez stepped closer to her. "And then what do you do with the flowers?"

"Jabez, thee must come and see thy son now. Faith, I will call thee when I need thee." Piety's voice rose nervously.

"Wait," Jabez said. "If her name is Flowery Shrine, why don't you call her Flowery Shrine?"

"It is not fit," Piety answered. "I thought a good Quaker name such as Faith, or Patience—"

"Her name stays Flowery Shrine," Jabez said. "Now tell me, child, what you do with this flower juice when you have made it, for you smell as sweet as the islands."

"I rubs it all over me, sir."

"I thought so," Jabez replied, his nostrils widening.

"Jabez," Piety pleaded, when the maid had proceeded on her way, "thy son is in here."

Jabez felt relaxed now. He put his arm around Piety's waist as they stood in the door. Piety found his touch unbearable, for her body responded while her soul recoiled. She stepped away from him and picked up the child.

"This is Luke," she said. "Wake up, Luke! He is two years and three months and such a happy child."

Jabez managed to smile. "Well," he said. "My son, hey? How goes life with you, young fellow, eh?"

"This is thy father," Piety said to Luke. "Say hello to him."

"Heyo," said Luke pleasantly.

"Well, and what do you think of me, heh?" howled Jabez.

Luke said nothing, but looked at his father with intent and twinkling interest.

"What do you suppose he *does* think of me?" asked Jabez. "Not that it matters," he added sternly. "Not that it matters at all, sir," he shouted at the baby.

"Don't, Jabez, thee will break his eardrums," Piety said. "He likes thee, certainly."

"There is some human response lacking in him," said Jabez uncomfortably. "What have you produced, Madame?"

"I have found nothing wrong with him except that he is never sad, never cries," Piety said tonelessly. Neither was I—before, she thought.

"Wait till I get you on shipboard, young man," said Jabez, trying to sound playful but widening his blank, grey stare with his usual menace as he looked into the little boy's shining face. Luke gazed back at him, unabashed.

JABEZ and Piety lay awake that night, side by side, staring up at the ghostly canopy over their bed. The moonlight streamed in their window and the night air was rich with land sounds.

"Jabez," Piety whispered.

"Yes," he replied loudly.

"Hush! the baby. Jabez, tell me what has happened to thee. What has changed thee so from the man I married?"

"I am the man you married."

"Then what strange masquerade is this?"

"What strange masquerade was I playing during those two weeks of courtship and that one week of marriage?"

"No, no, Jabez. It's unthinkable. It must be *now* that thee is not thyself."

"No, it was then." Jabez spoke with harsh finality.

"Why did thee do it, Jabez? For what reason? How could thee condemn us both to misery?"

"I was not playing a role when we married," he spoke with difficulty. "I was myself then also."

"Thank the Lord for that," Piety breathed in quick relief.

"An infrequent self," Jabez continued. "Sometimes a mood so alien comes over me that it almost amounts to insanity. However it happens more and more rarely as I grow older."

"Ah, darling, we will get thee over this, never fear," Piety said in warm relief. She reached for his hand.

Jabez drew it away. "I am not suffering from one of these strange moods now," he said.

They both listened to the night for a long time and then Jabez continued. "The people here on our island will tell you that until I was fifteen I was a happy, almost dreamy boy."

"So you seemed when you married me." Piety cried. "And that was only three years ago."

"When I was fifteen years old I had an experience that filled me with such darkness, such evil that I can't talk about it," he said. "At that moment I underwent a complete change. I became as I am now—harsh to all, impatient, lonely, cruel. I enjoy watching in others that same recoil from cold malignant cruelty that I felt one morning in my fifteenth year! My nerves quiver and a metallic taste comes into my throat."

He drew a deep quivering breath. "When I inflict pain on others the very base of my spine melts in sweet agony."

Piety lay still.

"It is my drug," he said. "That thing other than bread by which I live. On my ship I am a king with the world in my power, for the crew are as various as all men on earth. There I have full power to satisfy my needs."

"What needs, Jabez? What needs?" Piety asked.

"Women have the brains of a gull," said Jabez furiously. "Give one of them a full weather report and she will ask, 'Yes, but do you think it will rain today?'"

"Jabez, I must know. I must know my fate, what pattern my life will—"

"Fate?" Jabez made a contemptuous sound. "Your fate is better than most women's. Barring acts of God, I suppose you will live on in soft comfort while my *Manatee* decays for lack of money. You'll wear silk while her sails are tattered and soiled. You will drink tea in stuffy parlors while she cleaves the clean wind."

PIETY was silent. She tried to pray. "God," she implored, "I have never prayed with such terrible need. Send peace to my body and let me know the truth about Jabez, for only Thy deep truth can help." She turned to Jabez.

"Jabez, canst thou tell me what it was that happened to thee when but fifteen years old. Perhaps then we can both exorcise this evil with prayer."

"I am content as I am," he said.

"Will thee not tell me anyway?"

"No," he said with insulting distinctness. "Some day I may tell it, but only to a disinterested person. Your eagerness revolts me."

"God is austere, Jabez."

"Not your God," said Jabez. "He is warm, he is sentimental. A tea cozy at a woman's tea!"

"And thy God?"

"My God lives in the darkest heart of the storm, the jaw of a shark, the rip of lightning and the hard eyes of a black woman who is being loved—"

"Jabez!"

"By me—by your fine husband, Quaker woman," he said. "Even on this last voyage, and on many an isle where we stopped for water and turtles. Listen—"

"No, no," Piety implored.

"The last one was black as a squid's anger and her skin was oily smooth."

"Jabez, have pity on me," she gasped. "Have pity on my love."

Jabez described in careful detail the native woman. Piety drew a long shuddering breath.

"Jabez," her voice had a willed steadiness, "I pledge thee my hatred until the day I die."

"Those are bold words for a Quaker woman," he replied in a lazy voice.

"Jabez," she said again. "I pledge you my hatred—beyond death."

YES, she has changed over night, Keziah Folger thought as she reached for a cake. "Pour me out another cup, Piety," she said. "Tea is the only panacea for a mule-faced old woman like me.

"So Jabez is home at last," she continued. "Where is my luckless nephew? I get small return on my investment this trip."

"He'll be back presently, Aunt Keziah," Piety replied. "He's down seeing to his ship."

Old Keziah wondered what could have happened to transform Piety this way. She had been so young, vibrant, almost flurried, always living in the moment and excited by the person who confronted her. Now, she sat back in her chair, self-contained and poised. Everything she did had an air of finality.

"Aunt Keziah," Piety began, "I'd like to talk to thee about a matter of importance."

"I'm a busy woman and have no time for kindness," Keziah replied.

"Still, I will speak to thee later," Piety answered coolly.

Huh, she's gained strength and distinction, overnight. How? Why? Keziah asked herself. Nothing was too great or too small to engage the old woman's eager intelligence.

Keziah owned three ships, four stores, a mansion, a pet monkey, and had been disowned by the Quakers for undue frivolity. She had immediately disowned the Quakers, paying for large advertisements in the *Inquirer* wherein she proclaimed over and over the fact: "Keziah Folger disowns the Quakers for narrow-mindedness."

"Well!" she cried, "Here comes my charming and tender nephew!"

Jabez came in and bowed to his aunt with a faraway scowl. He said, indifferently, "You are well, I see."

"Jabez," the old woman said, "it's a lucky thing I'm reconstructing one of my unused warehouses for a poorhouse. I considered it a great bargain and planned to detach all my poor relations from my neck and send them there. But now I'll probably end up in it myself—that is, if I ever invest again in so luckless a captain as you."

Jabez gave her a rapid, compelling look. "Aunt Keziah, you *will* invest in me and now."

"Why?" Keziah looked up at him impertinently.

"Because I demand this of you."

"Why?"

"I leave tomorrow for New Bedford, where I'll restore *The Manatee* and make her ready for a five-year voyage if need be."

"Why not have it done here, or have the Nantucket whalemen all refused to ship with you? Eh?"

"It can't be done soon enough here."

"So you're already beaten by dry land. Are a wife and one small son too much for you, Jabez? Must you hurry back to a midnight deck and brew the bitter leaves of that old, old sin of yours, Jabez?"

"I'll see you tonight about the papers," Jabez said.

"And what makes you think I'm going to invest?" Keziah yelled furiously.

"Because you always have. You are interested in me, Aunt Keziah. You've built a fortune on your knowledge of the secret mainspring of every soul on the island except mine. I baffle you, old beldam—you are always wondering what happened to me on a certain boyhood voyage. I never told you—I never will. Every time you see me that restless diseased curiosity of yours will prick you until your sleep and digestion are gone. Soon in self-defense, you'll pay to get me out of your sight. That's the way it's always been." Jabez contorted his lips in a smile.

"You see," he said coolly, "we know each other pretty well, Aunt Keziah."

Old Keziah's face did not change but her eyes seemed to leap in almost delighted recognition of this truth. "Some day I'll see you cringe, Jabez," she said.

The old woman left the house and in a moment Piety followed her.

"Aunt Keziah, may I walk with thee a little ways?" she asked.

"Oh, very well," the old lady said crossly. "Remember I haven't time to be kind. I lead a very busy life and besides I don't believe in kindness."

"I know thy views," Piety said composedly. "Aunt Keziah, I want to work in one of thy stores for money."

"Eh? You don't like my nephew's money?"

"No, I don't like it, nor his house. I'll move when I've saved the money."

"But this is most intriguing," said the old woman. "Piety, you become interesting now that you're unhappy. Happiness bores me but this sudden shoot of character where none grew before, this—this—"

"Will thee give me work?" Piety insisted.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world; count on my help. Good day, my dear," said Keziah, frantic now to be alone and mull all this over undisturbed.

JABEZ, left alone with the little boy and Shrine, ducked his head toward his son, meanwhile breathing deep of Shrine's sweet sharp-edged fragrance.

"Sometimes I mixes an herb or two with the crushed flowers," Shrine remarked.

"Does Mrs. Folger approve of this activity of yours?" he asked curiously.

"Yasir, her Quaker lady frien's sniffs the air sour-like, but Miz Folger she says it's romantic and pretty, sir."

Jabez, thoroughly excited, grabbed her by both arms and inhaled avidly.

"Did your father tell you of the island ceremonies?" he asked, his voice far and soft. "Did he tell you of the women—the fires—the dances—" He held her close to him now. "Did he tell you of love—did he tell you of a black lover's sweat, cold under the moon. Of the white men coming from their boats, wading through the surf—shouting and prancing. Eager to crush you—like this—before the spray dries on their broad white chests."

He held her in a hungry, bruising kiss. "Did he tell you of—or have you known love?" he asked hoarsely.

Shrine's smile came slowly as she looked up at him. Her young body responded and her own perfume seemed to fill her soul. All this combined with a murmuring in her pulse which she took for the sweet singing of birds in her heart. It was so, her mother had said, that love came.

Shrine put her arms around his neck.

Jabez' grey eyes widened and his forehead grew moist. He averted his eyes only to meet those of Eliza Coffin, a middle-aged widow and old friend of the family, who stood in the doorway of the drawing room, one hand over her open mouth.

Jabez slowly put Shrine away from him, never removing his furious look from the widow's face. Shrine arranged her dress and picked up Luke. It was plain in the brilliant, naïve smile she gave them that happiness still clung to her and she had the air of leaving the room only to savor it.

Jabez pulled down his coat. "Civilization sits lightly on her," he said, and, striding up to the widow in a terrifying manner, he raised his voice as if howling against the wind. "What can I do for you?"

"Where is Piety?" the widow Coffin asked faintly.

"I do not know." Jabez regarded her with hatred.

"I came about my son," Eliza Coffin said.

"Well, what about him?" Jabez grated.

"I wanted thee to take him along on your next trip—as cabin boy. So many many mouths to feed and my poor, dear husband lost in the Japan Seas."

"Don't you think that I'm too wicked to take a little boy along? Aren't you afraid I'll eat him up?" Jabez grimaced horribly.

The widow jumped back a pace or two, her face ugly with surprise, then she sighed again. "Oh—*men*," she said in a damp, pious voice. "I've been trying to explain to my daughters how men are—the wickedness."

"Would you like me to show them, madam?" Jabez inquired, still articulating with deadly precision.

"Oh!" Eliza Coffin gave a little scream and darted from the room, from the house. Shrine, who had been waiting near by, came into the room, slowly, with hesitating feet. Jabez gathered her up in his arms and started for the stairs. His face was flushed as he looked down into her smile.

"Jabez!" Piety spoke from the front door. Her voice was even, and its careful modulation was more arresting than a scream.

Jabez turned and, still holding Shrine, his eyes looked blankly down into his wife's face.

"Thee cannot degrade *me*, Jabez," Piety said. Shrine broke away and ran upstairs. "Thee can only degrade thyself—and that—" Piety's even voice broke and her chest heaved once "—exalts me, Jabez!"

FOR nine years Jabez ploughed the fertile whale grounds off shore, west of Chile, and the new Japan grounds. He had not returned to Nantucket during this time but had sold his oil, refitted *The Manatee* and changed crews, this last a necessity due to his peculiar temperament, in other ports.

Now he followed a small family of sperm whales among whom a sick and emaciated one had been seen. Avid for ambergris, he pursued them relentlessly, although the hold of *The Manatee* was filled with oil and Jabez, having brought his luck to heel, strode the deck in arrogance.

Jabez had always revelled in the tearing fury he felt when he struck a whale. Then the point and meaning of his whole life seemed in the force of his harpoon. Lately there had been so much of this that his ego was rampant, drunk with power. His voice boomed with the wind or whispered small thin threats of cruelty to the five or six members of the crew who were completely in his power. There were always a few of these, destined by their own sensitivity to tremble at the approach of such a man as Jabez. The stronger characters Jabez assaulted by division. He would, on a calm and idle day, select one of them and by nagging and insults arouse the man to retaliation. This, he would punish with his particular kind of blank, wide-eyed glee.

The crew seethed with fury, but always individually. And so cleverly did Jabez manage to combine cruelty with ridicule that they could not help but be glad at last to see someone else receive what they had so recently endured themselves.

Jabez, himself, unchained their hatred and inchoate energy one afternoon.

He was strolling about the deck and came upon Gregory, an earnest bespectacled young man whose turn it was to stand watch. Jabez had always felt a prickling of irritation whenever he saw him, but had put the young man aside for future enjoyment. Now he paused and considered him with concentrated loathing.

Gregory, unaware of the dangerous draft in which he stood, reached into his pocket for a volume of verse. He was a schoolteacher come whaling for the experience.

Finally Jabez' legs impelled him forward, for the moment had come. He began talking to Gregory in his far-reaching, beautiful voice until the idle members of the crew wandered near enough to listen.

"Life on a whaler is a little coarse for you, Gregory, isn't it?" inquired Jabez.

"No sir," Gregory replied, "not at all." Jabez savored the look he shot the gathered, fleering men. A blend of classroom authority, timidity, and panic.

"You find the men uncouth, I've heard. Particularly Leopold and Elihu," said Jabez.

Gregory's "No—no," was wrung from him like a small cry of pain as his always apprehensive nature envisioned what this could mean. With terror he glanced at Leopold, huge, moronic, but cunning. Leopold, hearing his name, stepped in front of the other men and bared his large teeth in a dangerous grin.

Until this moment the crew had ignored Gregory, but, now that he was singled out for Jabez' and their attention, they felt a mounting excitement as their pent-up savagery and hatred for Jabez found this devious channel of escape.

Elihu, the cook, just up from his fiery inferno, watched Gregory cruelly, eagerly.

"What did you say?" Jabez suddenly roared at the helpless schoolteacher, and he inclined an ear before Gregory's paralyzed lips, from which no sound came.

"That's too bad," Jabez improvised in a soft but carrying voice. "Here are Leopold and Elihu, both frank, friendly fellows." He surveyed their brutish and evil persons. "And you say things like that about them. What?" he yelled, bending toward Gregory's agonized, pleading face and looking grave as he pretended to listen to the mute lips.

"You fear them, you want me to lock them up? I can't do that—I need them on deck, but I'll dock their pay and cut their rum to teach them a lesson."

Elihu grew red with murderous fury. Leopold shook his head uncomprehendingly until the cook said a few words to him. At once the two men started for Gregory but were held back by the others.

Gregory looked at Jabez and his dry white lips moved despairingly. Jabez stood immobile as a sweet sharp excitement raced through the nerves of his body, and then, suddenly bored, he turned to go.

"Captain," Gregory shrieked, "don't leave me—stop them—Captain!"

Jabez looked at Elihu and Leopold, maddened, cruel, eager for the release of violence, and at the hot, excited eyes of the men restraining them.

"Captain, there is a God!" Gregory stammered. "Beware—there is a God!"

"Tell Leopold about it." Jabez walked swiftly away followed by the sudden full-throated roar of the men and a high brief scream.

A short while afterward the crew wandered about in lassitude, avoiding each other's eyes. Pity was not in their natures or their calling but each man felt, in his own way, dishonored. They felt uneasily that Jabez had tricked and dishonored the human race in some foul way. Their reply was more violence, already charted and made easy.

AFTER three days of deadly calm, Jabez and his three mates, well-armed and jumpy as cats, were not surprised by the ill-co-ordinated attack of the men.

It was night, however, and Jabez and the first mate were in one cabin and the other two mates in another, when Leopold stepped up to the locked door of the mates' cabin and began shooting through it with the only gun the mutineers had managed to acquire. The third mate was killed by one of these random shots and his cries excited Leopold so strongly that he hammered at the door until it broke open. Leopold stumbled and fell into the room where he lay at the mercy of the second mate who promptly killed him, took his gun and held the others at bay. The men retired and the second mate gained Jabez' cabin.

The next attack was more tightly plotted and was led by Elihu, who had a plan that went beyond simple revenge. They would kill the ship's officers, sail for Chile and sell their rich load of oil.

Armed with harpoons and sharp-edged blubber spades, the men made a mass attack on Jabez' cabin an hour after the killing of the third mate. They succeeded in breaking down the door only to wedge it with their dying bodies as Jabez and the two mates stood shooting into them as fast as young Orin Coffin, the cabin boy, could reload for them. In a few minutes the others retired, dragging the wounded with them.

Orin Coffin continued loading. He was Eliza Coffin's youngest son, only fourteen. His ideals were as sturdy as his body and he had soon found whaling with Jabez detestable and longed recklessly for his home, his mother and his sisters and brothers.

Now the acrid smell of gunpowder raised up a new loathing in his breast for *The Manatee*, Jabez and whaling. He was a proud boy, but he told himself that if he could only return to Nantucket he would never leave home again.

The next attempt to storm the cabin came at sunrise. It was like the others, but preceded by harpoons thrown from a distance into the now open cabin door, until by a sudden scream the crew judged that one of their enemies had been killed. Hoping that it was the captain they again rushed the cabin only to confront Jabez himself, his grey eyes wide and blank as he shot down the foremost men.

At this moment, *The Manatee*, for lack of any navigation, struck a hidden reef and began to settle rapidly. This common peril brought the mutineers and the remaining officers together warily. They went up on deck at a distance from one another and Jabez ordered the boats let down.

Jabez and Orin Coffin helped the wounded first mate into one of the boats. Jabez carried the box of nautical instruments, while the second mate, Lucius Emory, took all the guns and managed to put the greater part of the food and water into their boat. Jabez lowered quickly from the side.

What remained of the mutinous crew had piled stupidly into one whaleboat. They had found themselves fifteen in a boat with no water or provisions.

Down below, what was left of Gregory lay on a bunk, unaware of wreck or mutiny.

Both boats pulled away from the sinking ship just in time to avoid the vortex. As Jabez watched the beloved figurehead of the Manatee rise in the air, it seemed to him that he could not suffer more than this—that he had reached a summit of feeling. And when she sank into the water, he felt a deep physical shock as if a cord connecting his soul with the ship had been severed.

Suddenly he saw the boat full of mutineers pulling for his boat. He raised his gun to his shoulder.

"Get away!" he roared.

"But we have no instruments, nothing to steer by—no food—no water!" Elihu roared.

"That's too bad," shouted Jabez.

The boat, pulled desperately by the mutineers, came closer. "Take the guns," said Jabez to his second mate and the boy. "Shoot when I do, or we're all doomed."

"Don't shoot for God's sake!" one of the men shouted. "Only let us share with you and follow your course. That's all we ask."

"We'll share with you—yes—we'll share the death you'd have given us. And we'll steer a course for you to—direct to Hell!" yelled Jabez. He sighted along his gun and shot Elihu through the heart.

The mutineers wavered and their boat stood still. "For God's sake, Captain," one of them called, "what shall we do?"

"Why," shouted Jabez, "you can feed the cannibals or the sharks and be damned to you!"

Lucius Emory threw his gun in the water. He plucked at Jabez' sleeve. "Have pity on them," he urged.

Orin Coffin looked up at Jabez, his face working. "We're all in the same boat after all, sir," he said.

"Oho but we're not," Jabez replied. "*We* are in this boat and the shark-food in that one—and," he raised his voice, "keep your distance or I'll shoot down more of you!"

Lucius and Orin rigged up the sail. Jabez set their course for the coast of Peru (an incredible distance) and stood in the stern as they glided away, covering the other whaleboat with his rifle.

Confused cries came from the mutineers, followed by splashes as they threw their dead and wounded overboard. They started to row frantically after Jabez while some of the men put up the sail. They followed him for three days, just out of rifle range but obviously growing weaker for lack of food and water, until one night a storm tossed the boats wantonly about. In the morning the boat of the mutineers was nowhere to be seen—only the ocean, breathing in slow languor after its night of passion, stretched bright and incalculable.

WHILE Jabez was away, his family seemed stamped by his distant influence, bound to develop as he had last envisioned them; even Saffron, whom he had never seen, appeared to grow under the far, mysterious aegis of Jabez. There was a potency about the thin-legged child of nine with her mingled air of affection, passion and sullenness. Saffron had been named by Shrine. When she was a baby Shrine had said, "Jus' a little twig—a little petal of saffron flower." And all Piety's efforts to give her a Quaker name were unavailing against the sheer power of such a name for a little girl who, except for her pale skin, was colored like a lion cub with tawny hair and eyes of a deep yellowish brown.

Piety's dire calm had increased and her son Luke had grown to be nearly twelve without losing his strange, empty gayety and his untroubled expression. Shrine had not changed. Her face was as round and dimpled as it had been at fifteen; her ripe figure and easy good humor the same. She seemed waiting for some activating force to push her back on the pendulum of time.

ONE summer day, a Boston whaler put in at Nantucket Harbor in order to disgorge Jabez Folger and Lucius Emory, who had been picked up far off the coast of Chile after ninety-two days in their whaleboat.

When found, Jabez resembled the dry corpse of a spider swinging lightly in an ancient, fragile web. Lucius was in the same condition and the long, pampered voyage home had added little if any padding between their wrinkled, leathery skin and their gaunt bones.

The story they told was short. They had been wrecked by the carelessness of the mutineers, put out in two whaleboats, lost the boat containing all the mutinous sailors, lost the first and third mate and the cabin boy. They had eaten what the sea and their own ingenuity offered. They had managed to survive—and be damned to these questions! They had lived it, they didn't care to relive it via the tongue!

By the time the boat had docked Jabez and Lucius had just regained the use of their legs and could walk a few paces if they leaned on someone else. A crowd soon gathered at the dock, cheering and gesticulating as the news spread.

Some of the people carried Lucius Emory to his dreary little home.

The larger part of the crowd carried Jabez up Main Street shouting and singing:

So be cheery, my lads
Let your hearts never fail
While the bold harpooner
Is striking the whale.

Jabez looked anything but cheery; his large blank grey eyes seemed to devour his face and he rose uneasily, his bones grinding into his precarious perch. As the crowd turned into a side street he leaned down and dug his bearer with an elbow sharp as a hatchet.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Thy wife has moved, Captain," responded the man.

Piety was up on the widow's walk to discover the meaning of all this hullabaloo. She saw them as they turned the corner with Jabez, the spider, all shanks—riding a web of humanity. She stood still with shock until Amos Lamb's loud creaking voice jolted her back to action.

"Well, here comes Jabez, nothing but sin, skin and bones!" said Amos Lamb, an old whaler who spent his days on the porch of his daughter's house, a few yards from Piety's little home.

As the crowd came up, still cheering, and deposited Jabez on his shaky feet, Piety was standing before the closed front door. She looked coldly into Jabez' ravaged face, into his eyes.

"Thee doesn't live here, Jabez," Piety said in a low voice. "This is my house rented with my money."

Jabez looked long at her, his eyes widening in a blank menace. He turned to the crowd with a beckoning gesture. "Hey there, carry me into my house."

The mob swept forward, laughing and cheering. Jabez was popular for the first and only time in his adult life. They seized him, made a chair out of their interlocking arms and, flinging the door open, carried him in. They turned to Piety in the hall and said, "We'd better take him up to his room for you, Mrs. Folger. You'd never get him up there yourself."

Piety, helpless, watched them carry him upstairs.

When the crowd dispersed, she went upstairs. Jabez lay on his bed in an attitude of the utmost weakness, but his eyes were steady and baleful.

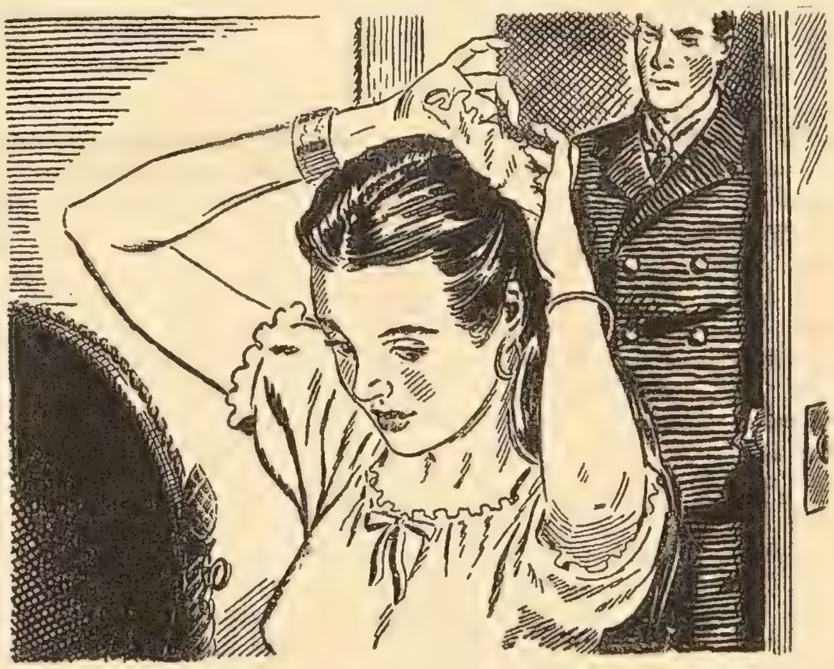
"So here I am," he said. "Home safe but not sound. Where are the children? I understand we have one more—a girl."

"They're in one of the back rooms with Shrine. I didn't want them to see me turn their father from the door." Piety controlled her panic.

"Well they didn't. Here I am!"

"Thee must go. This is my house, Jabez. Thee are not welcome here."

Jabez smiled. "My dear and cherished wife," he said in a cruel voice, "I *am* here! And I stay here until I can find another boat to see if the bad luck you've brought me can be turned."



Piety stood looking at him and her senses were assailed by an odor of salt and of near death. At the same time a strong male effluvia seemed to fill the room and transform the house, shattering the wall of poise and renunciation she had built around herself. Her face grew red and she made her first hurried, uncontrolled gesture in years as she turned and ran from the room.

Up on the widow's walk, Piety stood straight, cleaving the wind. Dear God, she thought passionately, I must hate him always—always, or I lose everything—even my identity. There'll be no more Piety without hate. I must hate for my very salvation!

JABEZ remained in the little house on Gay Street, fighting an implacable struggle against the forces of deterioration. His tired nerves and sinews seemed unwilling to resume the lean, driven life he could promise them, but after a while he established dominance over them by sheer force of will.

Luke was glad to see his father, although he did not remember him. Jabez tried to impress his identity upon the boy and soon realizing that he could not, grew bored with the attempt and tried to summon an indifference to him.

The house was a different place for Saffron. All during the long months when her father lay in his room convalescing, she felt a romantic excitement as if the very spirit of Neptune pervaded the place. Some days when the wind rocked the boats in the harbor and the sea gulls wheeled high, showering their cries down upon her, Saffron felt that the sea was angry and searching. Perhaps even now coming for this morsel that had escaped it, and delicious thrills would cause her to shudder and hug her arms to her little breast.

Within a few days, Piety knew that Shrine's fragrant body and Jabez' brown cage of bones were together every night.

What made her first think of it she did not know, but the thought grew, fed by such vague recollections as a whiff of rose perfume mingled with the sea smell in Jabez' room, and a slack satisfied look about him as he pulled himself up and sat heavily over his breakfast tray.

Piety sat upright in her bed one night. In a moment, she was pattering down the tiny hall. She had no plan. She could not enter his room, but she felt that somehow she must run—escape the turmoil in her body. Perhaps if she went up to the walk—?

As Piety sped down the hall, the door of Jabez' room opened and Shrine looked out. She came out.

"I heard you pitty-patting down the hall, Mam, and it worried me. Is you all right?" she inquired, softly.

"Where has thee been?" Piety inquired in a harsh whisper.

"Shhhh!" Shrine motioned her away from the door. "He's soun' asleep now."

"I demand that thee explain thyself, Shrine," Piety said, and drew her back into her own room where she stood looking at the girl's sleepy, lovely face.

"Why, dear sweet Mam, there isn't nothin' *to* explain. I don't mind his bed an' you do. So—I frees you from it." Her beautiful smile came with simple, trusting devotion.

Piety looked at her in such complete amazement that her fury died away. So this was the explanation of Shrine's air of sleepy benignity every morning, and this her simple pagan reasoning.

After all, she reflected, the girl knows nothing of life. She has only her memories of that South Sea isle where I suppose such behavior is considered kindly and polite.

"Shrine, my dear," Piety asked gently, "does thee know the difference between right and wrong?"

Shrine's dark eyes glowed in the candlelight.

"Right is ever'thing that's beautiful and wrong is ever'thing ugly," she said. "I tries to live *beautiful.*"

Piety could find no answer to this. She had never tried to teach Shrine morality, for her grace and dainty neatness had seemed an outward sign of morality to the innocent young Quaker wife.

"Who taught thee these things?" she asked her at last.

"My father taught me, Mam. He say these things before he left to go back to my mother's island."

"What did thy father teach thee about love?"

"He say that love is beautiful an' right with some peoples and wrong and ugly with others," Shrine said.

Piety's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh dear, sweet Mam. Oh please don' cry!" Shrine's arms went around Piety and they sat down on the bed crying in each other's arms.

For the first time in years Piety cried—in pity for herself, her ruined life and her wasted love. She found time between sobs to realize that Shrine's point of view was as natural and simple as a lullaby. But her own! Piety's sobs grew more violent, as if they knew that there was no time to lose before they would be constrained again.

SAFFRON and Eleanor Coffin, Eliza's daughter, were out in the spacious back yard of the Coffin House. Saffron's thin shanks and Ellie's fat ones strained their pantaloons as they bent over in identical attitudes of solemn interest.

"They got him at last!" the little fat girl said sadly. "Everything's in mourning around here. My brother Orin's dead and now this pigeon." She turned the bird over very gently with a stick.

"We might as well start in with the burial ceremony," Saffron said briskly.

"I know where we can get some fresh plaster," Ellie announced. "They're fixing a ceiling over at the Starbucks; come on!"

Simon Starbuck lounged by his front door. He was a strong, tall boy of twelve with a relaxed, easy grace. By reason of his superior strength, and the wealth and prestige of his father, Henry Starbuck, he could have been the town bully but forebore, since he had no grievance with life and felt no guilt.

Simon watched the approach of the two little girls with slight interest.

Nevertheless, they stopped and looked worshipfully up at him.

"Well?" Simon inquired with majesty.

Ellie spoke up: "Saffron said that you were having one of the ceilings done over at your house."

Saffron nudged her desperately. "Oh, I did not. You know I didn't, Ellie. You were the one who—"

"And she thought that maybe we could get a little of the plaster for our bird," Ellie continued, relentlessly.

"Why do you want plaster for a bird?" Simon asked.

"Mausoleum—he's dead," Saffron and Ellie said almost together.

"Now, let's take a look at this bird of yours," Simon said in a professional voice as they entered the Coffins' back yard.

AS he passed the parlor window of the house, something he heard transfixed his attention. He beckoned to the girls as he flattened himself against the wall under the window. In a second Saffron and Ellie had joined him, holding their hands over their mouths to keep in the giggles and hardly breathing with excitement.

Jabez' voice came out to them clearly.

"I know you must want to hear all that I can tell you about Orin's last moments, Eliza," he said.

Eliza's voice quivered. "I've been waiting a long, long time for this visit," she replied. "Jabez, what kind of a lad was my son before he—died?"

"He was moody," Jabez replied. "Always dreaming at the mast. We missed many a whale because of him."

"Thee didn't love my boy?" Eliza asked with the shock every mother feels at this incredible idea.

"I'm ready to answer any sensible question you care to ask me, Eliza," Jabez replied coldly.

"Why was he moody? Was he unhappy perhaps? He was young to go and he never cared for whaling. However," she dropped her hands in her lap, "he had to learn the industry. What else is there?"

"It's too late to let that disturb you now, Eliza," Jabez said realistically.

"Was he gay, sad, talkative? Did he walk fast or slow? Did he laugh very often? Did he remember the manners I taught him? Did he speak of me?"

"Oh he was sometimes one way and sometimes another."

"But thee tells me nothing, nothing, *nothing!*" Eliza wailed. "What did he say to thee, for instance, when he—he died? Did he speak of me then?"

Jabez felt the old pleasure come over him, the rippling thrill. His face paled while his pupils widened, grew blank.

"Your boy Orin was proud. Too proud for my ship. For his own good, we tried to break him down a little, but the only result was more pride."

"He was always a wonderful lad, the best of the family," Eliza said.

"What possible comfort can that be now?" inquired Jabez curiously. And his queer subterranean pleasure drove him on to say, "Even his last words were a defiance of me, of life itself!"

Eliza looked at him in mute misery.

"Would you like to know what he said, Eliza?" His voice was soft as a far breeze.

"Yes—tell me, Jabez."

"He looked me in the eye, insolently, as he said, 'I like my lot as well as any other.' Then he turned his back to us and stood looking out over the water—waiting. The next instant, he was dead!"

Eliza's jaw dropped. "'My lot? My *lot?*'" She repeated wonderingly. "'*Standing!*' Jabez, what does it mean? I thought he died of exposure. Oh Jabez, tell me—tell me everything. Don't play with me."

"My first mate died of his wounds just as the food gave out entirely. This was fortunate."

"Fortunate?" repeated Eliza.

"He kept us alive for a week!" Jabez said. "Emaciated as he was."

"A week," said Eliza.

"Then—" Jabez gestured.

Eliza's face lost its pallid stupid look of shock as her mind began to function again. "You drew lots," she whispered dryly.

"I told Orin that we could draw again if he did not like his lot."

Jabez' eyes seemed to draw up Eliza's tears.

"He would not, of course!" She managed to put a tinge of pride into this.

"So we managed to exist until we were rescued," Jabez concluded.

Eliza stood up and the dry whisper came from under her bonnet like a wind in dead leaves.

"So—Lucius Emory, an old, useless, unloved man, managed to stay alive. And so did—Jabez!" She said his name aloud with a profound force and meaning. A shudder overcame her body and she gasped sharply and left the room.

SHRINE sat in the back yard under a blossoming tree. She was dressed in pink calico and her apron overflowed with sewing.

Luke came up to her with his straight walk and she smiled a slow, kindling smile at him.

"Hello, Shrine," said Luke's gay clear voice.

"Afternoon, lovey, where you bound for?" Shrine asked.

"Oh, here and there around town."

"Res' down here beside me for a lil while."

"Why not?" said Luke, dropping down beside her.

Shrine sewed contentedly for a minute or two and suddenly she smiled. "Lovey, you like music, you just listen to that! Here come my Johnny singing."

"Johnny the Portugee?" Luke inquired.

"My Johnny," Shrine said in a caressing voice. "I loves him."

At that moment Johnny the Portugee entered the back garden.

"Here he come—isn't he beautiful?" Shrine blessed him with her smile.

Johnny was not beautiful, but his dark face, his naïve eyes, his wide friendly smile and his dimples proclaimed that he was a man of good will forever.

Johnny was a Portuguese half-breed born on Martha's Vineyard. He had lived most of his life on the water because of a luck about him that made all the whaling captains vie for his presence on their boats, as this made sure of a surplus of sperm oil. Everyone spoiled him in a great shipboard conspiracy to secure him for the next and the next voyage.

So Johnny expected well of the world and everyone in it. He had never been disappointed.

As he came up to Shrine and Luke, he was singing as always and his voice was gay and tender.

"Hello, Johnny, glad to see you," Luke hailed him brightly. "What's happening in our yard this afternoon?"

"Three new flowers by the gate—a spider web on the fence has trapped a baby dragonfly—a small breeze in the ivy—a bird's nest overhead, that's the news," Johnny said with a rich laugh.

"He sees *everything,*" Luke marveled.

Johnny bowed, then with a blend of reverence and passion held his lips against Shrine's brown hand and started up her arm with rapid staccato kisses.

"Don't stop because of me," Luke said with his high, clear laugh as Shrine pushed Johnny's head away. "I'm going—G'bye!" He sprinted away.

Johnny took Shrine into his arms. "I love you," he said as if the words had never been spoken except by him at this time.

They began their usual argument. One that had begun almost at the moment of their meeting, ten days ago.

"After the next trip around the Cape, Johnny'll come back with his pockets full of gold. No more gambling for him!"

"Tha's good, lovey."

"Then I'll carry you off and we'll make our home in an island I know—birds, flowers, warm winds, never winter."

"I couldn't leave my dear sweet Mam, lovey."

"Don't you worry about that. I'll *carry* you off. You can cry and hold on to the whole Island but I'll carry you off anyway because you smell so sweet!"

During this conversation, punctuated by the small reports of kisses, Jabez stood on the other side of the blossoming tree. Unknowingly he dug one fingernail deep into the quick of the other. Finally, his eyes wide and blank, he stepped softly ahead and passed by them down the garden path.

Johnny's rich voice was silenced as he passed, then it recommenced with his soft laughing song.

JABEZ walked down toward the docks and soon Old Keziah trotted over the cobblestones toward him.

"Hello, Aunt," said Jabez in a mild voice as he took her arm. "Here, let me help you."

Keziah pulled away from him, literally twitching with curiosity. "This from you, my corrupt nephew, passes all understanding, even my own sharp one. But come on back to my house." She seized his lapel. "If you'll tell me just one or two things I want to know, I'll finance your next boat!"

"First—" Keziah said as she seated herself in her elaborate parlor and leaned forward avidly, "did you and Lucius really eat up that poor Coffin boy? Eliza has been spreading the story around town. But not, curiously enough, in her usual teary way. She's got it in for you as she well might, with a cold terrible venom. Now tell me, Jabez, what is it about you that forms silly women into strong characters?"

Jabez looked at her in a dreamy, gentle manner.

She reached over and pinched him sharply. "Come out, Jabez. This sweet expression is unbecoming. Come on out —I know you're there!"

"What's making you so strident, my poor old aunt?" He got up. "I've got business down at the dock."

"Hi, hi, hi!" laughed Keziah. "You won't have any business as this story spreads, nor will you be able to gather a crew or the money to finance even a plum pudding voyage. Only one thing can send you round the Cape, me—my money."

"Are you planning to die soon and leave it to me?" Jabez asked.

"That's none of your business, my tainted nephew," retorted the old lady. "But I can help you with it now, if you satisfy an old woman's loving curiosity. Oh, not about this last voyage. Of course you ate Orin Coffin. It's just what you would do.

"But there is one thing I've wanted to know for at least forty years. Think of it! Forty years of unsatisfied curiosity. Even the mystery of death will be revealed to me eventually, but what guarantee have I that I'll be able to hover over this planet and turn back the pages of time to your fifteenth year, Jabez, in order to discover what it was that changed you almost overnight from a nice, easygoing boy to a cold, cruel freak!"

Keziah leaned forward, her face quivering with excitement. "Tell me, Jabez, tell me what happened. I want to know before I die."

Jabez jumped to his feet. "Damn you! old woman!" he roared. For the first time, she saw his eyes blaze.

"Jabez," Keziah felt so near to the answer that her voice was soft as if she feared to frighten it away. "You need my help, Jabez. You need a ship, Jabez."

He walked away without showing her his face and without a word in reply.

Old Keziah sighed and let her hands fall limply into her lap. Shadrach, her pet monkey, came over sympathetically.

He stroked her face, shrugged his little shoulders and writhed his rubbery lips anxiously.

"Ah, well," she got up briskly, disturbing the outraged monkey, "I'll see that he has his ship anyway—for old times' sake. Come on, Shadrach."

JOHNNY the Portugee came to the kitchen door after supper to invite Shrine for a walk. She hurried with the dishes and soon they were walking hand-in-hand through the fragrant August night.

They found a quiet spot overlooking the ocean where the heather was soft under Shrine's pink calico skirt and the moon traced a path direct from them to the tropic isle of which Johnny sang in his deep, warm voice. They stayed until the path the moon had charted for them grew dim.

As they walked home, Shrine's argument—about leaving her dear sweet Mam—was reiterated, but with no force. Johnny sang to her all the way.

Jabez caught Shrine's arm as she passed his room on her way upstairs. He had been tossing, unable to sleep, and his ears had caught the sound of Johnny's voice and listened hypnotized as it approached.

"Why haven't you come to see me?" he asked.

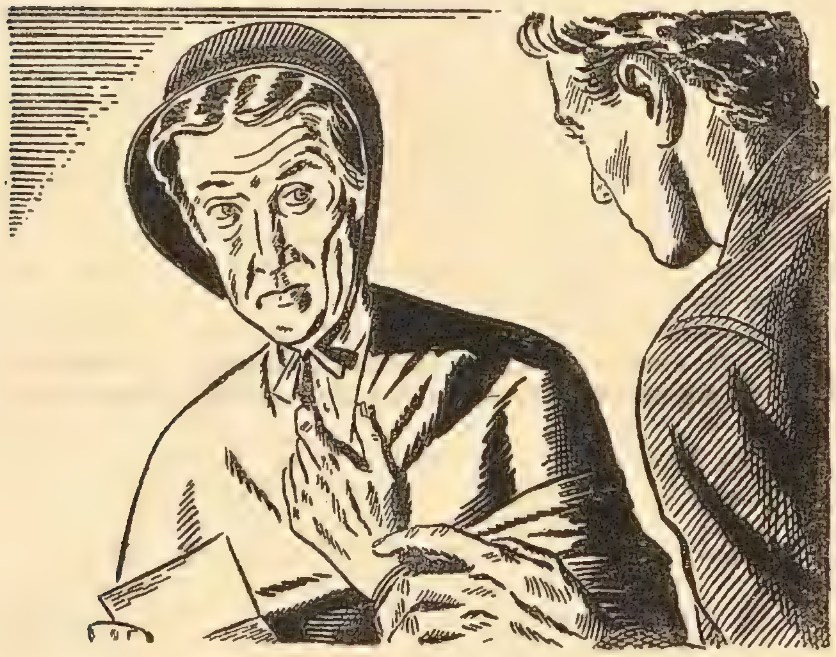
"No more," Shrine replied with her slow and lovely smile. "No more."

"Why not?" Jabez' whisper was quick with impatience.

"It would be ugly now, Sir."

He swore under his breath. "I can't understand your rigmarole. Who is it—the Portugee?"

"Yes," Shrine whispered, her perfume strong in the dark hall. "But I thanks you, Sir, and says good-bye to our nights." She glided away.



Jabez went back to his bed and thought of the Portugee sailor. Soon his nerves danced in trembling excitement as he pictured a coming event. He broke into a warm sweat of pleasure and at last mopped his brow and sank into the contented sleep of one who has solved a problem and made his plans.

JABEZ' new boat was like all other whalers. She had no figurehead and Jabez was bored by her name, her crew and her very motion. In a frenzy of nostalgia he lettered *"The Manatee"* across the top of his old, personal logbook. For the other, the official one, the name *Gull* and a few cold facts sufficed.

Now Jabez pondered a phrase for a certain gluttony of the nerves that he felt rising in him and floating down his veins until even his fingertips tingled with the imagined consummation. He had meant to take care of Johnny the Portugee long before this, but he had not yet crystallized the inevitable act into the right words for his logbook. The *Gull* had rounded Cape Horn and Johnny the Portugee was still singing through his big naïve smile as he padded about the deck.

One day Johnny sat in the hot sun, his back against the mast, his legs out at right angles, and in the V they made he had arranged his scrimshaw work—knife, whalebone and half-completed carvings.

The rest of the crew were hard at work but, by unspoken convention, Johnny the Portugee was allowed to loaf as much as he pleased. The others would do his work for him. He was their good-luck piece, and they took pleasure in spoiling him and even petted him in their rough fashion.

Wherever he looked, the world smiled for Johnny—the sky, the water and the sunshot spray.

Jabez, standing at a little distance, saw Johnny, not sitting against the mast but under a palm tree with Shrine. His eyes widened and grew blank with his own potent menace as he watched Johnny.

Jabez thought, that fellow is a very part of nature. He felt a momentary superstitious terror, followed by defiance.

"We'll see if, like nature, he's renewable," he murmured grimly.

But that night he wrote in his logbook the simple phrase, "I will not soon be forgiven." He looked at it a long time. "I will not soon be forgiven." When he closed the book he felt committed to himself.

Jabez had put Johnny on night watch, for the moon was bright and the spouting mystic vapor of the sperm whale could be clearly seen and its general direction followed by the ship.

Every night Jabez would come out for a walk and silently observe when Johnny went to the side of the ship for the delight of moongazing, or leaned far out to admire quick swirling fish.

At last the latter performance occurred at the same moment that the helmsman lashed his wheel and left his post for a moment or two. There was no one else about as Jabez, his eyes widening in the night, bent down and unlaced his shoes. He placed them in a corner and strolled toward Johnny, silently.

The vast stretching night around him made Johnny feel expansive. He stretched and hummed softly, looking up at the moon. He held his arms out wide and searched for a song for he felt that he must flood the night with a great, encompassing sound. He expanded his chest and hovered, waiting for the great note to come to him.

Jabez raised his arm over Johnny's head slowly, for an exquisite and painful pleasure was coursing through his loins, causing his knees to tremble and almost draining the strength from his arm. In a second it came down upon Johnny's head all the more heavily for its languor and the round paperweight concealed in Jabez' palm.

"Over we go," he whispered in Johnny's falling ear and, as he leaped silently away from the sound of the splash, the words, "I will not soon be forgiven," flashed into his brain, written in his own hand in large letters.

SAFFRON FOLGER turned slowly before the long mirror in her mother's room.

"It's too tight, child," Piety said as she approached with her pincushion ready for action.

"Mother," cried Saffron in despair, "I'm not a child. I'm eighteen and this is 1849! All the girls dress like this—really they do." She drew in her breath and tried to circle her small waist with both hands. She almost succeeded. The dress itself was made of brocaded gauze in the new blond color and everything about it went against Piety's Quaker instincts.

"Thy Aunt Keziah is certainly old enough to know better than to order thee such a dress for the ball," she said dryly.

Saffron glanced at her bare shoulders, at her full young breasts rising out of the low décolletage, and gave a sigh of pure delight. Frowningly she examined her features—the heavy hair, the exact shade of a lion's mane, the sunshot amber eyes, the pale ivory skin and the well-cut, slightly drooping lips.

"Mother!" she cried, whirling intensely toward her. "Am I beautiful? No—I want the truth—the *truth.*"

Piety could not reply, for her thoughts had turned to herself at that age and the flutter of heavenly expectancy with which she had dressed for Jabez. *I* was beautiful, she thought. Beautiful, and how I loved him!

"Simon has never seen me with such long curls," Saffron said.

"Has Simon planned to go on another voyage before he marries or will he be content with this one trip for the time being?" Piety asked meaningly.

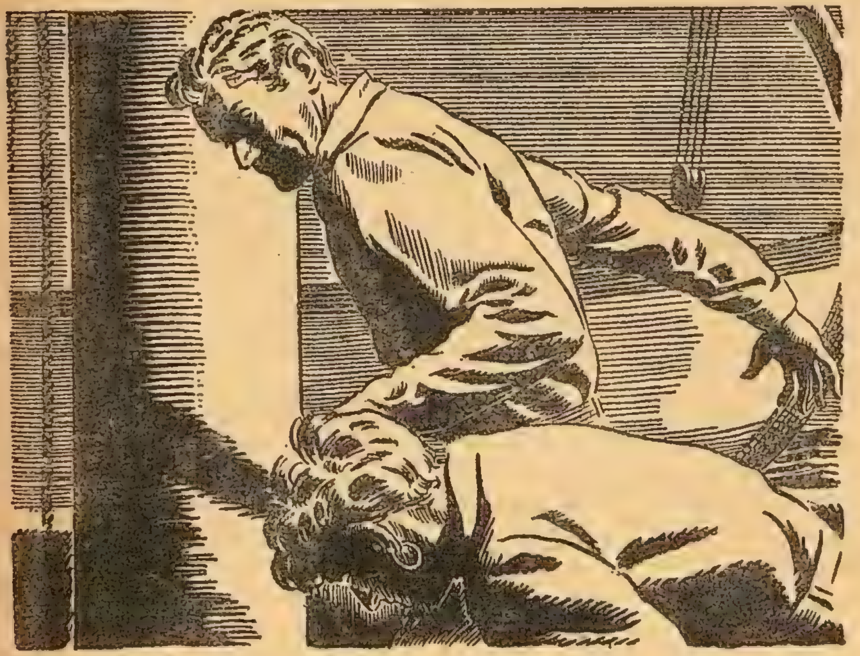
"We haven't talked—haven't decided—or rather discussed anything about—" Saffron replied painfully.

"Saffron, does thee think it strange that the lad is so lacking in ambition? He doesn't take to whaling. He—doesn't take to the idea of marriage. What does he want? Anyone can see that he's deeply in love with thee, child. And yet—strange—he seems in no hurry for thee."

"Mother, Simon and I understand each other," Saffron lied as she turned to the mirror.

"I hope so, indeed," Piety replied.

But Saffron had so absorbed Shrine's emotional suppleness into her young life that in a moment she and the mirror were smiling at each other again.



"Mother!" she cried. "Mother, you never answered my question! Am I beautiful?" She turned suddenly, her face radiant and blazing with excitement.

Piety's young girlhood awoke in her heart and cried like a withered, starving baby. She stood up and, not knowing why she did this, said, "No!"

Saffron still glittered, but now she was motionless and the color went from her face.

"No?" she whispered, her lips parted.

"No, thou art not beautiful. There are bones in thy face and it's said thy lips are too heavy. Lips should be tiny, bee-stung. And a face should be round and dimpled like Ellie Coffin's. The truth will do thee good—thou art too vain." Piety walked quickly from the room.

Saffron turned to the mirror, shamed and humble. She looked again at her red drooping lips and her high-boned cheeks. Suddenly she reached around and unhooked her dress; with a shrug or two it fell to the floor.

Saffron stood by the mirror—dressed in a single shaft of sunlight—motionless.

She caught her breath as her heart thundered in rapture and terror—of what she did not know. Presently her own voice broke the spell.

"She lied! I *am* beautiful!"

That night, Piety lay awake praying. "Dear God, dear God, dear God," she began three times and her eyes filled with tears.

I've hurt my lovely child, she thought. I told her she was not beautiful and she is so very, very beautiful that sometimes it hurts to look at her.

I hurt her as she trembled with happiness, just as I used to, she thought. And suddenly such a rush of warm feeling came over her that the barriers she had built between herself and emotion were overthrown. She got up out of her bed, reached for her wrapper and almost ran to her daughter's bedroom.

"Saffron," she whispered. "Saffron—I—" She went over to the bed and, sitting on the edge of it, buried her wet face in the young girl's neck.

"I wanted to tell thee that I think thee beautiful. I have never seen anyone so beautiful as thou art, my darling."

Saffron lying wide awake, was surprised at this strange emotional mother.

"Oh don't be foolish, Mother," she said. "I didn't think about it—I forgot right away." She wanted to put her arms around her mother, but somehow she did not and in a minute it was too late. Piety had gone.

THE ball was a large affair, given in one of the new Main Street mansions. Saffron looked radiant, but Simon Starbuck allowed no one else to dance with her. He filled her card with his name and danced with a casual grace that seemed to dwarf all other men although there were several in the room as tall as he.

When the dance was in full swing, Simon took the privilege of the betrothed and wandered away with Saffron until they came to a small, private drawing room lighted by a chandelier like an ice waterfall. On the walls hung engravings of whales frolicking, lying at ease and thrashing in their death throes. But in all these attitudes the whales were consistent in that they spouted and that the spout was tinged with blood.

Saffron turned to Simon and said coldly: "I hate cruelty—so much that sometimes I hate the human race because it can be cruel. How can it be when we are given hearts and imagination!" She looked darkly at his startled face.

"Yes, and sometimes I even hate you, too, Simon, and your father and all his Quaker friends."

When Simon started to protest, she deluged him with furious words.

"I hate all these gentle Quakers who abhor violence or bearing of arms, who pretend to such mild, loving kindness—but who spend all their days in bloody slaughter, striking, butchering, and for what? Not to destroy some enemy of mankind but only the harmless silly whale."

"But it's our only industry—" put in Simon.

"All right then," she said. "Then let them worship differently. Let them worship some dark and bloody sacrificial God. Let them drink blood under the full moon and prance on whale carcasses."

"Well, they *are* Quakers and they *do* kill whales for a living!" said Simon. "So what's the use of—"

Saffron would not let him finish. "So because things are the way they are—we should leave them alone and never appear to notice or mind—or try to change anything at all. Oh, hateful! I do hate you, Simon! I hate everyone who doesn't care."

A light breeze came in the window bearing the freshness of autumn rain and all the crystals stirred on the chandelier. Saffron glanced up and in a second the tension in her nerves melted away, leaving her emotions in a sweet convalescent languor.

Simon's face showed a timid expression. "I've no taste for whaling myself," Simon said at last.

"What have you a taste for?" she asked idly.

"You."

"But what then?"

"Only you, Saffron."

She thought, Oh Simon, Simon, how beautiful you are! But at the same time a curious double thought ran parallel. She felt a sudden fey desire to shock him into fear, lust, anything—to bring his nerves to the surface—and she snatched away from her décolletage the kerchief her mother had insisted that she wear.

"How—how warm it is in here—Simon," she stammered.

As Simon looked at her, she rose on tiptoe and it seemed to her that her entire body bloomed like a flower under his gaze. A tremulous hope of danger and excitement filled her.

Simon stood motionless, his breath held while his blood thudded in his ears.

Suddenly he bent and brushed her cheek with a kiss. "Here," he said with a breathy, hectic laugh. "Now put that thing back on—we've the next dance together."

Saffron struck his face with such force that her nail caught in his lower eyelid and tore it slightly. As the blood ran down she felt like crying "Hurrah!"—instead, she glanced around at the red-tinged spouting whales and her nostrils flared with a fierce delight. Joyful—joyful release! she thought as she ran from the room.

Soon Simon appeared in the ballroom, followed by Shrine bearing Saffron's cloak and, although the music continued, the dance was over for her.

They said nothing in the carriage and even Shrine felt the change.

Saffron was about to apologize for hitting Simon when he reached for the tender V where her throat merged into breasts and drew out the small bone whale he had made for her long ago.

"Why do you wear this thing?" he asked in a low unsteady voice. "You know you hate whaling."

"But I love you, Simon," Saffron whispered. "I love you."

"Saffron," he said impulsively, "could you share a man's true life? Could you go with him and partake of it all, the restlessness, the searching? It's—I'm—how can I explain—I'm not like other men at all—I'm Simon—Simon Starbuck. I must tell you the truth so you will know it about me. The truth is, I have a restlessness—a—a kind of terrible vigor, Saffron, that makes me want to stride over the earth.

"Saffron, I want to take the world in my two hands and shake it until all the fruit falls out of the trees into my mouth—then I want to crumble the earth in my hands and pick the gold and treasure out of the cracks."

Saffron's nerves thrilled as she listened. "Yes, yes, Simon," she breathed. "And I'll share it all with you—everything—everywhere!" They clasped hands and searched each other's enraptured faces.

"I too, Simon," Saffron said almost shyly, "am not like the others. I too want to stride the earth."

For a few minutes they both talked at once, pouring out their innermost thoughts—each listening only to his own voice, until Saffron said the fatal word and Simon turned on her with desperate anxiety.

Saffron was just finishing—"and our children will have the same free splendid life, Simon, and—" He had not heard the first part, but he thought, Here it comes! The hearthstone—the quilting—the children—the rape of every freedom I've been trying to tell her about. The web being spun right here before my eyes.

"Wait—stop, Saffron. I mean I love you—but—I must go away alone first—"

The sudden transition shocked Saffron and her thoughts scattered.

"I'll come back for you—dearest Saffron—before long," Simon added.

"And you expect to find me sitting on my porch, like old Amos Lamb—waiting?" Saffron's voice, when she found it, was wild with fury and disappointment.

"Go ahead, marry someone else and when I come back I'll paint your hearth with his blood!" Simon answered her viciously.

His violence lessened Saffron's and as the carriage drew up at the Folger house she wanted to tell him that what they said now did not matter; that it was an ugly untrue mood and that before they had been so close—so close for a moment they had almost touched the quick of each other's souls and that did matter.

Simon got out. He opened the door for her and handed her over the step. When they walked up the path the misting rain felt fresh on their faces. At the door, Saffron turned to him, her face poignant with the words she could not utter—that she trembled with love for him—that life was just beginning like dawn breaking—like a bird singing in the morning.

"Oh, Simon," she began. "Oh, Simon—" but her heart was too full.

Simon hesitated, then he bent down and touched her lips quickly with his own. By the time Saffron could hold her arms up to him he was gone.

JABEZ sat in a small and dirty cabin, a passenger on his own ship! In the last few years a superstitious terror of Jabez had been growing among sailors everywhere, for the stories of his bad luck and pitiless acts had permeated the ports and wafted from boat to boat on the high seas.

He leaned his face in his hands as he sat on edge of his raffish bunk while the two years in Cuba, with their deep humiliation, revolved before his memory—interminable as a prayer wheel.

His memory revolved pitilessly, summoning that first crew he had signed up for the *Gull* and their desertion at the moment of sailing. The next crew, summoned by a method so new to him, was a corrosive acid to his memory. He, Jabez Folger, slipping money into palms he despised, bribing until most of his money was gone. The self-hatred but sense of accomplishment until, at sailing time, again the deserted ship!

Then his violent, degrading dissipation—his attempt to stun or brutalize his mind until all suffering was gone. And the day when, soiled and trembling from a night of vicious carousing, he had accosted a few Nantucketers who, thinking him humbled because of his broken aspect, had treated him with an indifferent contempt and had decided to sail home on the *Gull* since Jabez now appeared so harmless.

Jabez had nodded in pathetic, blear-eyed eagerness as they told him they would sail the *Gull* home only on condition that he remain in his cabin as a passenger and cause no trouble.

Lacerated and raging, he had sat day after day in the small cabin, fully realizing that he was condemned and that his whaling days were over.

When Jabez disembarked no crowds were there, no cheers like the last time, but only a few curious and indifferent greetings, for in that Island all had an interest in whaling and stood to profit or lose by each voyage of every ship. An unlucky captain was no asset but the enemy of all, and one who was reputed to have slain the luck of the Island, in the person of Johnny the Portugee, was doubly so.

PIETY was not at home when Jabez walked quietly up to the house. No one saw him but old Amos, who droned his sea songs among the flies on the sunny porch.

"Well, damn!" he shouted. "Look at Jabez! How was the fishing?"

Shrine and Saffron came out of the house and Luke from the garden. Shrine gazed at Jabez from the door, her face immobile, and Saffron stood still with the shock of realizing that this hollow-looking man was her proud and sinister father.

When Piety came home, Jabez was already ensconced. She had told herself that next time she would really turn him out, but now, seeing him apparently shorn of all his fierce pride, so listless and so uncaring, it seemed to her that there would be no reward in pitting her strength against his. She felt curiously cheated and allowed him to stay without a word.

The news traveled to old Keziah in no time. She hobbled out to her carriage, tingling with excitement, and rode to the Folgers' house.

As she stepped out of her carriage, she jerked her head in the direction of Amos' porch and observed loudly to her coachman: "What! Haven't they buried that fly-blown piece of carrion yet?"

"I'll have you know I'm spry enough to jump over this railing and carve my initials on your raddled behind, old woman," Amos roared as he stood up and placed both hands on the railing in readiness.

Keziah realized that her usual furious little rush was out of place now, since there was no one about to restrain her in the nick of time. Therefore, she hobbled up the path and knocked at the door as if old Amos did not exist.

Jabez opened the door. "Well, Jabez," Keziah said eagerly. "My pretty nephew, you look as if you'd been fried in Hell. Jump in the carriage and come for a ride with me!"

He followed her peculiar trotting walk out to the carriage.

As they left town, Keziah leaned forward.

"Jabez," she said, "we all know what happened to you in Cuba. It was hard on you, but no worse, of course, than you deserve. You must have done something unusually fiendish on that last voyage."

Jabez looked bleakly out at the passing moors; he made no reply.

"Well, whatever it was," Keziah feigned indifference. "Your whaling days are over."

"I know that," Jabez said tonelessly.

"And whatever it was, every soul on this Island has it in for you. The ignorant blame the decline of whaling on you, Jabez. They say you destroyed the luck of the Island. The intelligent people know that the Island is finished anyway, but they are very glad indeed that the rabble have seized on this superstitious nonsense. It's a safe outlet for their passions, a blinder for their eyes, while the rich prepare to remove their ships and their fortunes to a sounder place.

"I'm investing in real estate on the California Coast," Keziah said smugly. "Others are joining the rush for gold in California. Meanwhile, you and your senseless cruelty, my poor luckless nephew, cover for us all."

"What is that to me?" Jabez said indifferently.

"Of course I don't care what you actually did. Doesn't interest me very much," lied the old woman.

Jabez said nothing, but he yearned to tell this old and only relative of his childhood, of the concealed thing that had hung so heavily within his breast all these years. He turned to her.

"Something happened when I was a boy," he began with difficulty.

"Yes," she said much too quickly and airily. "Yes—yes?"

She leaned toward him until her breath stirred his short beard. But her avidity shriveled the confidence with its heat and Jabez found he could not speak—could not roll away a stone so embedded, so mossy. He turned quietly to the moors and said nothing more.

Keziah was beside herself, to be so close—so close and no further. "Listen to me, Jabez—I cannot die until I know. Jabez, I *must* know."

"Why?" he asked. A flash of the old Jabez returned. "Why are you such a greedy, curious old woman?"

"I've always wanted to know. All my life I've prayed, begged to know what happened to you when you were a boy of fifteen—your first year at sea."

"Why?"

"Stop it!" Keziah screamed. "Are you or are you not going to tell me?"

"No," said Jabez.

They rode on in silence.

ONE morning, when Luke had just awakened and his mind was as usual empty of care or or thought, he leaned on his window sill and watched Shrine picking flowers in the autumn garden. She strolled about, bending, plucking and smelling the blossoms in a slow rhythm that startled Luke with a sudden impact of beauty.

It seemed to him that all women but Shrine were drab in color, awkward of gesture and flat in voice and bosom. His thoughts wandered, but he continued to gaze at her until quite suddenly it came to him that he had received a lovely, poignant impression that would occur and reoccur all of his life.

He came back to reality when his father crossed the garden to Shrine.

"Good morning, Shrine," said Jabez too softly for Luke to hear.

"Mornin', sir," she replied politely.

Jabez felt the old trembling excitement, that he had thought never to experience again, race over him.

"Have you missed your fine Portuguese lover?" he asked her in a gentle voice.

Shrine looked up into Jabez' widening, blank grey eyes.

"He sang about you," Jabez continued in his softest, most distinct voice. "Never did a day's work on the ship but strolled around barefoot all day long. He made up love songs—for you. He was making you a piece of scrimshaw, too, but—"

"I knew," Shrine said in a mourning voice. "I knew when my Johnny sail with you that he never come back to me—never come singin' roun' my door."

Jabez felt that he must touch Shrine's warm body. He came closer. "He must have been thinking of you, Shrine, just before he died because he held out his arms to someone. *I* didn't see him of course—just hearsay," he added, as he put his hand on her shoulder. "But now, here I am, home again, Shrine, and ready to begin where we left off when this misunderstanding about the Portugee began."

Shrine took his hand away and threw it down as if casting something to the ground. Jabez performed his most difficult smile. "We'll see—later," he said in a whisper. Then he went into the house.

Luke, who had flung on his clothes, ran downstairs and out into the garden. "Shrine," he called.

"I've never seen you before," he said wonderingly.

Shrine's heart, trained to dispel grief and welcome happiness from one moment to another, received the love she saw in Luke's face. She went over to him, her delicate brown face proud. "Why, lovey," she said, "I didn't know! Not till this minute." Her slow caress was voluptuous and submissive.

"Lovey," she said, "dear sweet lovey, on my mother's island they sing and dance all the happy day." She kissed him lingeringly.

"Let's go to your island. Let's go there now," Luke said eagerly. A terrible happiness filled him.

Shrine had longed for her people and their paradise all of her life. "Dear lovey," she said, her eyes wild and sweet with pleasure, "they'll be a singin', dancin', flowery welcome any time we set foot there."

"I want to go now, Shrine, *now!*" Luke's voice grew plaintive. He stood back and said, in a desperate attempt to impress her with his manliness, "I've never wanted anything here in Nantucket. Something inside me knows what I need and when I need it—like destiny nudging. I'll follow that instinct."

"Always follow your heart, dear, sweet lovey," Shrine replied a bit absently. She was thinking now that there was a quality in Luke that reminded her of Johnny and it seemed almost as if Johnny himself had come singing around her door once more. Luke is a love gift, she thought, and she kissed him. A sweet, sweet gift of love from my Johnny.

Luke began to speak excitedly, rapidly. "How blue is the water there—on our island? Does the moon blanch everything like driftwood? What songs do they sing for—a night of love?"

"Oh Shrine," called Piety from the house, and Shrine was gone, taking with her in the rustle of her pink-striped skirt all of the bright, empty, uncaring radiance that had been Luke's from boyhood.

He stood still, looking at the red rose petals Shrine had left behind. He felt that just as he could reach out and touch these, so he could now touch life itself.

JABEZ walked over the moors and hated the feel of the earth which seemed to him harsh and grainy beneath his feet. He longed for the clean lilt of a deck.

His thoughts traveled far far back as they so often did to the easy, happy, loving years of his boyhood. His memory roamed about among these early years until he approached too close to the line of demarcation; then he drew back as if seared.

If he could only tell this thing that he must not even think about. Someone must know, he decided and at the same time felt repulsion for this weakness of his. No longer finding comfort where he was, he sprang up and walked back through the moors.

Amos Lamb was out on his porch. Every few minutes he proclaimed, "Oh, my God!" in a voice of deep and despairing boredom.

Jabez stared slowly up his walk—hesitated and stood still.

Amos yawned loudly. "*Oh* my God," he said.

Jabez turned and went back down the path and over to Amos.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Deefer'n Hell," Amos replied.

"You can hear as well as I can," Jabez said in a level voice. "I want to get your opinion on something that happened to me long ago."

"Why?" inquired Amos.

"Never mind why." Jabez' voice was menacing.

"You'll bore the pants off me, Jabez. Why can't you keep it to yourself?" the old man asked.

Jabez went up the steep stairs to Amos' porch with an air of great determination. The old man's reluctance to hear was the fine implement that was able to wedge beneath the sealed door.

When the two were seated comfortably in Amos' tiny attic room, Jabez addressed the old man.

"Amos," he said in a harsh voice, "I'm known as a very hard man. Even a cruel man. It seems that something comes over me now and then that makes certain actions inevitable."

Amos yawned loudly. "Look here, Jabez," he said, "I'm not interested in your damp regrets. You're a vile fellow; well, tell me about some of your vile doings; otherwise I'm deefer'n Hell."

Jabez gazed at him in stony, stubborn anger, his eyes dilating. "I came up here to tell you something. Whether you wish to hear it or not makes no difference to me. You *shall* hear it."

The old man was consumed with curiosity but knew better than to show it. The enigma of Jabez had puzzled the Island for years and the confession of Jabez' master sin would give him much to chuckle about during the long winter evenings.

"It's about something that happened to me when I was fifteen years old," Jabez said. "You remember me when I was a boy. I was happy-go-lucky—I loved everybody."

"You were a little mollycoddle," Amos said.

"And do you remember Billy Pease?" Jabez asked.

"Billy?" asked Amos. "Your best friend? Little tow-headed freckle-face? He never came back from that first whaling trip you two boys made together—went to Boston instead."

"He made a fortune," Jabez said, "and a distinguished name. Billy," he spoke the name with difficulty, "is a senator now—respected—beloved."

JABEZ was silent for so long that the old man began to worry. "Well, well," he said. "And he was nothing but a blasted shadow to you. You gave him all he had, didn't you? Clothes—education—everything."

"Yes," Jabez replied slowly. "I found him starving down by the docks; his father and mother were dead. I gave him clothes and found him a place to live. I took him to school with me every day and later I bought him a higher education. Everything I had, he had. We shared alike."

"I remember the little lackey well. Always hanging around you and writhing with gratitude. What a life!" Amos exclaimed.

"But I always worried about him because he didn't seem to have any character of his own," Jabez said. "He agreed with me always and followed me everywhere. He ate what I did and spoke as I did, even walked like me although he was a little fellow—my age but short.

"He was my other self," Jabez continued. "Closer than a brother or a twin. I shared every passing thought, every emotion, hope and disappointment with him. When we were alone together we'd talk about what we were going to do when we grew up. I was just as interested in his life as I was in my own, perhaps more, and I let him know that I would watch over him and see that he got a fair deal all through life. He thanked me and thanked me. He was always thanking me until I made him stop.

" 'Why do you thank me all the time?' I asked him once and he said, 'I don't know, Jabez, it's just the way I feel when I'm with you.' "

Jabez paused, and his lost face looked far into the past. He did not speak for so long that Amos cleared his throat gently, nudgingly. Jabez started, looked wildly around the room and went directly into the climax of his story.

"When we were both fifteen I got us a job on the same whaler. It was our first voyage and we were very happy. Billy thanked me and thanked me for bringing him along, but I kept singing for joy and excitement and drowned him out.

"One day Billy sighted some whales all by himself. The men made much of him as they got the boats ready and rather singled him out as a separate personality. For the first time Billy almost swaggered.

"When the boats put out Billy and I went with the first mate. Our harpooner struck his whale and soon the line was going out faster than the eye could follow as our whale sounded. When he came up, we struck him again and he went into his death flurry and the water grew red with blood and quick with sharks all twisting in the gory water as if they were drunk.

"Billy and I laughed senselessly with excitement the way boys do and at that moment another whale rose almost under our boat. We tipped far over, and nearly capsized, but I was the only one who fell out. The men were too busy to notice me. I shouted, but they were all yelling directions to each other and paid no attention to my cries.

"The whale in a last spurt of strength began pulling the boat away from me. Not very fast but just faster than I could swim. At times he would slow up and I would almost reach the boat only to have him jerk ahead.

"Billy was looking over the stern at me and I wondered why he didn't try to tell the others, but I had little time for wondering as I swam frantically and imagined sharks bellying up under me and tried to get where Billy could reach out a hand to me.

"Just as I began to lose strength I made the stern. I put one hand up on the edge and clung with all my strength to hold that grip.

"I could see Billy's face over the edge and I knew that I was all right. Surprisingly, though, he reached for my hand and tried to loosen the grip of my fingers. Again I reached up for his helping hand, but he only leaned over and looked at me, unsmiling.

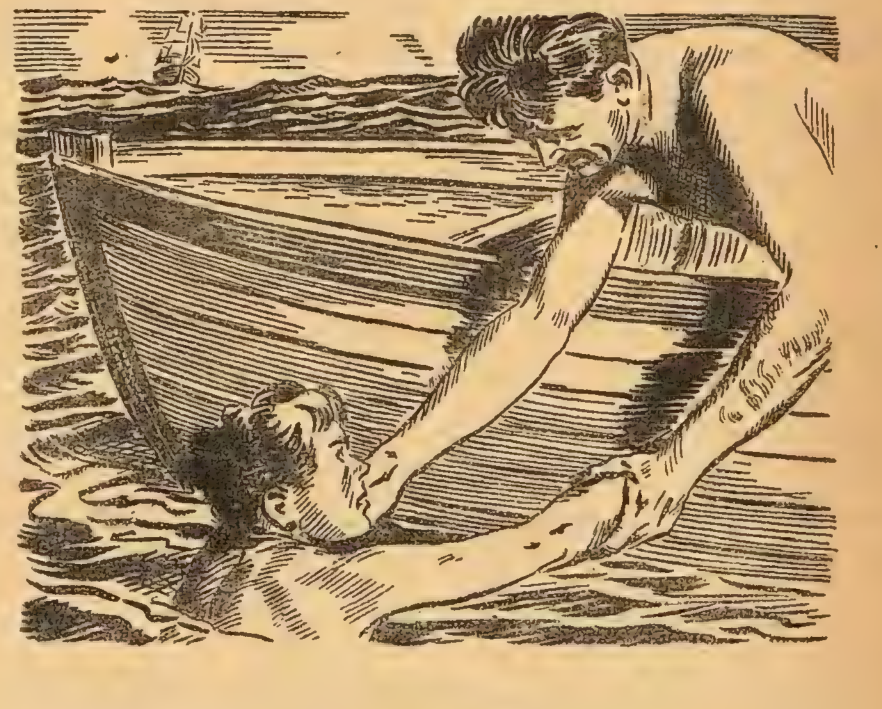
"I saw his eyes. They were wide open and seemed blank, but I saw in them a deep core of menace—cold and pitiless. They were like the eyes of a sea monster dredged up from the bottom in a net, inspiring horror still, though impotent.

"Billy looked down at my hand and a bright streak of pain raced through me. He had placed the blade of his knife against my little finger and leaning with both hands, bore the blade down across the others. The pain and shock must have stunned me, for I dropped away from the boat and began swimming blindly in a circle with one arm. The other, streaming blood, would soon have fatally attracted the sharks if I had not been picked up by the second whale boat.

"Billy and I never spoke to each other again. The crew assumed that I had been bitten by a shark and I was put to bed as I behaved queerly. In the meantime, Billy Pease persuaded another whaler out of Boston, that stopped to exchange news with us, to take him aboard; and I never saw him again.

"Ever since that day there have been moments when I know that I look as Billy Pease looked when he leaned on the knife. I seem to feel what he felt. I don't summon these moments—they come—they grow from me as naturally as the hairs in my head—they are me—the sinews of my being."

"Can't say that I blame the little nugget of sin," Amos remarked. "He was cutting *himself* away from you! Had to save his own life, didn't he?"



Jabez had got up to leave. He considered this remark as a nondescript group of words until, suddenly, they illuminated his life.

He went over to Amos, his wide grey eyes no longer blank but so deep and radiant they made Amos squirm with distaste.

"Amos," he said and hesitated—then picked up Amos' strong old hand and clasped it.

This made the old man very uncomfortable. "Well," he complained, "haven't you any home of your own to go to?"

WHEN he started for home, a rush of mellow feeling for that home and the people in it suffused Jabez. It occurred to him suddenly that he had not been a good man in the eyes of his family or of the world, but in the light of this new soft radiance of feeling all his sins seemed to him vague and easily excusable, for he felt so differently now. He believed it should be easy to bring his family to the point where they rejoiced with him at this sensation of love and happiness that had come to him.

As he turned up his walk a breath of soft fog caressed his face, recalling the time he and Billy Pease had cooked a quahog stew with the fishermen in S'conset. It had been a fall day and foggy like this.

He resolved at once to give a picnic for his family at Siasconset tomorrow. They must all come. His steps quickened as he saw himself in the role of the jolly dispenser of good cheer and food. They thought him so dour, did they? Well, they would now understand the man who had lurked beneath that manner all these years.

Piety soon recognized all the signs which indicated that Jabez was going through that gentle, loving mood of regression toward his happy boyhood when everything had been clear and bright.

This time the mood seemed stronger, strong enough to reach her heart, for she saw in his every gesture and heard in every syllable of his marvelously distinct voice the Jabez of her first deep love and of her wedding night. It occurred to her that hate did not endure and that even the memory of love was stronger than hate!

THE next day, the picnic day, was beautiful. The sun was strong and clear, the gulls called across the sky in piercing delight, and in an hour or two the chill in the air was dispelled.

Jabez found a spot for his picnic and soon all those in the little party were arranged with their backs comfortably supported against a sand dune near the water.

Old Keziah pointed out a pair of sandpipers that hopped about at the water's edge, leaving footprints more delicate than foam.

"Nearly as spry as I am," commented Amos Lamb.

Jabez, having scooped out a hollow in the sand, now arranged a fire with Luke's whistling, cheerful assistance. Piety sat still in her gracious, frozen manner, but she felt as if the sun were penetrating to her very heart.

Saffron and Simon sat close together.

"Why don't you two young people go for a stroll while Jabez stirs up his Hell broth?" Keziah suggested.

Simon sprang to his feet and held out his arm. Jabez had just started the pot boiling, looked up and waved his spoon at them. He felt so amiable at this moment that he was sure everyone else must feel the same.

Old Amos wandered about gathering brush wood for the fire. Jabez began stirring the clams into the pot and he thought of Billy Pease and his eyes filled with tears.

Piety watched his face, and, knowing him well, was not deceived by his diabolical mien but knew that he was even now in the throes of tenderness. She could not regard this mood of his as cynically as she usually did, for the sun and gentle beauty of this strange day in November seemed poetically akin to Jabez' own reversion.

She got up and went over to him. She put her hand on the big wooden ladle beside his. As they looked at each other, the years of cruelty and indifference lost their power, and for a little while Jabez and Piety stood together in perfect understanding.

Presently Keziah called for Luke.

"Come over here to me," she said. "I'm bored, and if that old show-off, Amos, doesn't stop carrying twigs as brittle as he is, they'll be able to fold him up in his coffin like a yard measure."

"Amos," she shrieked, "we can't tell who's doing all the snapping and crackling—you or the twigs! Hi, hi, hi," she laughed, as Luke settled himself beside her with his air of impermanence.

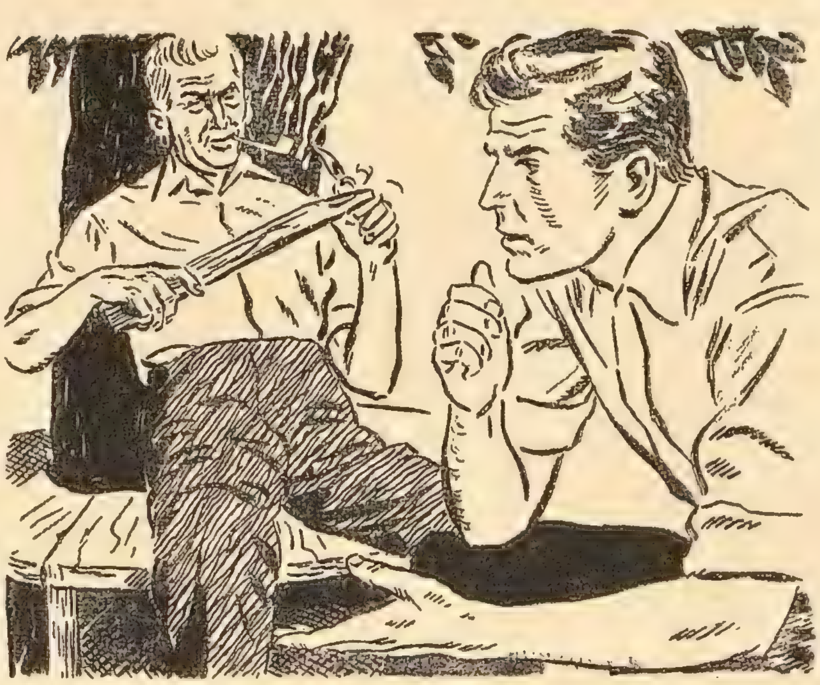
SAFFRON and Simon walked hand in hand along the wet sand. They stopped, and still holding hands looked at each other with wonder as each saw the reflection of his own mystic happiness in the other's face.

Simon took her in his arms, but his love and the force of his powerful sensuality did not converge. A craven fear of offending her mysterious young girlhood kept back the desire that quivered in his nerves and he kissed her like a humble courtier.

In this kiss, Saffron did not find the triumph of passion that her pride demanded.

"Is that your version of a kiss, Simon?" she asked softly. "Is that the best you can do? If it is," she continued before he could reply, "it's not enough of a kiss for me. It never has been."

As Simon looked down at her she seemed to him more beautiful and more mysterious than a distant star. He thought of his old ideas of circling the globe with great, seeking strides and wanted to laugh, for the unconquerable, the mystery, was here on this sandy beach before him. He knew now that there would be surcease—that there was no single path of love.



"Saffron!" he cried desperately, "you've changed—you've changed!"

"No, I've always been like this." Saffron said, "You've never known me! I haven't changed. I'm always myself, Saffron Folger, and that means I am my whole family. I am a part of them all. Anyone who takes me will have to take cruel Jabez—cold Piety—tough Keziah—uncaring Luke and the simple, loving Shrine in me. I am all of them. And I glory in it—glory in it!"

The words on her lips freed Simon. Now he saw her not as Saffron the pure maiden of his dreams but as a taunting beauty who stood on a lonely beach with her hair blowing about her tender neck as she shouted and jeered at his impotence. He caught her up in two swift strides as at last he felt for her what she would have him feel.

Saffron's rage merged easily into frantic passion. She covered his face with hungry kisses and for the first time they spoke to each other without self-consciousness.

As they stood in a close embrace, the world became for them a shadowy thing, a background only for two lovers in the circle of each other's arms.

THAT night, when the house was asleep, Jabez, who had been sitting in his armchair reading, got up and, for the first time in nearly twenty years, prepared to go to his wife.

He felt like a bridegroom as he put on a fine velvet robe; but he wondered, as he brushed his thinning hair and trimmed his mustache, why this must happen so late, and why so much of his life had been spent in the dark.

He shrugged his shoulders, put a fresh handkerchief in the pocket of his robe and lit a cigar. Thank God, he had plenty of time left. Why had so much of his life been wasted because of that small, frail boy—Billy Pease? What possible divine justice could there be in that?

He shook out the long skirt of his robe in a regal, virile line, knocking his cigar from the table as he did so. He tied the belt very tightly and strode like a conqueror down the hall, the cigar riding, for a while, in the folds of his robe.

This is the beginning for us both, he told himself. This is daybreak. He opened her door with a grand, joyful gesture. Piety was awake and discussing the momentous events of the day with God. She felt that ever since their hands had met on the ladle, she wholly understood Jabez; there was no need for forgiveness for the understanding was not of the world of words and speech.

When Jabez came in, she felt no surprise but reached out for him with both arms and the young, eager, bride-like look which she had kept within her unmarred, because unused by time, suddenly illuminated her face.

Jabez' eyes were radiant as he shut the door, thus fanning the scorched hem of his robe until flames licked upward and brightened the room.

Piety screamed briefly as Jabez threw open the door and ran down the hall, trying to strip the robe from his body. On the way the flames caught a table cover and in a few seconds the draft had spread them everywhere.

Jabez called to Saffron and threatened the two women down the stairs, fiercely refusing their help.

"Luke, Luke!" Piety called.

"Luke's out—he's not in his room," Saffron shouted at her although they stood close together at the foot of the stairs, looking desperately into each other's faces.

Saffron shook her mother by the arm. "Father's gone up to get Shrine!" she yelled.

The air grew acrid with smoke and a crowd collected, but it was impossible to enter the house. Running feet could be heard pounding down the hill to hurry the fire department. There were as yet no visible flames—only the bright glowing windows and the sound as of a tumultuous arrival within. This grew until it was a mighty roaring and trampling. The frame of the house seemed to quiver in the effort to contain its terrible guests.

"Shrine!" Jabez roared as he wrenched open the door to the attic stairs. There was no reply—no time for thought; only instinct was left as Jabez started up the stairs.

A few minutes later the watchers outside saw the flames explode from the windows and the entire house became fire. At the same time, Jabez emerged on the roof.

Piety saw him as he scrambled up to the walk. She saw his blackened face and his shredded arms when he raised them falteringly as if he would mount still farther. It seemed to her that he raised his arms for her to come to him, radiant and tender as he had been the night of her wedding.

The crowd gasped as Jabez stood on the rim of the walk—his eyes seared and his nerves numb. He was beyond pain now, and if he raised his arms it was because it seemed to him that the flames had parted as the cool water from the Manatee's hair surrounded him. Her beautiful, forlorn, weathered face hovered just above him and he knew that he had seen God in the only form he could understand.

He reached up for her—his ruined lips reverent, his blind eyes full of mystic joy as everywhere he felt the cool sea-weed damp of his beloved ocean. Words came to him and he strained to speak:

"All the same—" he gazed with his blind eyes into the blank, fathomless eyes of the Manatee—"I have worshiped."

KEZIAH'S small eyes glared hot and wretched as she sat in the parlor of her high-ceilinged old house. "Why should I go on living?" she inquired of Saffron. "He made life interesting for me. Jabez was important in a strange dark way. Ah, I feel impoverished—miserable. He might have been a great man—he had the iron, but it was wrought by the Devil. Here we sit—empty and foolish while he is gone. My terrible evil nephew—my wonderful hidden nephew—secret as the sea. Why don't you say something?"

"I have too much to say," Saffron replied. "I can't say anything."

They both sipped tea with a faint air of derision for the conventional ceremony and the dainty cups.

"When I think of Piety," Keziah said, "slipping away like that, first into the past and then into the grave. All in the space of a day or two. Why?—Why? Why couldn't she hold on to life the way I have?"

Saffron thought of her mother's face in death; soft, eager, ready to give and receive joy,—the face of a young girl romantically in love. She must have kept the love and the young girl hidden away where it could never be worn or used. Saffron could grieve over this stranger with the lovely tender face, but not somehow over the death of Piety.

If I could find the truth, she thought. This is no time for me to feel what others expect of me. I can't. What do I really feel? It seems bound up in father's death somehow. His lonely, terrible death—his death that seemed so personal that it could not have been an accident or freak of circumstance, for he must have carried his death about with him all of his life. Perhaps he strode ahead of himself in time and was able to glimpse it now and then, and that was what made him so fierce and proud and hard and evil, she thought. And the unnamed emotion stirred in her strongly.

"Why do your eyes widen so annoyingly? You are in some kind of exalted state that I find very irritating, Saffron," Keziah complained. "Ah, well—both you and Luke were always incomprehensible. Here—since you are taking things with such peculiar calm, why should I spare you—look at this!" Keziah pulled a piece of paper out of her beaded bag.

"Here is all I have left of Luke! Just a scrap of paper—a few sentences as elusive as Luke himself. Listen!"

> *Dear Great Aunt Keziah, I've gone to seek out a new music in the dissonant color of a tropical Island.*

"Make sense out of that if you can!" Keziah roared. "Then he says:

> *I've never been able to feel emotion—not so much as a breath on a mirror—but now—envy me—I love!*

"Who knows what he is talking about, and if he himself knew why didn't he come right out and say so for once in his life?" Keziah almost bellowed with indignation. "Oh, here," she added grudgingly, "this came with it for you."

She handed an envelope to Saffron. It contained the words:

> *Shrine sends you her secret formula for yellow rose perfume. She says it smells best if the heart is open.*

SIMON and Saffron walked about the sere and ruined garden of the Starbuck house. The docks stretched out below them, impoverished of boats and peopled by a few sailors who puttered vaguely.

Saffron turned to Simon and it seemed to her that the growing emotion she had felt all yesterday as she sat with Keziah had found its expression here now, with Simon. And when he said gravely, "From here we can see our island dying—waning like a whale's last spout," she made him start with the force of her reply.

"Let it die, Simon! Let them all go!"

Simon turned to her and his desire to understand her was an agony on his face as he stood with his legs apart as if he were on shipboard pitting his physical strength against the uncertain weather of her moods.

Saffron rushed on, her voice fierce and exalted. "Let them all go, I say, and let a new life begin. For the first time I feel free and powerful. People hide these feelings as wrong—can the truth be so wrong—should it be hidden? Their lives had wound us all in a strange warped web—I grieve for their lives, but now I'm free—I'm Saffron—this is my life—you are my love."

Saffron seized Simon, her lips parted in ecstasy, her eyes wild with release and excitement.

As they kissed it seemed to Saffron that in Simon's physical vigor she had found the perfect complement to her own inchoate power.

Down below in the harbor a whaler shook out her sails and, turning away from the Island, set sail for California. Simon and Saffron watched the boat, then turned to each other with the question and the reply clearly on their faces.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

OFFICIALLY DEAD is the seventh book that **Quentin Reynolds** has written about World War II, and it is the best. This time he has taken the adventures of the fabulous Commander Columbus Darwin Smith, U. S. N., and written his story in the first person.

Quentin Reynolds

Smith, a naval veteran of the first World War, had been sailing China seas for thirteen years at the time of Pearl Harbor. Recalled to the Navy in March, 1941, he was in command of the U. S. S. Wake, a gunboat stationed in the Whangpoo River near Shanghai. The Navy's plans had been laid—"we knew the blow was coming and we had known it for years." And all that week before December 7 the Japanese had been acting strangely: "Not that they were unfriendly or sullen. They just acted differently."

Smith and his staff had time to smash their radio equipment before he was arrested. The commander's first thought was to be thankful that he was in the custody of the Japanese Imperial Navy—he had seldom seen a Japanese naval officer who was brutal.

Smith was taken to prison, and it was in this first detention place that he found Commander John B. Woolley of the Royal Navy. For the next three years he and Woolley were together, shifted from one prison camp to another. And Commander Woolley was an excellent man in a tight spot: "If there is a finer man than an old-line British naval officer I haven't met him. Courage? The British naval officers get an extra dose with their first stripe. I've had many an argument with hardheaded stubborn British naval officers and at times I could cheerfully have slit the throats of some I've known—but they know how to fight and they know how to die and those are two good things to know."

Smith and Commander Woolley spent all their time devising means of escape. They almost succeeded once, but were caught and put in solitary confinement—for deserting from the Japanese Army.

In solitary, Smith spent hours composing plays and writing novels in his mind. Then he would remember books he had read: "I reread War and Peace kneeling in my cell—read it from memory."

Some of his fellow prisoners went stir-happy—Smith was standing at a window looking out at Chusan Road with two other prisoners when one said, "Look, there goes Mrs. Vitroff!"

The other peered through the bars and shook his head. "No, that isn't Mrs. Vitroff. Don't you remember how nearsighted she was? Well, we couldn't see her from here."

Woolley and Smith and Corporal Jerold B. Storey finally did escape. Their journey through Japanese-held territory is one of the most exciting stories to come out of the war. Helped by the Chinese underground, after twenty-seven days of breath-taking adventure, they finally reached the American Army.

Published by Random House, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75.

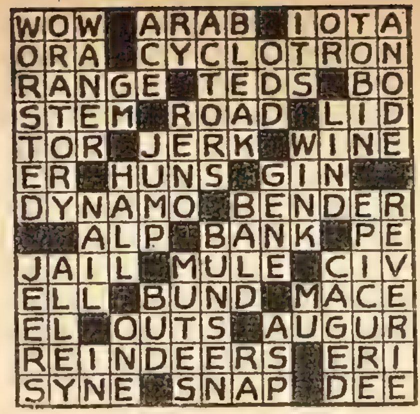
Iles Brody

THE COLONY, by Iles Brody, is an intimate and amusing portrait of "the most famous restaurant in the world." The Colony has had a from-rags-to-riches career. Starting as an obscure bistro with a shady clientele, it has become, under the guidance of Gene Cavallero, its proprietor, the aristocrat of eating places.

Published by Greenberg, N. Y. Price $3.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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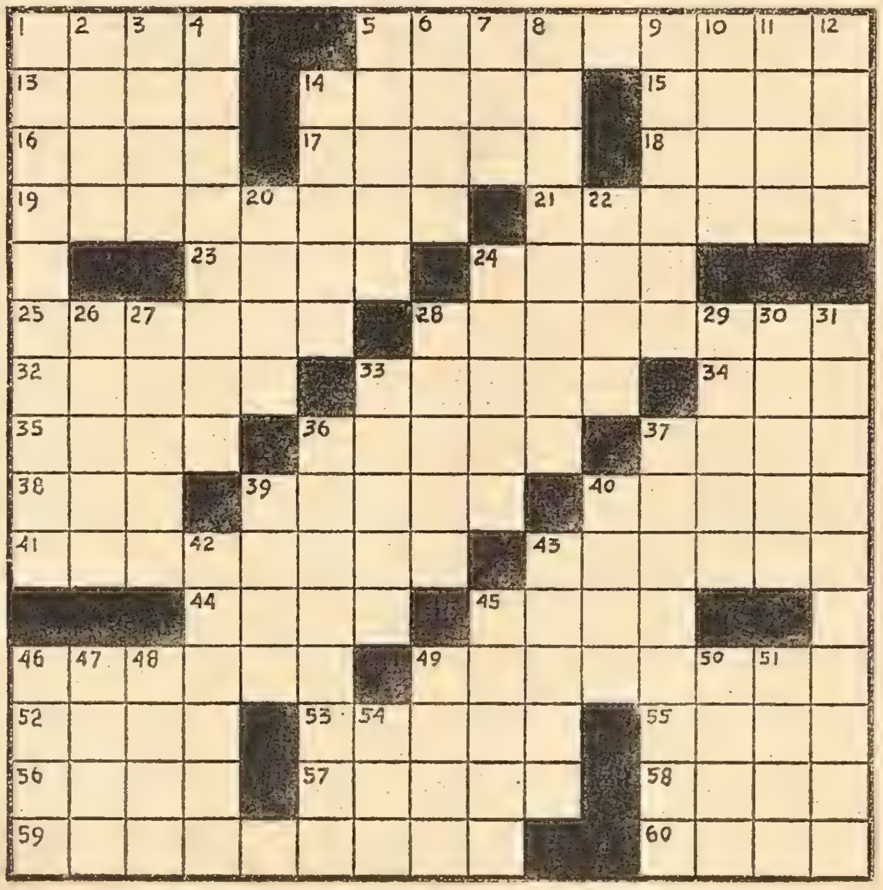
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

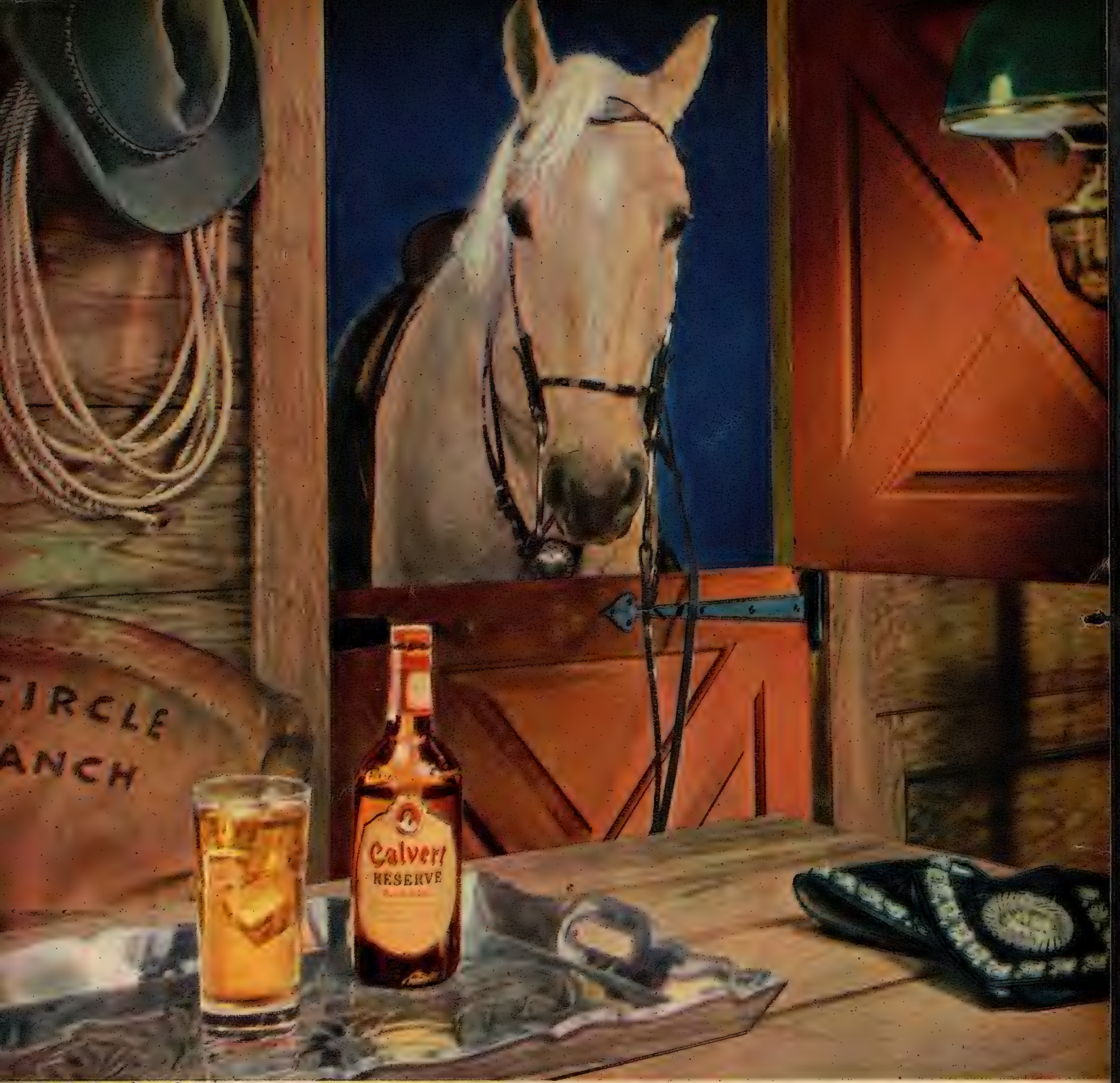
1 Fried paper of pins
5 Unseeing eye dogs (two words)
13 What America lives in Tuesday night
14 In this there is strength
15 Buffalo's swimmin' hole
16 Wot the old mide lived in (pl.)
17 Kinda squirms aside pronto-like
18 The Daniels' motto: To —— or not to ——!
19 Their wives are angels
21 Writers urge its use' for a change
23 The nicest thing to do in an airplane
24 Humor with B.O.
25 What the half-buck borrower rarely does
28 Babbled basic baboon
32 Little two-legged pains in the neck
33 Political gas-manufacturing device
34 A l'ng t'me
35 Presweeten the pot
36 Cecil B. De French 1,000
37 Country down under
38 What's behind the average Navy man's beard?
39 Unmechanized eagles
40 Mired (anag.)
41 Greek laborer (myth.)
43 Pretty pulse snatchers
44 Chair decorator
45 How the seamstress felt
46 Mental cobwebs that become cables
49 Intellectual bookies
52 Mancestor
53 Ten cents' worth of spit and polish
55 He makes fun with a piano
56 One-eyed beauty
57 Deane (anag.)
58 Common Washington product
59 A collection of physical jerks (two words)
60 Seagoing garter snakes

VERTICAL

1 Big squirt (two words)
2 Rattlesnake Injun
3 Carbon-copied
4 Usual state of the prairie
5 How can he be so dumb?
6 Hustles along
7 Everybody Overestimates Russia (abbr.)
8 Female coat, pants, and vest to match!
9 Political ping-pong match
10 Sore (anag.)
11 Scorny, isn't it?
12 Intellectual tea-leaf reader
14 Casserole caches (Are we hot!)
20 Committee with means has these
22 Diamond with high blood pressure
24 Paneful supports
26 G. I. Joe's biographer
27 What Caesar called his old man
28 Kind of laughter these puzzles induce
29 Bulrushes with literary leanings
30 Lake Boris Karloff lives on
31 Skin thumpers
33 This is urged to stay away from the front door
36 Slow-motion sweetenin' juice
37 Take off with the gas throttle wide open
39 Two people screaming as one
40 Tricky and often deceiving
42 Place where many Germans sleep in Russia
43 What contents always are duly
45 What a fifty-cent steak's filled with nowadays
46 This has an unwholly meaning
47 The sixth Hebrew month
48 Get tough in a hot spot
49 A printer's kind of type
50 Gent's nickname plus Irish poet's nom de plume
51 Plucky Swiss apple splitter
54 Villainous burp



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



"That tenderfoot certainly is wise about *some* things"

MAYBE he doesn't know a stirrup from a saddle...but judging from that glorious Calvert highball, he sure knows his whiskey! Make no mistake, Calvert is very definitely *the real thing* in whiskey. Fact is, we've blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller in America...and that magnificent Calvert blend has *yet* to be matched!

Moral (and this is right from the horse's mouth): It's just plain horse-sense to make sure *your* next highball is made with Calvert. . . . . . . ***It's the real thing!***

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

Calvert
RESERVE

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits..."Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

MOONLIGHT EXTRA

Continued from Page 31

hundred-and-twenty-point heel, taking her job."

He gave me a queer look. "It's *your* job," he said. "But she's a good kid, and I'd hate to lose her entirely. I guess she needs the dough, too. She supports her mother."

I remembered that stack of folding money in her purse, and opened my mouth, and closed it again. It was none of my business. But she dressed very well, and when I put things together I had an idea that stuff about supporting her mother was just a gag.

"Anyway," Fred went on, "I'd like to get your opinion of the way she works. Does she really cover night police, or do the guys from the other papers protect her? You sit in with her for a couple of nights, but let her do the work. We're in a period of readjustment, Andy. We've been short of paper, and there wasn't room for anything but the war and the peace settlements and the big international news. What we've got to have from now on is some good, hot, *local* copy! You kid her along, Andy."

SHE was coming back into the city room now, with her nose freshly powdered and a crazy little hat perched on that red hair.

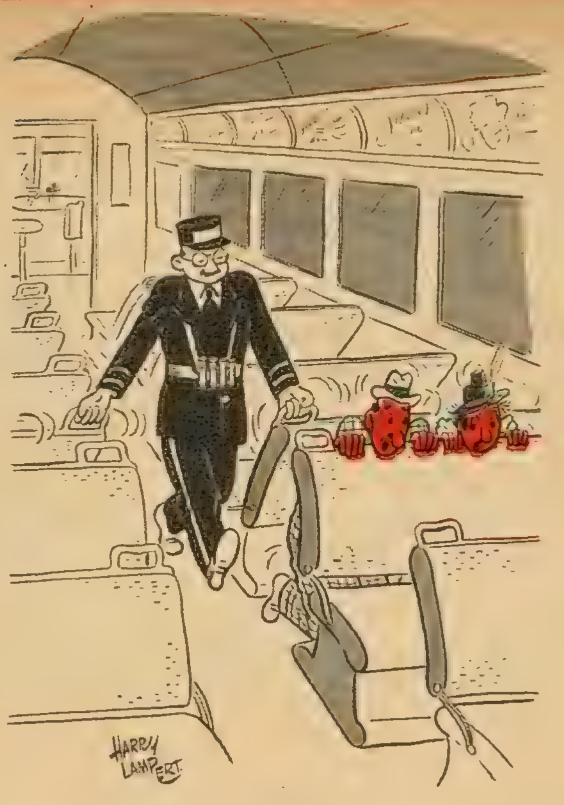
"Sure, I'll kid her along!" I told Fred, but I wasn't so sure that I'd be kidding. "But what's the pitch with her? Is there any steady boy friend in the picture?"

Fred patted my shoulder. "My boy," he smiled, "the field is yours. Many have tried and nobody got to first base!"

It didn't look like I was going to get to first base either. In the first place, the press room at the Hall of Justice lends itself but poorly to any sort of planned operation, such as sweeping a girl off her feet. It is a small chamber and dank, with *double-entendre* headlines and questionable photographs yellowing on the walls. There are beer bottles, crumpled papers, cockroaches, and other reporters underfoot, and somebody is always shouting into a telephone.

In the second place, Jess was too busy. In the old days we used to sit there playing dominoes and ignoring anything below three-alarm fires and manslaughter. But she *covered* night police: she even called in the name, age, address, and business circumstances of a citizen who had been arrested for jaywalking.

That convinced me. I was going to tell Fred to keep her, even if he had to offer me to the copy desk. If she was that thorough, it wasn't likely that any big hot story would ever escape her, although just now such a story seemed a long way off. The cops were sitting around punching new notches in their belts and watching the pension fund pile up.



"Guess we're nearing the end of the line."
LIBERTY

I went across the street with Jess that first evening, between edition times. We had a couple of hamburgers and beer, and played the juke box. And all at once I was saying it.

"Jess," I said, "you're a natural newspaperwoman. But if you stay in the business, it'll make a man out of you. Don't stay in it more than another year."

"And after that I quit eating?" she asked.

"I have it all planned out," I said. "It will take me just about a year to hack away the red tape that guards a G.I. home loan. After that, you will marry me and spend the rest of your life understanding why I come home late, or not at all, and reading my by-line stories at breakfast in a green robe. The green robe," I told her, "will look wonderful with your hair."

She didn't laugh. She said, "Andy—I just met you."

"Literally, yes. But for two years you have been doing my job, keeping my hours, and unearthing my artifacts from two desks. Don't tell me you wouldn't understand my life and habits."

"I think I do," she said. "That's just it. Weren't there any other girls before you went away?"

"There were dozens of them," I said. "Briefly. They're why I know you are *the* girl. They were not newspaperwomen—and now, for the first time in my life, I use the term as high praise."

The juke box was playing Dream. She listened, and there was a dream in her eyes. The music stopped and she sat up straight and looked at her watch.

"Andy," she said, "don't count on it—yet. You might change your mind."

"I have a one-track mind," I said.

"I haven't," she told me. "It's an interesting conversation, but I must break it up. I have to run up to the Rialto Club."

"To meet somebody?"

"Well, yes. Joe Pellegrini."

I didn't like that. Joe Pellegrini had a reputation as a raconteur, but he was really just a rake. The places he had operated would have been closed in any other town. This town is tolerant and free, and more than once the voters have signified their desire to keep it that way.

Jess powdered her nose and snapped that bag shut and went out to get a cab. I thought, It can't be a story! because everything that could be written about Joe Pellegrini had been written long ago. No, it was something personal. It might even be a job. Pellegrini had a habit of hiring good-looking girls—briefly.

I went back to the Hall of Justice to bite my nails and talk over old times with some of the detective squad. Things were still quiet.

THAT next evening it was the same. Fred McQuaid asked me to be back at the office about ten o'clock, to talk over some things with him, and I gathered that he was going to put Jess on a new job the next day. I had supper with her in the hamburger joint, but she acted like her mind was a million miles away.

We went back to the press room, and she phoned in a couple of pieces of trivia taken from the police blotter, and then we sat there. Burke and Rosendorf and Hitt were playing dominoes, but Jess wouldn't play. After awhile she went down to look at the blotter again.

It was nearly ten. I wandered out into the hall, intending to tell her that I'd wait at the office if she was going up there after work. She came up the steps just then, in a hurry, and turned down the hall without seeing me.

I had no intention of eavesdropping, but I couldn't help myself. Jess went straight to the pay telephone at the end of the hall and dialed a number. She said, "Mr. Pellegrini, please—and hurry, it's important!" She raised her voice against the noise in the Rialto Club, and said, "Joe, they're on their way. Dowd and Bulotti, in a prowler car!"

That was all, and enough. Jess turned, and jumped. She said, "Oh—it's you, Andy," as if relieved.

"Yes," I answered, and I wasn't angry, yet, but just disappointed. I pulled on my hat and looked at her and said, "And I thought you were a newspaperwoman! I've changed my mind, like you told me I might!"

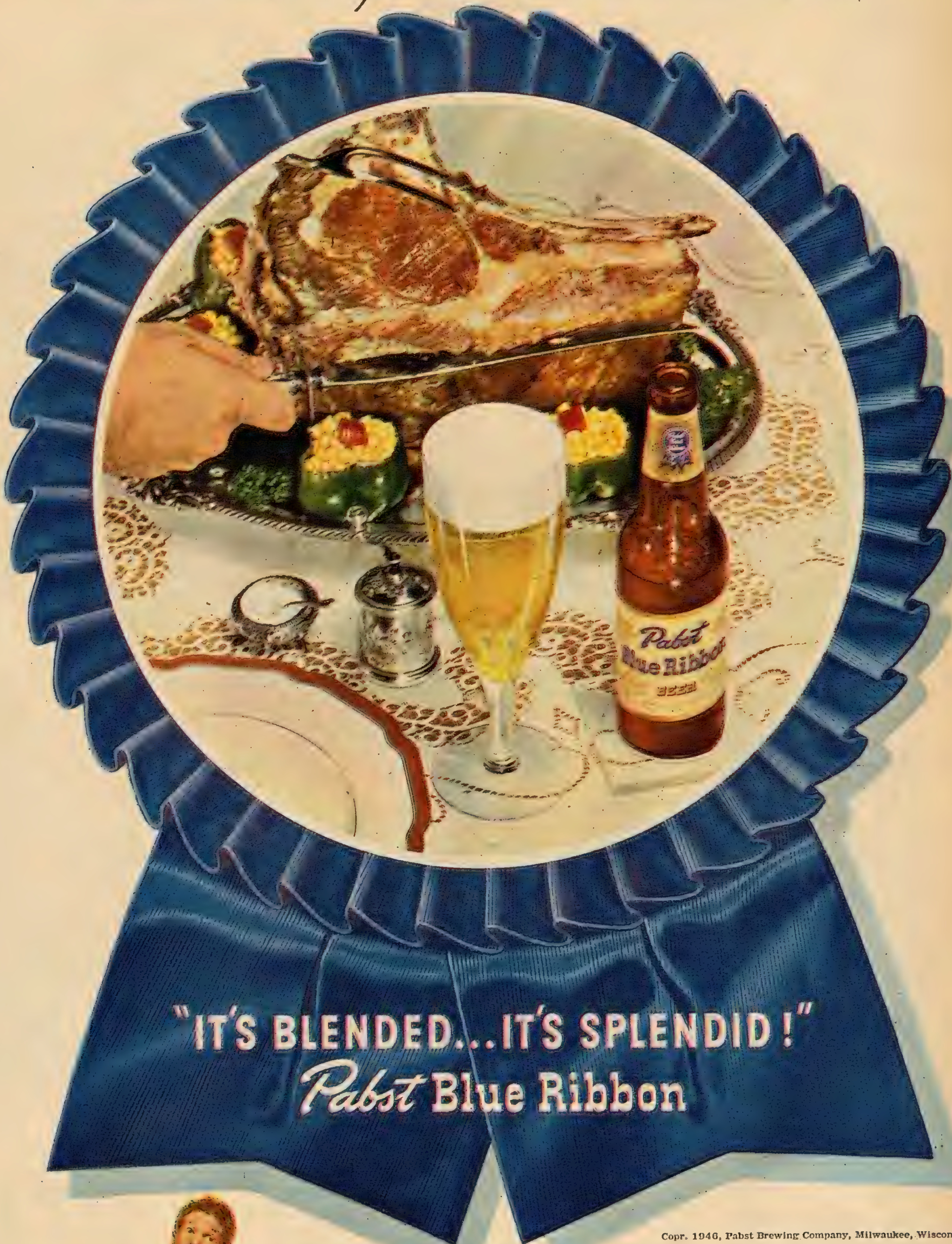
Her chin came up. "That," she said coldly, "is your privilege."

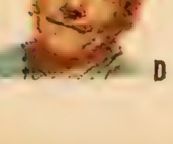
"You're damn right!" I told her. "Don't worry—I'm not going to say anything about it to Fred McQuaid or anybody else. I'm not going to spoil your little racket. But I covered night police in this town for six years, and in all that time I never knew a newspaper*man* who'd stoop

(*Continued on page 60*)

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

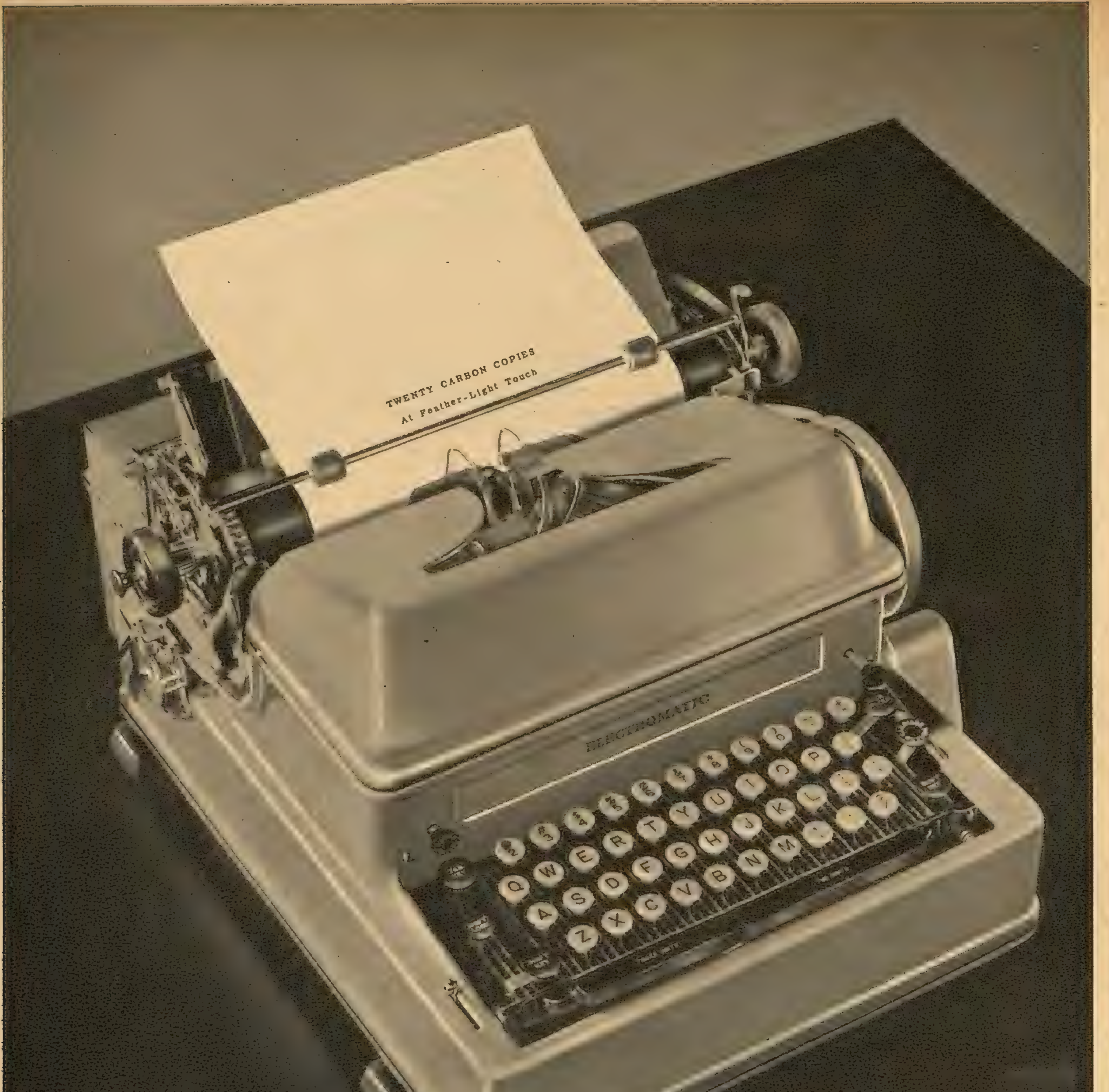
Order it with Confidence ... Serve it with Pride


Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon



Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:30 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST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At Feather-Light Touch
ELECTROMATIC

ELECTROMATIC

IBM ANNOUNCES

the 1946 Electromatic Typewriter, which produces letters of distinguished appearance, with a minimum of physical effort on the part of the operator.

It is now on display in IBM offices in all principal cities throughout the country. We will be glad to furnish you with full information upon request.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

World Headquarters Building, New York 22, N. Y.

TYPEWRITER

(*Continued from page 56*)

low enough to tip off a joint that the cops were coming to knock it over! I suppose you did it for your mother. Well, you ought to get plenty from a guy like Pellegrini!"

"What I did and why I did it is none of your business, Mr. Walker!" she blazed. "You can think what you please!"

She went back to the press room. I started for the Dispatch office, getting angrier with every step.

I WASN'T going to say anything to Fred, like I told her. You don't hear working newspapermen sitting around talking about the ethics of their profession, any more than you hear them call themselves journalists. Ethics is something taken for granted and part of playing fair and being a good sport. That's it! I thought. Women are notoriously poor sports.

Fred was busy cracking the whip over a rewrite man, getting a story to the news editor and the copy desk in short takes. He mussed up his scanty hair and said, "Andy, will you wait in Bill Sparrow's office? He wants to talk to us as soon as we're clear."

Bill Sparrow was the managing editor, and that sounded serious. It was going to be a star-chamber session, and I hadn't been back long enough to be called on the carpet on my own account, I went into Bill's office and waited there, alone.

It looked to me like Fred McQuaid might have been suspicious of Jessamine Van Zandt all along—else why did he ask me to sit in with her and form an opinion of how she worked?

But they wouldn't get anything out of me. I was in love with the girl, once, a couple of hours ago! I thought, I'll lie like hell.

The only thing was, I kept seeing her in a green robe, sitting across the breakfast table from me. The sun was coming through the window, turning on a lot of little burnished lights in that red hair.

The hell with that line! I told myself.

It was an hour and a half before Fred and Bill Sparrow could get together. They came in and closed the door. Bill Sparrow sat down and began to eat a cigar—he never really smoked them.

"Andy," he said, rolling the cigar over to the other corner of his mouth, "I'm sure glad to see you home again. You got back just in time."

I thought, The hell with that, too.

"To come to the point," Bill went on, "we're planning a little reorganization. We're getting paper now, and we're going to put out a *newspaper* again, instead of a handbill. Our circulation is going to catch up with the increase in population in this town. We can discuss that later." He rolled the cigar again and grinned. "What I want to tell you is this: Effective tomorrow, I'm the general manager of this sheet. Fred is managing editor. And you—you're the new city editor. Take a bow!"

"New city editor?" I gasped.

"That's right," Bill Sparrow said.

Fred grinned at me. "Now," he said, "you know why I wanted you to sit in with Jess Van Zandt a couple of nights, to see how she was handling your old job. From here on out, it's your staff and you're the one who has to be satisfied. Think she'll do?"

No. I thought. Not in a million years! I said, "Well, of course I didn't have much time to observe her work, Fred. I think maybe night police—well, after all, that's a man's job!"

He gave me a strange look and grinned and was about to say something. Just then the copy girl with the page-boy haircut and bobby socks came into the office with an armful of city editions.

"Fred," Bill Sparrow said, "you told everybody down the line not to let these get on the street, didn't you?"

Fred nodded. "It's sewed up tighter than a drum," he said. He spread one of the papers out on the desk, and said, "Look, Andy—this might convince you that Jess *has* been doing a man's job."

I looked. The lines shouted: CITY POLICE CAUGHT IN SHAKEDOWN TRAP! The read-down said, Dispatch Girl Reporter Helps Snare Officers in Protection Racket.

THE story said that Detective Sergeants Dowd and Bulotti had demanded and received five thousand dollars from Joe Pellegrini, after threatening to expose an asserted gambling enterprise at the Rialto Club, and to raid him out of existence. Jess Van Zandt had talked Joe into playing the upright citizen in a town which didn't mind gambling so long as it was on the level. It was Jess Van Zandt who had marked the Dispatch money with red nail polish and put it into Joe's hands.

"Exclusive," said Fred, rubbing his hands. "The first good hot local story in two years! We'll have pictures of Dowd and Bulotti taking the money in the six-A.M." He looked at me and grinned again. "What do you think now?" he asked. "That story was right under the noses of the whole gang down at the Hall of Justice."

I said, "Well, I think I've got a police reporter. That is, for about a year."

"Why just a year?" Fred frowned.

I said, "Well, I've got other plans," and went out into the city room where I could use the phone in private.

I called Jess and told her I was sorry, and what could I say after that? She said I could tell her some more about that G.I. home loan and that green robe.

Who was it that said women are notoriously poor sports, anyway?

THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

"It wouldn't seem like the old haunt—without Pepsi-Cola!"

LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON FROM MALAGA

Continued from Page 35

then they all went away together silently. He didn't hear his father come back, but at breakfast he was there, so José began to think maybe he had dreamed it. When he told his father and mother, they looked at each other, and his mother's eyes were big with fear. So José knew he had seen something he should not have known about.

His father said, "José, you never saw us. Never! No matter who asks you, you never saw it. I am always at home, every night. It is very important. Will you remember?"

And his mother had cried, "You must remember, it is very important! Promise you will remember!"

And José knew there was some terrible danger. So he promised not to forget—and he didn't, either. He never even told his cousin, the little José Miranda, son of big José Miranda who had met his father that night.

AT this point Miss Lippencott asked, "How many José Mirandas were there? I've counted four so far."

"There were six in the town," said José, "and they were all cousins to one another."

"But didn't people get them all mixed up?" asked the teacher.

José shook his head. "They couldn't mix them up. All of them were of different ages—that is, all except me and my little cousin across the way."

His cousin was three months older than he, but the other boy had been sick with the typhoid and so was smaller. No one could mix the José Mirandas—besides, they did different things. There was José Miranda the brickmaker, and José Miranda the carpenter, and the father of his cousin was José Miranda of the vineyards, and his own father was José Miranda of the orchard, and as for him and his cousin, no one got *them* mixed up. That was easy.

"And what happened after that night you saw your father and the other men meet?" asked Miss Lippencott.

"After that, I would sometimes stay awake thinking they might be going out again."

One night José had seen his father leave. Then he fell asleep. But much, much later there was a loud knocking at the door, and he had jumped out of bed and gone to the window to see who it was. There were two civil guards and three other men, and they were calling his father. José's heart nearly jumped out of his shirt, for he knew this was the thing his father and mother had feared. And he had seen his father go out! But suddenly he heard his father's voice answering:

Baby's first Bouquet!
Flowers-by-Wire from her Daddy

He was in another part of the country being "separated" from the Army when little Peggy was born . . . so he telegraphed flowers to say Hello.

I'm a lucky guy...
two gals to love!
"Pop"

In any event—wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
BOSTON	for	$5.00	+	53¢
PENSACOLA	"	"	"	60¢
EL PASO	"	"	"	63¢
DAVENPORT	"	"	"	53¢
SAN DIEGO	"	"	"	63¢
BOISE	"	"	"	63¢
LEXINGTON	"	"	"	44¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how reasonable it is to send flowers by wire.

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES—FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1 Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.

2 Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.

3 He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy*—just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

"Just a minute! Is the house on fire?"

And little José's knees became like jelly and he nearly fell over with weakness and joy. And then his father had opened the door.

"We were checking to see if you were at home, José Miranda," said one of the civil guards.

"Why, where else would you expect to find a man at this hour, except at home and in bed? You'd be there too if you had put in the day of a farmer."

"Some farmers are not so tired at the end of the day that they can't do a little guerrilla work at night," answered a civil guard.

"We'd like to search the house," said one of the guards.

"Go ahead," said José's father. "Only go quietly. My son is asleep upstairs. I don't want him frightened."

At these words little José had crept back into bed and pretended to be asleep. As they were leaving, one guard said:

"See that you stay at home nights. The night air is very unhealthy—there are some who have already found that out!"

The next day the father of his little cousin did not come back. And after a few days they heard he had been caught and shot. His little cousin had been staying with them, and now the house where the other little José Miranda had lived was closed, and he stayed with them always.

JOSE didn't know after that whether his father went out at night or not. He didn't want to get up even if he thought he heard something, because his cousin slept with him. A few months passed like that, and then one morning his father was not at breakfast, nor the next morning, nor the next. There was a lot of talk in the town, because several other men were missing too. One day they heard that all the men had been shot against a wall. His father had been the leader, so they shot him first.

The day the planes came again, he and his cousin were in school, and the teacher wouldn't let them out till the bombing was over. By the time they got home there were men and women already there with shovels and picks trying to open a way into the house that wasn't a house any more but a pile without shape. And by the time they got his mother out, she was dead.

José had flung himself on his mother when he saw her being brought out, and he had cried and held on to her. Then Esteban the mule driver had lifted him up, and pointing to José's mother he said in a fierce angry voice:

"Don't cry! Tears are for women! You are the son of José Miranda. You are the son of a hero! Leave the tears to the women. But you must remember this always!"

And from that day on, José had never cried till today. He had often wanted to cry, but he had remembered Esteban's words and he had held back the tears.

"Today they just came out unexpectedly," said Miss Lippencott. "They were there, stored away all the time, and they had to come out."

There was more and more fear in the town, and it was decided to send many of the children away. He and his cousin, the other little José Miranda, were sent off with other children in a bus.

The woman with whom he and his cousin had been staying gave them each two pieces of bread with chocolate between, in case they got hungry on the way. She told him to take good care of the other little José Miranda. And José had intended to take good care of his cousin, but when the plane appeared above them on the road, and the bus was stopped for them to get out, the woman who was helping them down made him let go his cousin's hand. José had run hard to the ditch on the opposite side of the road and thrown himself into it, face down, as they had been told to do. And then the bombs came and the whole earth trembled.

When José looked up again, after the planes had gone, he saw the bus was on fire. It looked just like a torch. Most of the children were still in the bus, but a few had gotten out. Some were dead on the road. He looked for his cousin. He was face down on the road, and when José turned him over he saw he was dead too. And there was no face where his face should be.

Suddenly Miss Lippencott put her arms around José and held him tight. She was trembling.

After a while Miss Lippencott asked, "Were you all alone, José?"

"No," said the boy. "I found two girls. One was a little bigger than I, and the other one was very little, maybe four or five years old."

"Only three of you left out of all the bus?" asked Miss Lippencott.

"That's all," said José. "The two men and the women had been killed, and I guess they were burned with the bus because they had stayed there trying to get the other children out."

THE three children had waited a long time, hoping someone would come for them. But no one did, so after awhile they decided to keep going in the direction the bus had been taking.

"We walked a long time," said José. "And we could hear shooting and bombing far away. Once planes flew over us, and we threw ourselves in a ditch, but they did not molest us. I was frightened and I wanted to cry then. But the little girl began to cry, and I didn't want to cry any more. Then the little girl didn't want to walk any more because she was tired and she was hungry."

And at that, José had remembered the bread and chocolate in his pocket. He divided it among the three of them, and when they had eaten it they felt better. But the little girl was sleepy and they couldn't make her walk. She fell asleep, and the other girl and José had slept too. When José awoke he saw it was afternoon, so he woke the other two and they started to walk again. They knew there was a town near, because they could hear the shooting and bombing all day long.

LATE in the afternoon the shooting stopped. At first there was a great stillness, and then the silence was suddenly full of noises. And the noises of the silence were more frightening than the sound of the bombing had been. They felt as if they were all alone in the world.

"I tried not to be afraid," said José, "but I knew it would be dark pretty soon, and I didn't know if it would be possible for me not to be afraid then."

"Are you afraid of the dark, José?" asked Miss Lippencott.

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I'm not afraid of the dark that I know, but I was afraid of *that* dark."

At last the children saw an automobile and a truck coming. When José told of the bombing, the man who had been driving the truck said to one of the others:

"Take them back in the small car. We'll go on to the bus. There may be some wounded."

And the three of them, the two little girls and José, had been driven to the big school where there were many other children from many places, even some from Madrid.

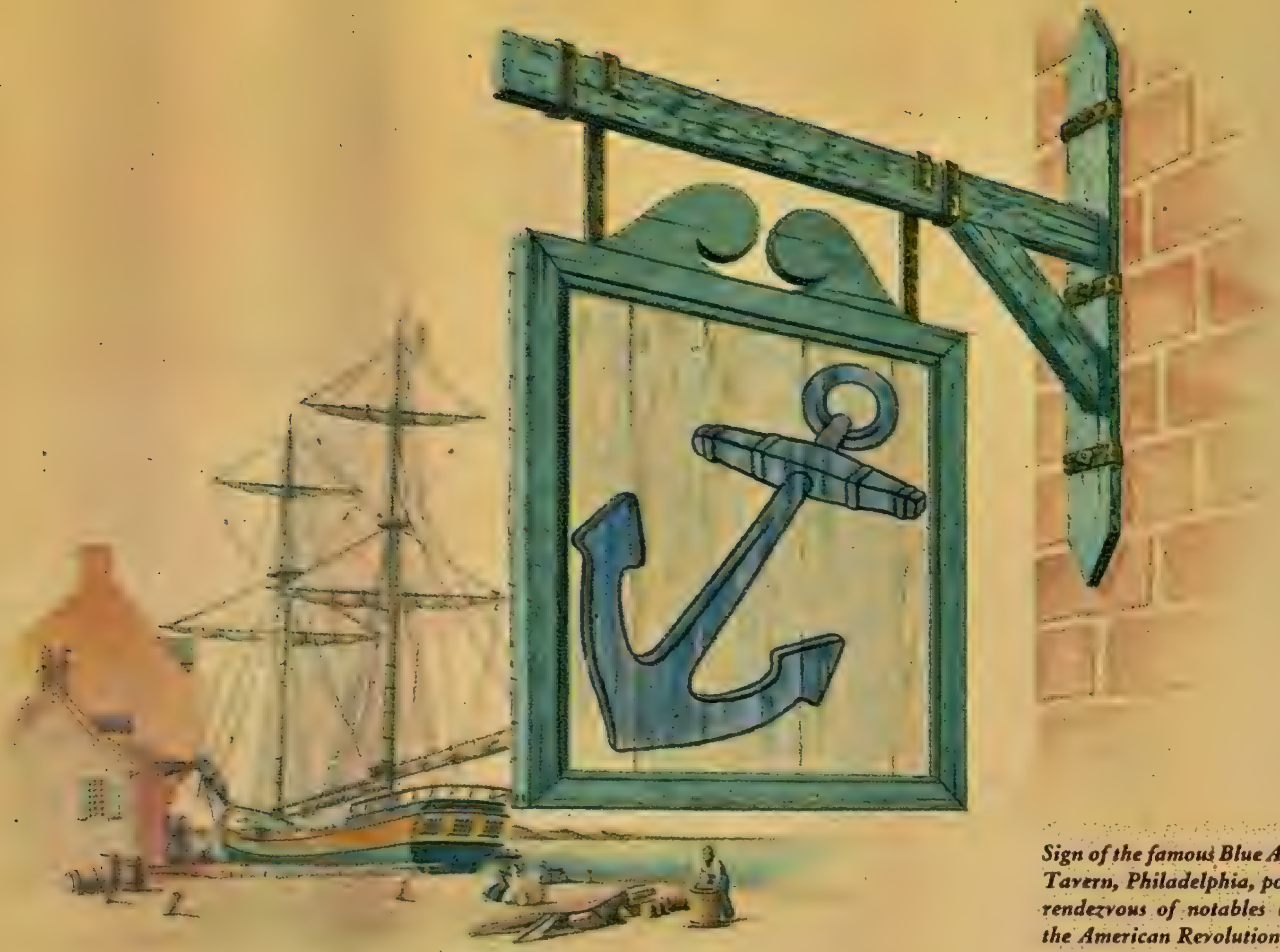
The school was in a fine big house with a garden. The people were very kind, but they were always so busy. And there were so many children that none of them seemed to belong to anyone.

Then one day the director of the school had sent for José and told him he was going to America, that his uncle and aunt wanted him to live with them. And the director had told him what a fine place America was, and how he would have a real home. José tried hard to think who his aunt and uncle in America were, and suddenly he realized that they were not his at all, but that they belonged to the other José Miranda, his cousin who had been killed. And that was when the terrible lie started.

José knew he should tell the director the truth, for to make things worse they were his cousin's relatives on his mother's side—and his mother had been from another town, so they couldn't be José's relatives. But he didn't say a word. And at last the director had asked:

(*Continued on page 64*)

It takes a long time to feather a nest on a wild-goose chase.—*Threads.*



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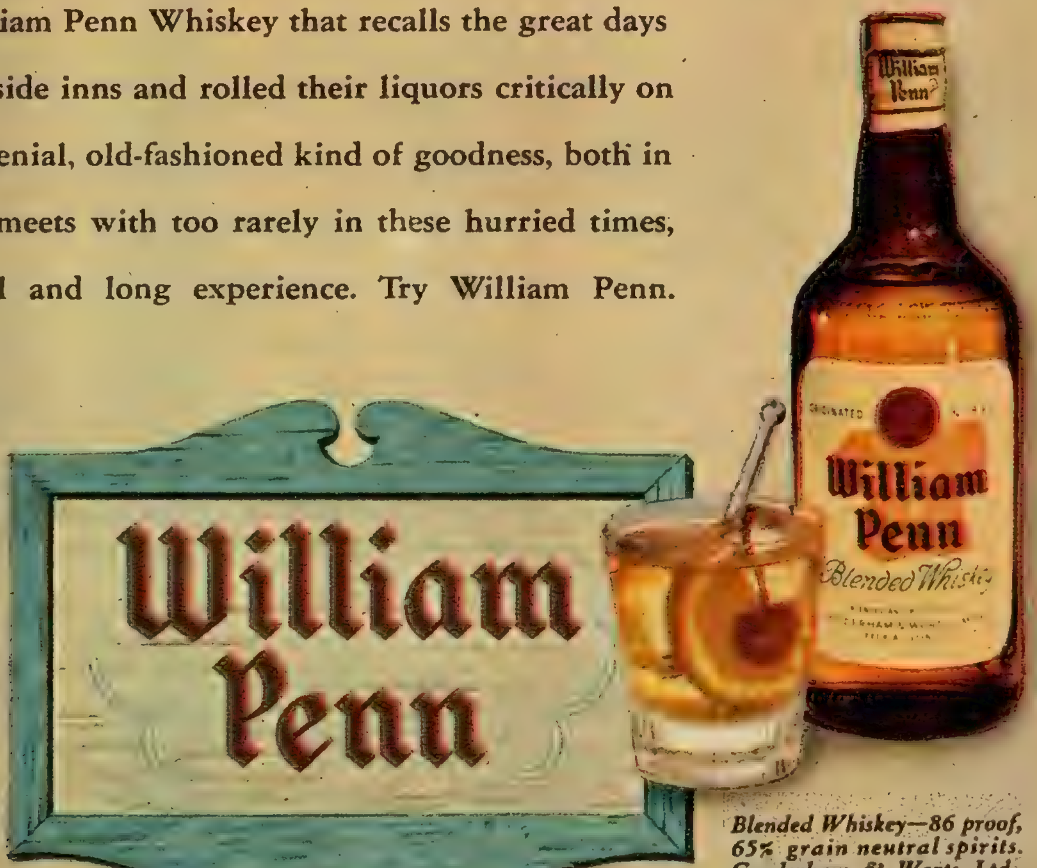

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JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

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(*Continued from page 62*)

"Don't you want to go to America?"

José told the truth when he said "Yes," but he never told the rest of it, so it was the same as a lie.

The next day he thought of that lie a great deal. He knew he should tell the director of the school, but somehow he didn't. And each day he kept thinking about it. But as the days and weeks passed he thought of it less and less.

And then, suddenly the director had called him again and told him he was sailing for America the very next day! José knew this was the time to tell him the truth, but his throat seemed to dry up, and still he didn't tell. So before he knew it he was on a big boat on his way to New York.

The first few days on the boat, José was so sick he didn't care whether he was the right boy or not, because he was going to die anyway. But toward the end he felt better, and he started to worry again. Finally he decided to tell the uncle and aunt as soon as he got to New York.

But when the aunt saw him, she embraced him hard and started to cry. For the first time since his mother had died, José felt a little as if he belonged to someone. So he didn't tell them just then.

His aunt always said he was just like her sister, the mother of the other José Miranda.

"Like two peas in a pod," she said one day to his uncle, "and smart like her, too—his mother was the only one in the family who could write a proper letter. And look at José, he's learned English as if he had taken it out of his pocket!"

His uncle winked at José and said, "He looks all Miranda to me."

"You're just trying to cross me! A lot you remember about Miranda! You only saw him when he came to our town on feast days—and then through the fumes of the wine you had drunk! I should remember my own sister, and José is the image of her. Blood will tell!"

That night he dreamed they were putting him on a boat and sending him back. He woke up sobbing, and his aunt, who was not really his aunt, had taken him in her arms and comforted him. He almost told then, but before he knew it he was asleep. And so it passed.

"But didn't they ask you questions, José? They must know now you are not their real nephew."

José shook his head. "No. My uncle won't let them. When I first came, my aunt asked me many things, but my uncle stopped her."

His uncle had said, "Leave him alone. Let him forget it all if he can."

"Oh, but he will grow older and things will fade out," said his aunt.

"I wish they would. I wish I could blot it all out of his mind. But he won't forget. They will go away for a while now, if we leave him alone, but they will come back to hurt him a thousand times more when he is older. Let him forget for a while, and be happy while he is still a boy."

And so there had been no more questions. And gradually the things began to blot themselves out. But today, when Miss Lippencott told the George Washington story, it had brought them all back.

"And now I know I must tell the truth," said the boy. "For I am the son of a hero, and that is a great thing, to be treated with dignity." And then, his voice thickening with emotion, he added, "They will send me back to that school in Spain, and I don't want to go back!"

And before he could stop himself he had done it again and was sobbing like a baby, and Miss Lippencott had her arms around him and was saying:

"You poor scared kid! You poor lonely little tyke!"

Then Miss Lippencott seemed to be thinking. Finally she said:

"José, would you like me to tell them? Perhaps I could explain it to your uncle. Maybe they would keep you then."

The boy's eyes lighted up. If Miss Lippencott told them—well, he just couldn't see how anyone could resist doing anything Miss Lippencott asked.

"You've kept the secret all this time. Can you keep it two more days? I'll write your uncle a note—I'll ask him to come to see me. And I'm sure it will be all right, José."

STRANGELY enough, the next two days were the very hardest José had spent, trying to keep from telling. The thought of the lie was with him every minute. Finally the day came, and early in the afternoon of the twenty-third of February he was sitting on the bench outside the principal's office. Miss Lippencott was in there talking to the principal. The door was open.

"We thought it over very carefully," Miss Lippencott was saying. "My parents agree that they will adopt him if necessary."

He heard Miss Prescott's reply: "But you *couldn't* have considered everything, Miss Lippencott! The child is foreign, his habits, his psychology, his background are entirely alien to you. It is a very serious responsibility. And besides, the child is obviously a liar—it's almost incredible in a child of his age!"

And then he heard Miss Lippencott's voice, rising high and clear. She was speaking of *him*, she was defending him!

"José is not a liar! He has been in my class all last term and this, and I know he is not a liar! Don't you see, Miss Prescott, he's just a frightened little boy! He's one of the poor scared hunted little children of the world! He's come to us for refuge, and we can't turn him out! Don't you see that?"

José had loved Miss Lippencott

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before, but now he wanted to rush in and throw himself into her arms. For in the frightening world into which the death of his parents had plunged him, he had at last found one being to whom he could cling, who would protect him!

Just then his uncle arrived. The girl at the desk took him into Miss Prescott's office.

And then Miss Lippencott was talking again. Her tone was low and serious and earnest. Suddenly his uncle interrupted her:

"No! No! No!" he cried.

José pushed closer to the corner of the bench and clutched the edge. Then they called him in, and he told his uncle that what Miss Lippencott had said was all true. José couldn't tell how his uncle felt, because he was very sad, but didn't seem angry. When he rose to go, he said to José:

"Come straight home after school."

"You can take José home now if you wish," said Miss Prescott.

But his uncle replied, "No, I must speak to my wife first."

Then he turned to Miss Lippencott and said, "You have a very big heart —a very good heart—"

Miss Lippencott said:

"Don't worry, José. It's going to be all right. You tell me tomorrow what your uncle and aunt decide."

WHEN he arrived home he stood in the doorway hesitantly, as if he no longer had the right to just walk in. His uncle and aunt were in the room, and he could see that his aunt had been crying. His uncle said:

"Come in, José. Your aunt knows."

His aunt exclaimed, "Oh, José, you do want to stay—"

But she didn't finish the sentence, for his uncle said, "Wait, Amparo. He must be told. He has the right to choose. After all, it is not as we thought."

And then turning to José, he said, "José, when Miss Lippencott told me everything this afternoon, she said she would take you with her, to live in her house, if you wanted to go. You can choose, José, between us and Miss Lippencott. It was a bad thing to tell us a lie, but now we love you as if you were our own nephew. You can stay with us if you want. But you have the right to choose."

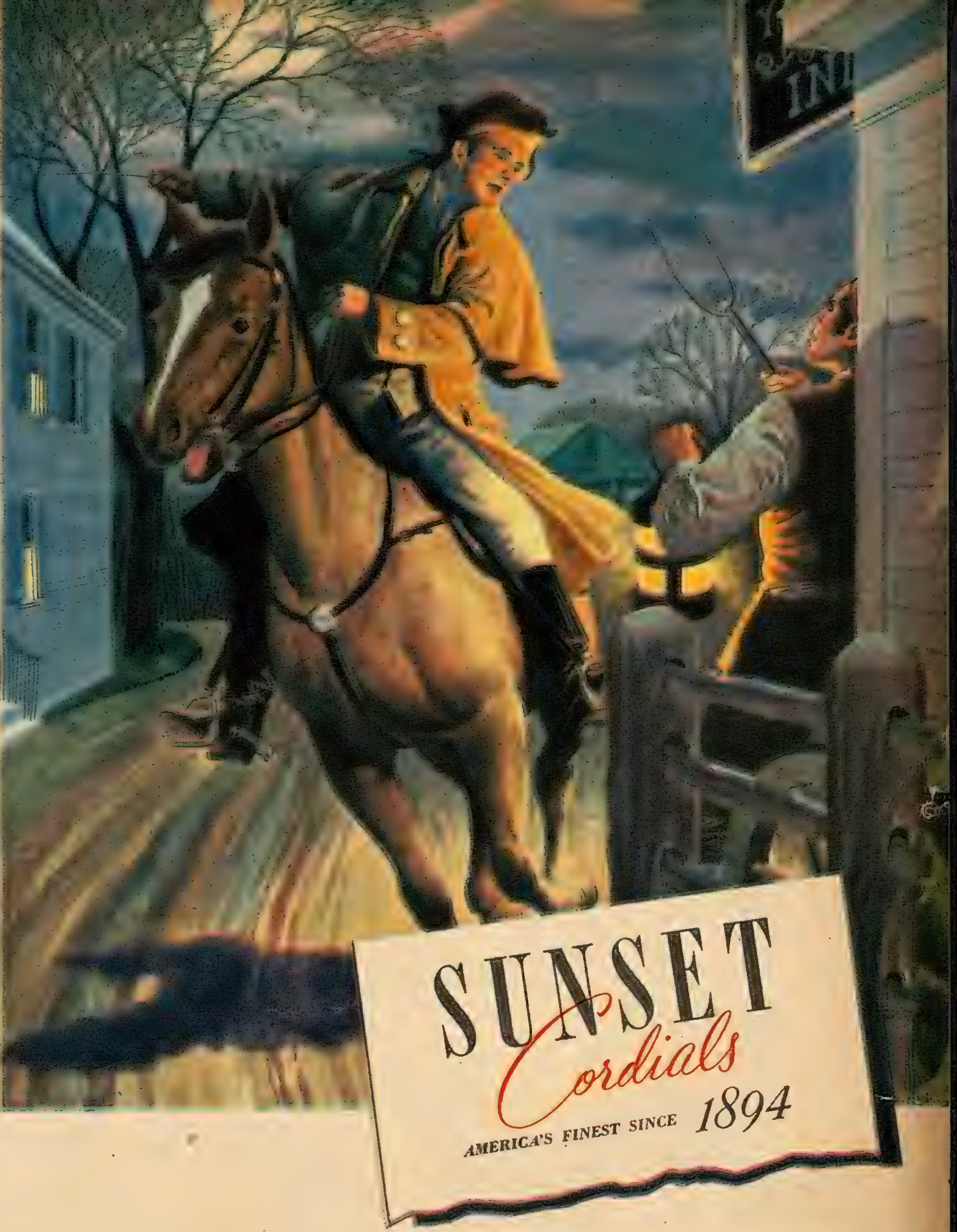
A flash of light leaped into José's eyes. Miss Lippencott wanted him!

And then he looked at his aunt. Miss Lippencott was like the fairy godmother—beautiful and wonderful. But his aunt— As he flung himself into her arms, he realized that his aunt was like one's mother, who didn't have to be beautiful. She was warm and comfortable and secure, and so much more satisfying for every day!

The next day, when he told Miss Lippencott, she smiled and said:

"Of course they want you." Then, ruffling his hair, she added, "But after this, no more stories, little George Washington from Málaga!"

THE END



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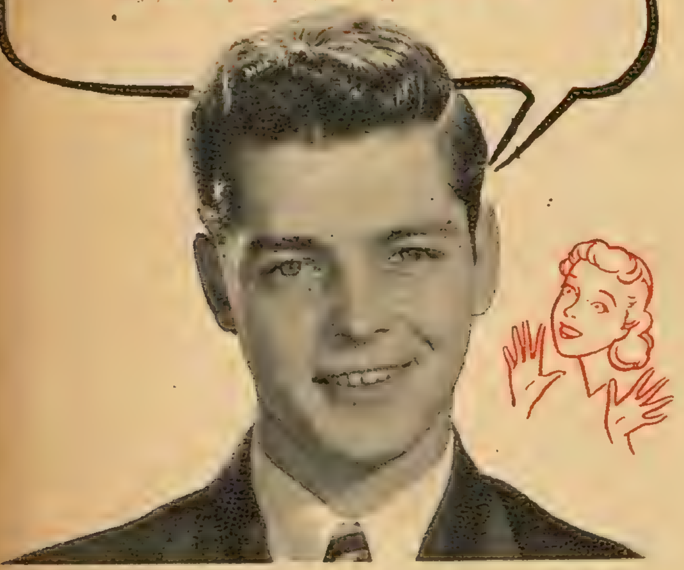

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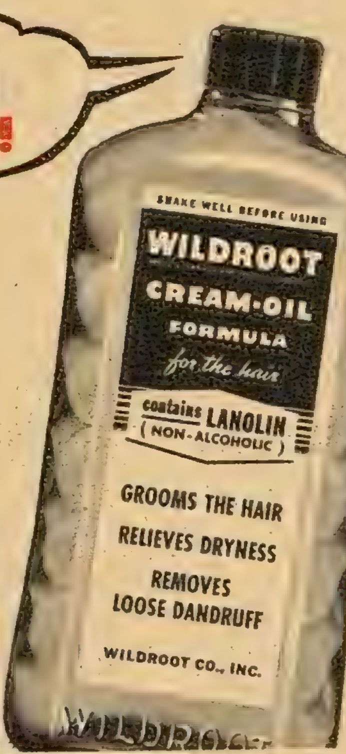

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REVOLT IN THE PROMISED LAND

Continued from Page 19

of the Hagana signal corps. Although the captain of a ship bringing "illegal" immigrants to Palestine is liable to a twelve-year imprisonment, dozens of ships have already brought Jews in this fashion from Austria, Poland, Latvia, and Lithuania to Palestine. If the police should attempt to halt this by firing on the Jews, the Hagana will return the fire. If the police attempt to follow the refugees into the villages and farms, the settlers will defend them. But at no time will the Hagana take offensive action. If, for example, a sizable Hagana force should come upon a British encampment, it will not attack, even though the British troops may be the very soldiers the Hagana expects to encounter later that night at a landing fracas.

At this point the British report anticipates that Palmach units will launch a series of sporadic raids on arms depots for additional rifles and ammunition, and make night attacks to sabotage government machinery and dislocate government communications within Palestine and between British headquarters in Jerusalem and British G. H. Q. in Cairo. The Palmach may well harass the British to a point of desperation. The word Palmach is a contraction of a Hebrew phrase, *plugath machatz*, meaning "troops that pierce," and its nucleus is made up of experts in commando fighting. Members of the late General Orde Wingate's famed Special Night Squads, whom he organized to fight Arab terrorists during the Palestine disturbances of 1936-39, are among Palmach leaders of today.

IN time, the British report anticipates, Jewish Palestine must reach a stage of virtual siege. Every village and settlement will be harboring illegal refugees, and none will surrender them without a fight. The Jews are prepared for such a siege. As these struggles continue, Jewish housewives who have practiced marksmanship—and Jewish shopkeepers, tradesmen, professional men, and even faculty members of the Hebrew University who have had their specified minimum of training—may well take up posts to defend the settlements. These settlements, as the British know, are natural forts. When they were built, the plan of construction took into account possible raids by Arabs. The British also fear the Hagana may kidnap British officials and hold them as hostages to prevent execution of its own captured leaders.

The Jews know they cannot stand up to the might of Britain; but they are confident they can make it impossible for the British to carry out their current policy without permanent recourse to force. The Jews are prepared to force the British to use that force. And the British report accepts this fact.

What is behind this state of mind of the Jews of Palestine?

Hagana is the Hebrew word for "defense." The organization, founded by Jewish settlers at the turn of the century who had to protect themselves against Bedouin raiders, has grown through the years. The need for self-defense has been demonstrated time and again. After General Allenby captured Jerusalem in 1917, the Jews turned in most of their arms to the British; law and order had become the responsibility of the British. But in 1920 and 1921, Arab riots broke out, and the British had to arm the Jews—however inadequately—by giving them shotguns. Such arms had to be kept under lock and key in each village, with the village *muktar*, or mayor, holding the key. Hagana leaders concluded that they must be prepared to defend themselves with their own weapons rather than rely on government. From 1921 to 1929 they built up their store of "illegal" weapons.

IN 1929, without explanation, the few shotguns that had been issued to them by the British were suddenly withdrawn. The outbreak of new riots in August of that year strengthened the settlers' conviction that without their own arms—illegal or not—they would always be in danger. As a result, in the last sixteen years guns have been imported from every European country. In 1935 British police discovered several hundred rifles hidden in barrels of Belgian cement. In addition, the Jews bought much from the Arabs, who had been heavily armed by the British in World War I. In World War II the Middle East was one giant arsenal, and at El Alamein thousands of rifles were left behind in the changing fortunes of war.

Today the Jews of Palestine see themselves faced with a terrible dilemma. The Balfour Declaration and the Mandate for Palestine promised that Jews would be encouraged to settle in Palestine. The Palestine Jews maintain that the British White Paper issued by the Chamberlain government in 1939 deliberately reverses that promise, first, by placing a final limit on the number of Jews permitted to enter Palestine, thus making them a permanent and decreasing minority; and second, by placing 95 per cent of Palestine out of bounds so far as purchase of land by Jews is concerned.

It is this, they say, that is a death sentence to them. They point out that on the basis of internationally recognized agreements, more than 500,000 Jews have come to Palestine in the last twenty-five years. That process, they maintain, is not reversible; and to make Palestine an Arab state, as the Arab League demands, means ultimately to liquidate the entire Jewish community there. They have seen what happened to the Jewries of Europe; and now, with the war over, they have seen riots against Jews in Egypt and in Argentina. In Palestine, they assert, they will not submit to a similar fate without fighting back, and they insist that such must be their fate if they remain a minority there.

Thus they must have continued Jewish immigration; they will fight back with arms, if they must, against any attempt to prevent that immigration; and if arms are illicit in Palestine, they still have no choice but to obtain them and manufacture them. And though they do not wish to fight the British—they point out that nearly 30,000 Palestine Jews fought in the British ranks in World War II—yet, if British troops prevent refugees entering Palestine, they are convinced they have no choice but to insist, by any means possible, upon helping those Jews into the country. They consider this their basic defense against ultimate annihilation in Palestine.

THIS state of mind—the sense of standing with one's back against the wall against a world of enemies—is evident to anyone who visits the country. Self-defense has become part of the unwritten code of Jewish life in Palestine, and even religious leaders accept it on the ground of self-preservation. They would prefer to redeem the Promised Land with rake and plow and hoe alone, you are told, but if it must be done with hoe and sword, then that is the way it must be. It is the code of a community that feels it has been betrayed by everyone and, having appealed in vain for help, is now prepared to depend upon itself.

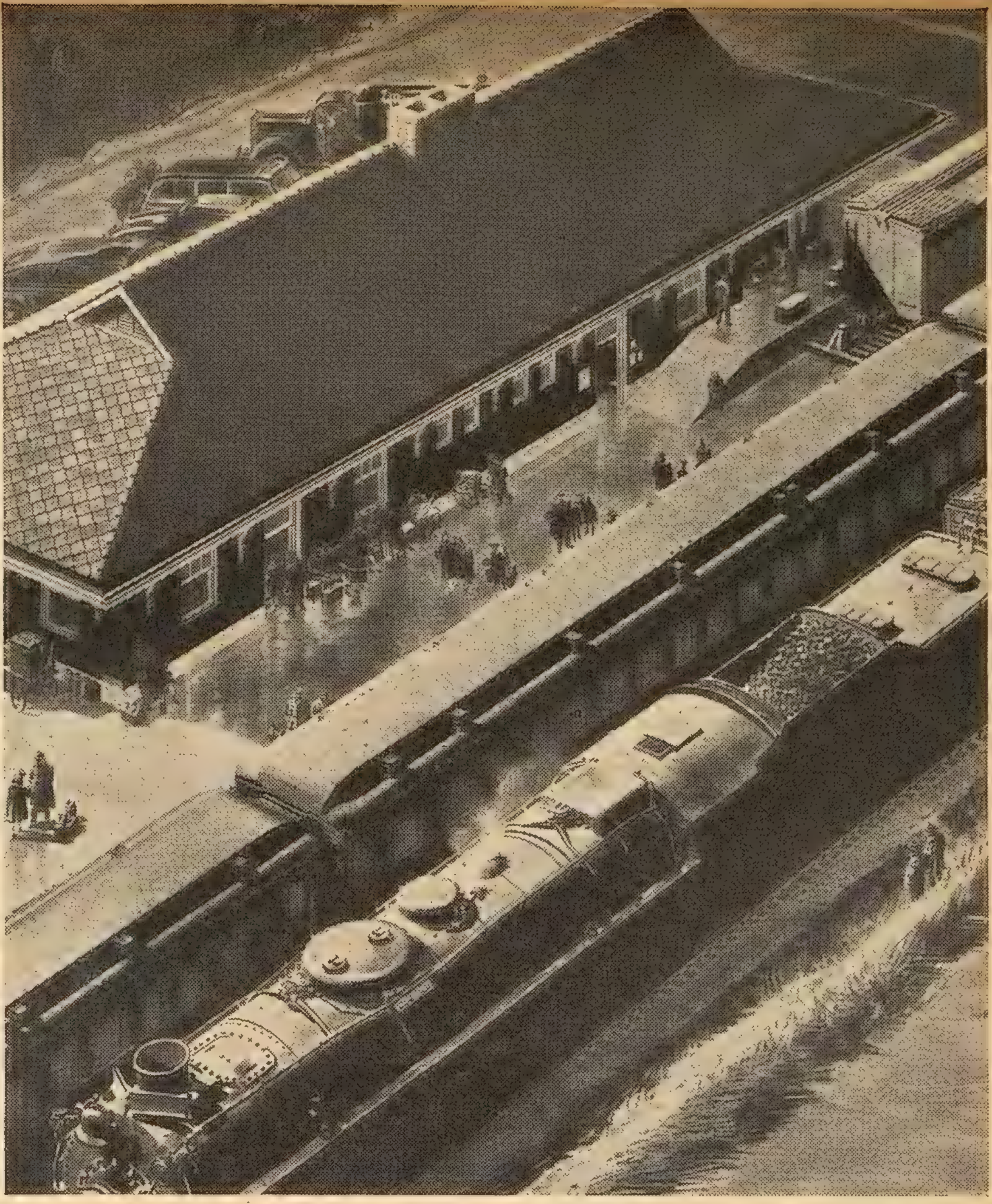
Perhaps the statement of the tiny Yagur Jewish colony in northern Palestine, made to the Haifa police who demanded the surrender of Jewish refugees, sums up the Jewish point of view in troubled Palestine:

"We declare that we shall never accept nor submit to the illegal, immoral, inhuman White Paper laws which racially discriminate against our people and its rights in this land. We shall never surrender our immigrants to the police, but will always assist them, in every way, to enter their homeland, to live here as free men, since they are our flesh-and-blood brethren.

"We will not surrender, either, the people who assisted the refugees to escape from concentration camps in Palestine, since all of us, young and old, and hundreds of Jews from neighboring settlements and towns are ready to help. We will not rest nor seek repose until the White Paper is removed and until our National Home is established in Palestine and we can live as a free, healthy, Jewish nation, like all landed people."

The British military report does not go into the fifth stage of revolt in Palestine. That must remain a tragic question mark.

THE END



HEADQUARTERS FOR TRANSPORTATION VALUES

HERE'S SOMETHING to remember when you are checking the prices you pay for things *now* with the prices you used to pay . . .

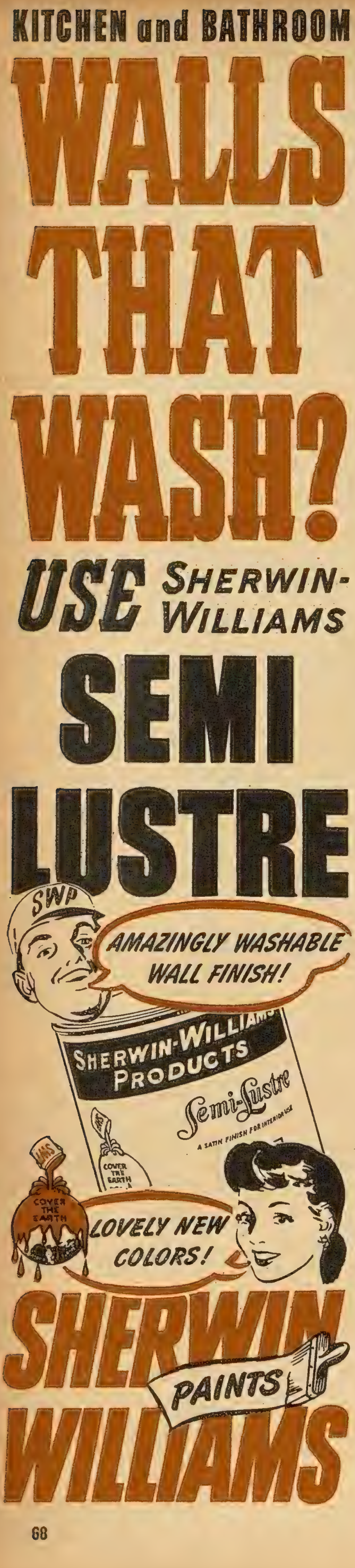
The general level of railroad freight charges today is no higher than it was before the war.

This prewar level has been maintained in the face of the fact that the prices of nearly everything for which railroads *pay out* money—wages, materials and supplies, taxes—have gone up, just as the prices *you* now pay for things you buy have gone up.

But the price at which the service is sold is not the only important part of the railroads' value to this nation. The adequacy and dependability of rail service are an even greater value.

It was to its railroads that the nation turned in the emergency of war to haul 90 per cent of all the war freight, 97 per cent of military travel. And, for the future, it is upon these twin values of the rail system — top-notch service at rock-bottom cost — that the nation will rely.

AMERICAN RAILROADS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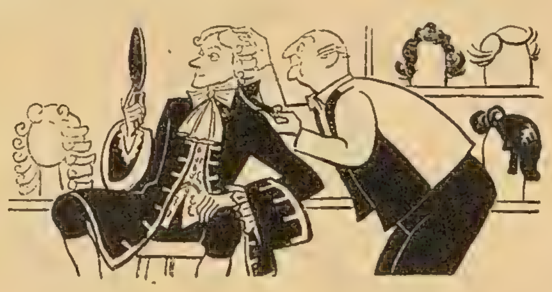
Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON: Eddie Senz, whose glamorizing studio is at 48 East Fifty-second Street, New York, comes naturally by his ability to make the most of any female face. His seventy-five-year-old father has been "wig man" for the Metropolitan Opera for forty-five years. He plans, orders, and fits the singers' wigs, keeping them in condition, packing them for touring, and seeing that they are properly boxed and labeled. When an opera gets under way, Papa Adolph Senz retires to his room in the Met, turns on his radio, and keeps tabs on the opera. Son Eddie's theory of "face spacing" has made raving beauties out of many mediocre maps. Face spacing could be called face saving, for that's exactly what it does. Hair, eyebrows, and mouth are the fundamentals with which he works in order to "respace" a face more attractively and give a more glamorous optical illusion than would be possible with mere make-up. For example, he can make a large nose appear smaller by plucking and pulling the eyebrows back, instead of letting them point like thick dark arrows at the schnozzola. By giving the mouth a horizontal line with lipstick, instead of making it curve up, Cupid's-bow fashion, he also directs attention *away* from an oversized proboscis. It's no wonder many women visit Eddie before sitting for their photographs. So successful has he been with face shaping, he is called in to design and execute unusual make-ups for Metropolitan opera stars.

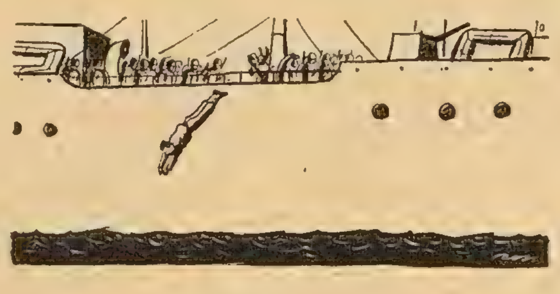


PIN-UP GIRL: Though brought up to scorn sloppiness and procrastination, with daily doses of "anything worth doing is worth doing well," it isn't hard for me to make out a good case for laziness. A safety pin instead of the proper stitch in time would have made my virtuous grandmothers shudder, but I've frequently found safety pins superior to the needle. For one thing, they relieve emotional stress and help avoid crises—a substantial pin, just the right size, may keep Momma from flying off the handle at innocent bystanders when a button or belt gives way as she is hurrying to get ready for church. What's more, I've noticed on occasion that when a shoulder pad leaves its moorings while I am at a cocktail party far from home and sewing kit, a safety pin not only lashes the wanderer back to the right seam, but effects a smoother fit than did the original stitching.

LINES TO WELL-WISHERS IN FAVOR OF EARLY ERUDITION

There'll be plenty of school in the
years to come,
And little Tarzan is far from dumb,
So that's the reason it seems to me
He needn't start at the age of three.

LOVE IN BLOOM: The lovesick husband who jumped ship, planning to swim five miles through icy water to his wife and baby in England, is in a class by himself. But Joseph Miller is no slouch at romance either. According to Charles McGonegal, American Legion field secretary, Mr. Miller, a war amputee, met a blonde nearly six feet tall who so intrigued him that he got a special set of legs to make himself taller. Wanting to continue his work as a professional skier, Mr. Miller got still another set for work, because the longer ones didn't balance properly. . . . Dominick Casciari, twenty-two-year-old paratrooper from New Canaan, Connecticut, is another of Cupid's foremost advocates. Stationed at Nottingham, England, in July, 1944, he met sixteen-year-old Rita Blankley, and saw her again last March in an English hospital where he was recovering from wounds suffered in Germany. After returning to the United States and receiving his discharge, he flew back to England with "purpose matrimony" on his passport. Rita's father gave his consent, and Rita promptly started wearing the diamond engagement ring Dominick brought with him. He also carried along a wedding ring, a pair of nylons, and two tickets to the States.



JAPANESE HOLLYWOOD

Continued from Page 21

herd on every production from origination of the story idea to the finished film.

At first the studios were too stunned by this sudden burst of free air to move. As Conde said, "They had been lying so long, they didn't know how to act." Soon, however, they caught on and started forward like a slop-tossed schooner hit by a blow.

Today large production schedules have been laid out, taking in a scope of themes unknown before—democracy, the real history of Japan, the war guilt of Japanese leaders, the importance of the common man. Temporary reconstruction of the smashed theaters is under way and, in the case of Toho, is expected to be completed by April. American pictures, meanwhile, are warmly welcomed. Already being distributed, they mean revenue for the native industry, which, as in America, controls most of the outlets, and they are needed to supplement the Japanese output, inadequate to meet the demand. Besides, even greater popularity of U. S. films is expected now that the Yanks didn't turn out to be head-hunting ogres.

JAPAN'S movie moguls hope also that this demand will attract American capital, to expand and modernize the industry, which is still back in the days when sound pictures were "talkies," a term it still uses. Studio floors are of bare earth. Equipment, mostly U. S. made, is antique and battered. Technicolor is unknown except as something they would like to find out about, along with all the other innovations evolved in America since Pearl Harbor.

Susceptibility to the Hollywood influence and admiration of its methods and people are evident throughout Japan's studios. Many of their executives and artists have either visited or worked in Hollywood. At Toho, at the edge of Tokyo, an affable little character named Jack Abe, who is a director and had just finished something called Sunshine of My Heart, spoke wistfully of the fourteen years he had spent there as actor, writer, and producer for M-G-M. It was Olive Thomas who fastened the name "Jack" on him, and he learned screen writing from Gouverneur Morris.

Wearing a fair facsimile of an accepted Hollywood get-up—light gray slacks with a pin-stripe-check, brown tweed sports jacket, with shoes and hat to match—he asked especially about "my best friend, Frank Borzage." He told of having known David Torrence and of having worked in pictures with Percy Marmont, both stars of the last generation. He recalled that it was he who gave Anna Mae Wong her first break. He also asked, "Is C. B. [De Mille] still around?"

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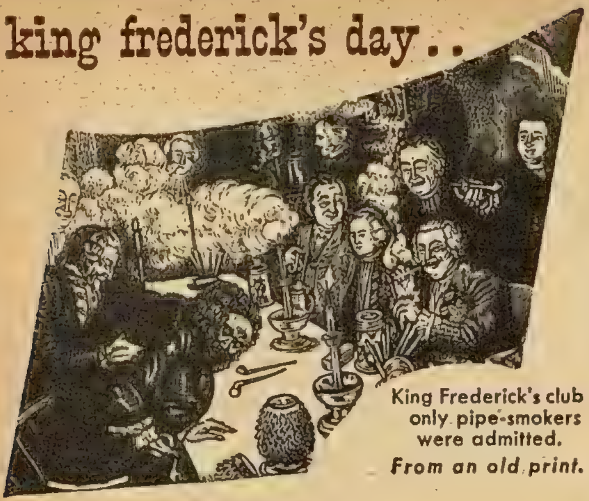
pipe-smoking in king frederick's day..


King Frederick's club only pipe-smokers were admitted.
From an old print.

..but then not even a king could have an

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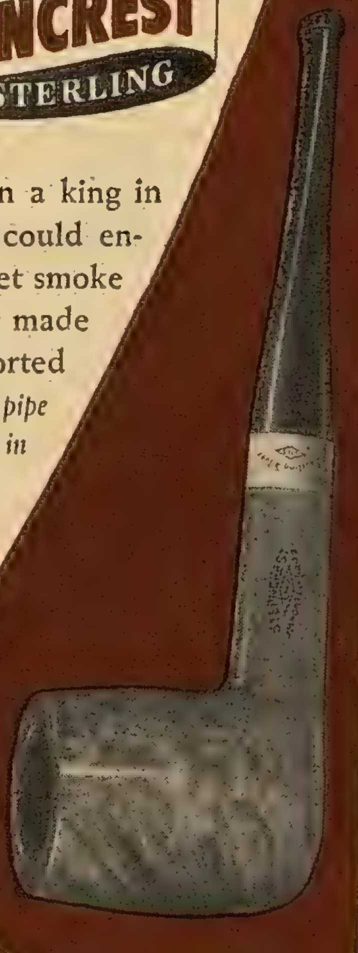

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The boss of the studio, Koji Ichikawa, had visited Hollywood several times and could call the landmarks at Hollywood and Vine.

A Toho star, Miss Hideko Takamine, a sprightly beauty with flowing ebony hair, dressed in sports skirt, sweater, and bobby socks, is the Shirley Temple of her country. Now twenty-one, Miss Takamine is grown up, as Shirley is, and she started at six, after winning a contest. She remembered her American favorites as Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, and Myrna Loy. No male star impressed her enough to stick in her mind after five years. She is studying English in the hope some day of going to California.

While a P-38 capered overhead, two other Toho stars, the Misses Hisake Yamane and Setsuko Hara, in slacks and jackets, posed for pictures but were less amenable to conversation. When the picture-taking was over, Miss Hara left in a hurry. Coming back later, she held a handkerchief to her face and broke into a run. In Hollywood, where any reporter, from the Veterinarians' Quarterly on up, is received with trumpet calls, such behavior would be considered highly exceptional.

The Japanese studios maintain publicity departments, but they lack the spirit of the Hollywood brand. Toho used to have ten "flacks" at the studios and thirty at the main office downtown on the Ginza. The average flack gets 200 to 300 yen a month. His work has none of the conjurer's art, as in Hollywood. He quietly places nude little paid announcements in the newspapers and arranges advertising tie-ins with other products. That is about all. He doesn't know the words "stupendous" and "colossal." Mr. Ichikawa said the Japanese don't go for that, which may explain their limp response to the propaganda stuff.

A new film is shown four or five times before its general release. First the newsmen see it, in a sedate atmosphere free of favorably prejudicial lubricants. Next come the critics, who get the same treatment. A third showing is held for the people whose profession the story may concern, as, for example, doctors, if the picture has to do with medicine. Next is the première, attended only by specially invited guests and members of the cast, who carry autographed portraits of themselves for those requesting them. Finally, the bars are let down to the public.

Toho was shooting on a piece called Cypress Stage. In Japan the finest stages are of cypress wood, and when a performer reaches that eminence, he is at the top—he has hit Broadway. So this was about an actor who had arrived.

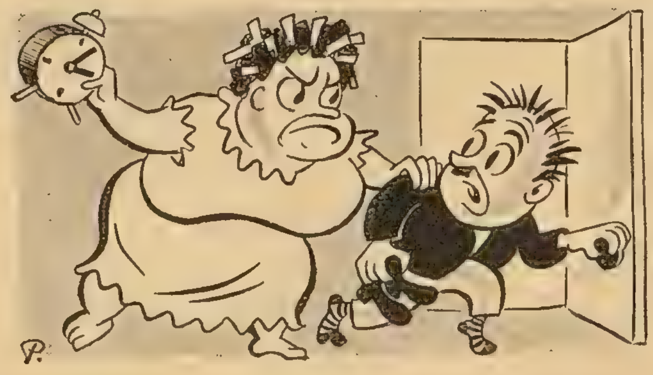
Co-starring were the Clark Gable and Bette Davis of Japan, Kazuo Hasegawa and Isuzo Yamada. Although both come from old stage families, Japan has talent scouts just as Hollywood does.

Another familiar touch: Miss Yamada had been divorced from the late Toho star, Ichiro Tsukida, and it was asked that her marriage not be emphasized, for this tended to disillusion her fans.

JACK ABE said Japanese film folk have considerable marital trouble. "They're too petted and pampered," he guessed. "I guess it's the same all over the country [world]."

Movie divorce news was widely read before the war. Incidentally, Japanese divorce laws are rigged pretty sternly against the wife. She can't get a divorce if her husband objects, while he can have one simply by asking for it. No grounds are needed.

On a movie set in Japan one hears such English words as cut, O.K.,



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

KNOCKTURNE: Evening rap.

FINSPIRATION: The desire to spawn.

GRRRRRATITUDE: Thanks from a tiger.

TALK-XEDO: Evening clothes for a speaker.

METERNITY: Always having babies.

SUPPONNA: Long ago, as in "one supponna time."

COO-RIER: A homing pigeon.

MEMO-RANDOM: Any old note.

ADHEAR: To stick to your radio.

ROVERCOAT: Sweater for a dog.

stop, start, test, make-up. This is because the English words are more convenient than the longer Japanese equivalents. The word for cut, as a case in point, is *tomeru*—three syllables instead of one.

This mileage difference in the two languages is one reason the Japanese prefer American pictures: they move faster. The Japs prefer them over their own even before their own language is dubbed in, because they can follow the action without it.

THE favorite theme is romance, and this is another reason for the popularity of American films. And though the Japanese moral code precludes showing anything racier than a swain proffering his love a flower from a safe ten feet in a cow pasture, the Japanese prefer the style as well as the quantity of romance in American pictures. Nor do they object to the occasional scantiness of costume in the California product, forbidden in their own films.

Banned during the war, romance is back before Japanese cameras. The Shochiku studios, at Ofuna, were finishing a romantic comedy to be entitled either Bride from Heaven, or Wanted, a Bride for My Old Papa. Tatsuo Saito, who played the father, thought the second title would be better. This was a "semi" or B picture. It would be cut, scored, and ready to preview four days after shooting stopped.

An H. B. Warner type in a dark brown kimono, Saito had played several years in Singapore and spoke some English. He explained the story. It concerned a widower with a son and daughter, both of whom wanted to fly the coop and get married. But they hadn't the heart to leave the old man all alone. They try to interest him in remarriage, but he is too devoted to the memory of his late wife. Torn between devotion to her and to the happiness of his two children, the old boy conveniently has a dream in which he visits his wife in heaven and she gives him the green light to take a successor.

Between camera set-ups, Saito sat on a backless picnic bench with lesser players. There are no private chairs or dressing rooms for Japanese stars. Neither do they have stand-ins — can't afford them. The pay scale ranges from 180 yen a month for the average player, to 5,000 yen a month for some ten or fifteen stars who constitute the top bracket. Five thousand yen is $333 at the present rate of exchange. Some movie directors often receive as little as forty yen (about $2.60) weekly.

In addition to these fixed salaries, the player gets a bonus twice a year and at the completion of each picture. This bonus varies from three to ten times his fixed income, according to his "diligence" and bargaining ability.

Ordinary extras get five yen a day; dress extras and bit players, fifteen; with double time for overtime. The day is from nine to six, with a half hour for lunch.

Financially, the stage actor, especially in classical dramas, which run three to four hours, with only one performance a day, except for a matinee on Sunday, does far better than his movie counterpart, getting as high as 50,000 yen for a single standard run of twenty-five days.

Incomes being what they are, few Japanese screen players own their own homes; and private swimming pools are merely an American legend. Temperament is another commodity scarce among Japanese.

On the studios' side of the fiscal picture, the business nets 10,000,000 yen a year. During the war, production costs rose from an average of 100,000 yen a picture to between 600,000 and 800,000, so that while theaters were growing fewer under the B-29s, and the story material staler, it was necessary at the same time to get a bigger return from each release than normally to break even. The average cost of a picture now is around 300,000 yen, Super spectacles of the De Mille kind, costing 1,000,000 yen, are rare.

As Saito talked, Fumiko Okamura, whom he compared to Marie Dressler, struggled through a scene that required her to ride a bicycle. She couldn't ride the bike except by faking, and she fluffed her lines, as do the best in Hollywood. Director Kosho Nomura put her through the routine six times before he called "O.K." from his bamboo chair. The assistant director, as usual, made most of the noise. There are no producers on Japanese pictures. Further delay was occasioned by American airplanes groaning in power dives.

Saito asked about Paul Muni. "I like him best." He recalled the life of Louis Pasteur as Muni had portrayed it, and he was now looking forward to seeing The Corn Is Green. Asking about new names in Hollywood, he mentioned that he had heard Frank Sinatra on the radio. "But I like Bing's voice best. He sings more emotionally." He had read Gone with the Wind which, in Japanese, filled three large volumes.

Saito complained that Japanese pictures aim only at the young. "The industry—how to say?—calculates profits ahead of quality." Talent or the story means nothing. The face is the thing. "When young girl ask, 'Mr. Saito, what actor you like best?' and I say, 'Paul Muni,' she say, 'Why you like face like that?' If you have space, please express my respects to Mr. Paul Muni and to Mr. Walter Huston."

He wondered if U. S. business men would help to develop the Japanese industry. He ventured that the movies, properly matured and used, could be a great force in educating his people to the meaning of Japan's new life.

G.H.Q. has that in mind.

THE END

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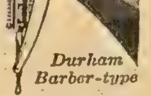


DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. N, MYSTIC, CONN.

POOR LITTLE BIG GUYS

Continued from Page 25

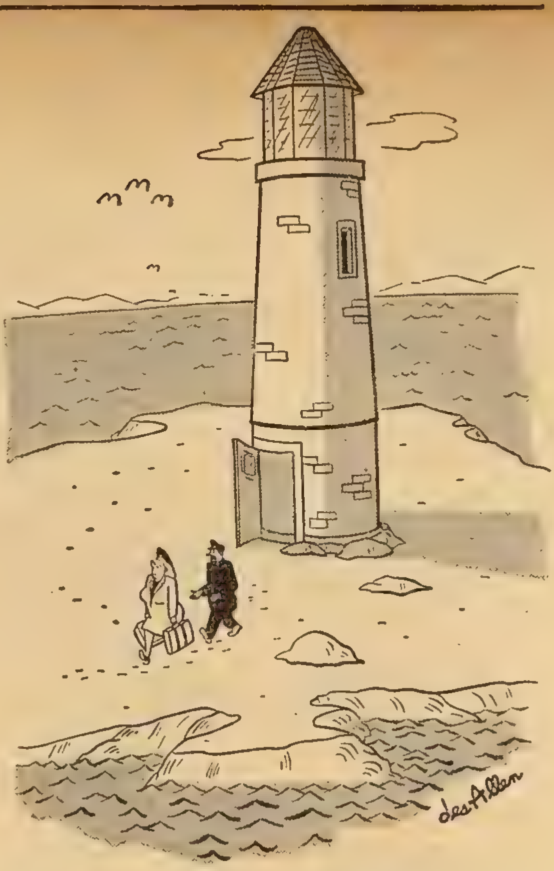
could have been clinched by recruiting pick-ups from the track team.

An interesting tip-off on America's basketball supremacy was given in Kaunas, the capital of Lithuania, a most improbable locale. After the Olympics, Frank Lubin, one of our stars, went to Kaunas to visit his grandparents. Lubin, an eye-filling spectacle at six feet seven, was beseeched by the basket-ball crazy natives to demonstrate American tactics on the court. He was in Kaunas only two weeks, but he did such a good job of catch-as-catch-can coaching that nine months later Lithuania, which had not even entered a basketball team in the Olympics, swept through the European championship tournament held at Riga without the loss of a game.

THE Japanese proposal, discriminatory as it was against our fine upstanding youths, directly was responsible for a wave of equally unfair legislation in this country artfully designed to limit the depredations of the big guys. The center jump was eliminated after a field or foul goal had been scored, perhaps the most drastic rules change ever made in an established major sport. For the benefit of those who came in late, until 1937 the ball was put into play after a score by a center jump, as is customary now at the start of each half. In cases of extreme disparity in the height of opposing centers, the team with the smaller man had as much chance of gaining possession of the ball often enough to win as you have of making one million dollars before sundown. The lawgivers thought the emphasis on height could be curbed by giving the ball to the team which had just yielded a goal. That's what they thought.

Another good change in the rules aimed at the increasing crop of giants was the one prohibiting a player from remaining in the "keyhole," or foul lane, more than three seconds. It was passed to nullify a play, called in various parts of the country the pivot, bucket, or slot play, that was reducing the pattern of the game to a stereotyped formula stressing big men. Called by any name, it still is the most devastating scoring stratagem ever devised. Conceived accidentally by Dutch Dehnert of the original Celtics, the pivot is worked with a tall man standing near the foul line with his back to the basket. From that position he can receive passes, whirl, leap, and take a one-handed pot shot at the near-by basket, and if the defending player is not as tall as he, the play is virtually unstoppable. The hipper-dipper was so successful that some coaches methodically planted their tallest player in the keyhole and predicated their entire offenses upon variations of one maneuver. By limiting to three seconds the time a player could hang around the basket, the legislators did much to open up the game and restrict an unimaginative piece of business that gave spectators the screaming meamies from boredom.

The last important change was made only last year when a player was forbidden to touch the ball after it started its downward flight during a try for a field goal. It was a necessary rule to circumvent outsized oafs who casually stopped shots as though they were plucking grapes off the vine.



"Don't try to spare me, Florence—Is it another man?"

LIBERTY

THOSE revisions were imperative if basketball was to retain its essential character of a team game featured by spontaneous, swiftly changing patterns of play. Without such changes, the game would degenerate to the point where coaches would scout circuses and side shows for their talent—or the other way around.

Granting the necessity for provisions aimed specifically at big guys, it can be argued that such measures are violations of sporting principles and, as such, are a dirty shame. They impose unfair restrictions on long-suffering poor little big guys whose only crime is that capricious Nature was looking out the window when they reached normal height.

These inoffensive kids must endure incredulous stares and tired, bad gags ("How's the air up there?"). They go through life embarrassed and inhibited by beds, clothes, leg room, and girls too small for them. They bump their heads on doorways designed for midgets. They are clay pigeons for the ribald remarks that injure a sensitive kid's ego. And when they finally find a game suited to them, spoilsports spend their waking hours making things tougher for them.

In no other sport than basketball

is an athlete penalized for possessing unusual physical qualities. If there were a heavyweight who punched hard enough to stun a horse with one blow, he would not be asked to go into the ring with his business fist tied behind his back out of compassion for the muscular meatball of the second part.

Continuing on a brief flight of fantasy, suppose a football player, a pup out of Paul Bunyan weighing 400 pounds and capable of running 100 yards in nine seconds flat, should appear. Sure, he'd turn the game downside up, but the rules would not be rewritten to cramp his style. Babe Ruth revolutionized the strategy of baseball with his slugging, yet there never was a rule that said Ruth had to swing for the fences in left, rather than right field—the direction of his power. Even horses are treated with more consideration than the poor little big guys of basketball. Man o' War, Whirlaway, and Count Fleet were much too good for the other beasts of their time, but they were not forced to run on three legs to give the other animals a chance.

THE trouble is, again, that these tall towers who walk like men must be restricted or they will make a shambles of the game of basketball. Deep thinkers have been devoting themselves for the last decade to schemes that will reduce the emphasis on height while at the same time imposing no inequalities before the law on large loogans.

Phog Allen, the articulate and artful Kansas coach, has been agitating for raising the baskets from ten to twelve feet to put an end to the nonsense of big men dunking the ball through the hoop and tapping in rebounds off the backboards. The suggestion has merit. It was purely accidental that the baskets originally were suspended ten feet. The running track circling the gym at the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y.M.C.A. where the late Dr. James A. Naismith invented basketball in 1891 happened to be ten feet above the floor, and the peach baskets first used for goals were attached to it for want of a better support.

Raising the baskets would do much to knock out cheap field goals only elongated players can score, but it would not solve the basic problem. Tall men are useful pests more for their monopolized control of missed shots caroming off the backboard than for the actual points they score. The backboard is the villain in the piece responsible for the sloppy, harum-scarum basketball that gives purists the horrors. Not so long ago teams worked the ball into scoring position with deft handling, intricate passing, and adroit jockeying leading up to a precise climactic shot.

Such tactics now go for the indiscriminating Mr. Sweeney when a team has a man who towers over the opposition. It's a waste of time and effort to go through that elaborate hocus-pocus when the ball can be heaved off the ear in the general direction of the basket and your big guy underneath the hoop can retrieve the rebound. Bad, crazy shots no longer penalize a team by costing it possession of the ball. If a wild heave doesn't connect, it still can be turned into an advantage with height on your side.

To pose another analogy, football would present an equally screwy set-up if all forward passes inside the twenty-yard line were ruled completed, whether or not the ball was caught. The game would be ridiculous. You'd see long, absurd passes pitched all day to get the ball into the scoring zone. Yet the backboard in basketball encourages the same sort of nonsense.

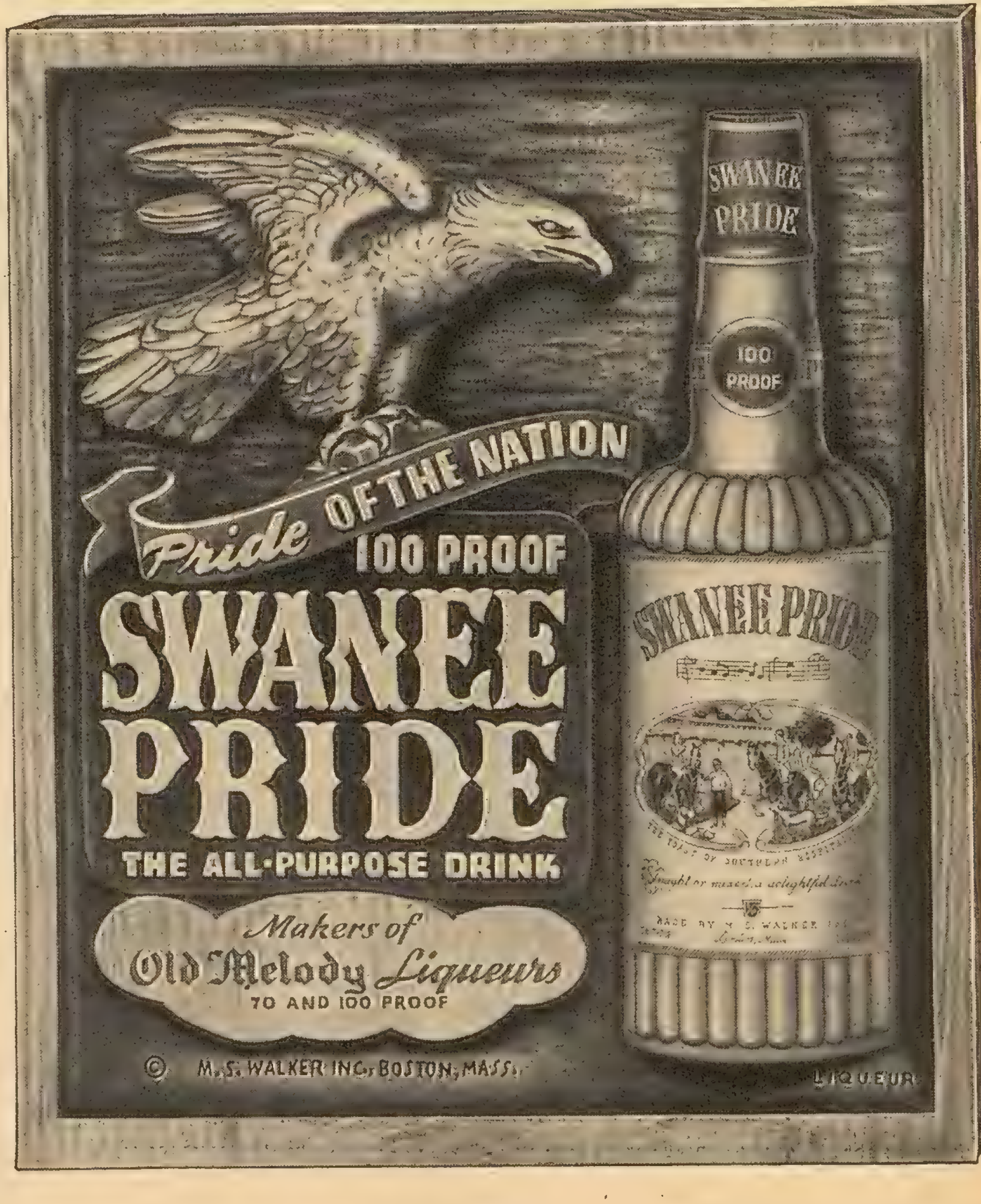
What's the answer? Paul Mooney, Columbia coach, believes he has it and you'll be hearing about it now that he is out of the Navy. His solution is as simple as it is obvious: Take away the backboards.

Before the younger generation hollers blue murder, it should be explained that the old-time professionals played without backboards —and played the game better than it has been played since. Open baskets—that is, without backboards—would reduce scoring, to be sure. Might be a good thing. Everyone likes fast action, but a bright idea can be abused by too much stress. Goals now come so quickly and haphazardly that a field goal often carries little dramatic impact. The reduction in points would not be as drastic as the uninitiated believe. Coaches who have had experience with open baskets agree that scores would be no more than 25 per cent lower. Most good players ignore the backboard anyway in shooting for field goals. They draw a bead on the front rim of the basket and try to loop the ball over it.

REMOVING the backboards certainly will eliminate crazy shots. With nothing to stop it, the ball will sail out of bounds and revert to possession of the other side. With no rebounds off the backboards, the temptation to use colossal clowns only for their height will be squelched. Well-executed plays and accurate shots alone will earn field goals. The element of luck will be cut to the irreducible minimum; the better, not the bigger, team will win. There will be a place in basketball for men who are good and big—but they'll have to be good to earn their points the hard way. It no longer will be possible to bang a stream of aimless shots from the pivot until one happens to click.

Mooney's proposal admittedly is radical. But it's not nearly as drastic as the only alternative left to normal-sized players, who cannot equalize a big guy's height advantages without resorting to strenuous measures frowned upon by the law and antivivisection societies.

THE END



Continued from Page 37

clipped cool voice she had tried to imitate: "Too utterly young; too utterly dull." "That's sweet of you, Hope. Yes, of course we ought to, one of these days. But I know you must be busy." I am busy, she meant, and I don't much want to see you anyway.

Hope caught the note of vagueness in her voice. She thought, I won't have any excuse to call again. A glamorous dream of walking into the Stork Club, one of Sonny Holland's crowd, began to flicker out. What was the use of knowing Cyrilly all those years ago, being always so nice to her—Adin was the one, she remembered suddenly. She'd liked him best. "Adin and I both want so much to see you, Cyrilly."

"Adin—? Oh, yes. I read about your engagement," Cyrilly said. "Good luck to you both."

"Oh, thanks. Look, Cyrilly. Can't we all have lunch sometime?"

"But isn't Adin in the Navy?"

"Yes indeed. But he has to eat—he's only at the Navy Yard—he could get away."

"I see." Cyrilly was silent for a moment, her fingers tight around the phone, her dark eyes looking out across a garage roof in Greenwich Village. A noisy neighborhood. There was a place uptown she might have had—"no strings attached," Sonny had promised her. Still, she hadn't done badly, all things considered. A hundred and three dollars in her pocketbook when she'd reached New York six years before, a lot of homemade clothes, and a broken heart. But hearts didn't stay in that condition, luckily, and she had forgotten Adin a long time back. At least—almost forgotten. Suddenly she was smiling at the telephone. "Not lunch, but cocktails possibly?" she said. A moment later she hung up, still smiling faintly. I'll show you a thing or two, Adin Lerrigo. Just you wait.

HOPE and Adin and the extra man he had brought along saw Cyrilly come into Number One. Heads turned as she moved easily across the floor. She wore a black fur hat and carried a muff to match, and her suit was the color of Christmas holly. Lieutenant Hartshorn swallowed visibly. "Jack pot!" he said. "Am I a lucky guy or am I lucky?"

Adin was standing up. He felt a little tired all at once. He told himself that this was a dumb idea of Hope's. "How are you, Cyrilly?" he said. "It's been a long time."

"A long time," she agreed. "Hello, Hope. Nice to see you."

Hope said, "You're looking wonderful, Cyrilly. It's grand to see you. I don't know why we didn't do this ages ago." Cyrilly knew the answer to that one. Plenty of people had remembered her after her name was linked with Sonny Holland's. "This is Bill Hartshorn, Cyrilly," Hope said. "Bill, Cyrilly Gage."

And everyone was sitting down again. Adin said, "What will you drink?"

Cyrilly never drank cocktails, it seemed. She wanted ginger ale. She didn't smoke either, though all the others lighted cigarettes. Adin saw her face through a thin blue haze. His head was aching. The waiter came and went. The orchestra began a new number. "I say, would you dance with me, Miss Gage?" Bill Hartshorn asked.

"Of course."

With him first; then with Adin. But Hope was the one who had to say, "Swap partners this time."

"Yes, of course," Cyrilly said.

The music swirled. Cyrilly's pale drink stood untasted on the table. Adin's arm was stiff around her. They did not speak. When it was over, they stood still, making no move to join the other two. "When am I going to see you again?" Adin asked harshly.

"Six years from now perhaps?" she suggested with a cold sparkling smile. "That would make it 1948."

"I'll call you up," he said, ignoring this. "Some time next week."

"It won't do any good, Adin."

"Oh, yes, it will. Because you are trembling too, Cyrilly darling. It's all come back for both of us, hasn't it?"

"You couldn't be more mistaken," Cyrilly said.

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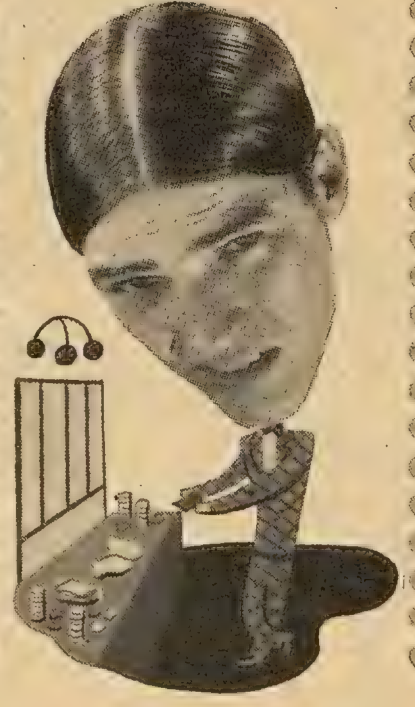

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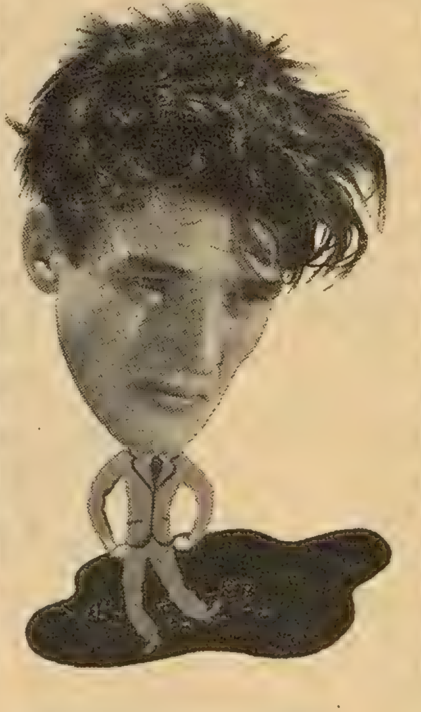

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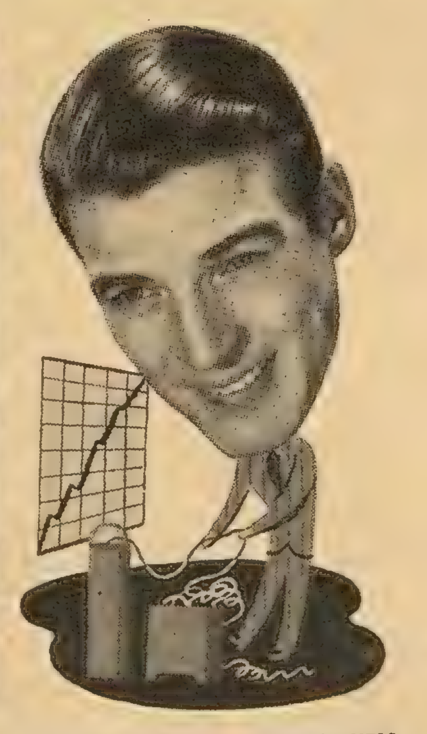

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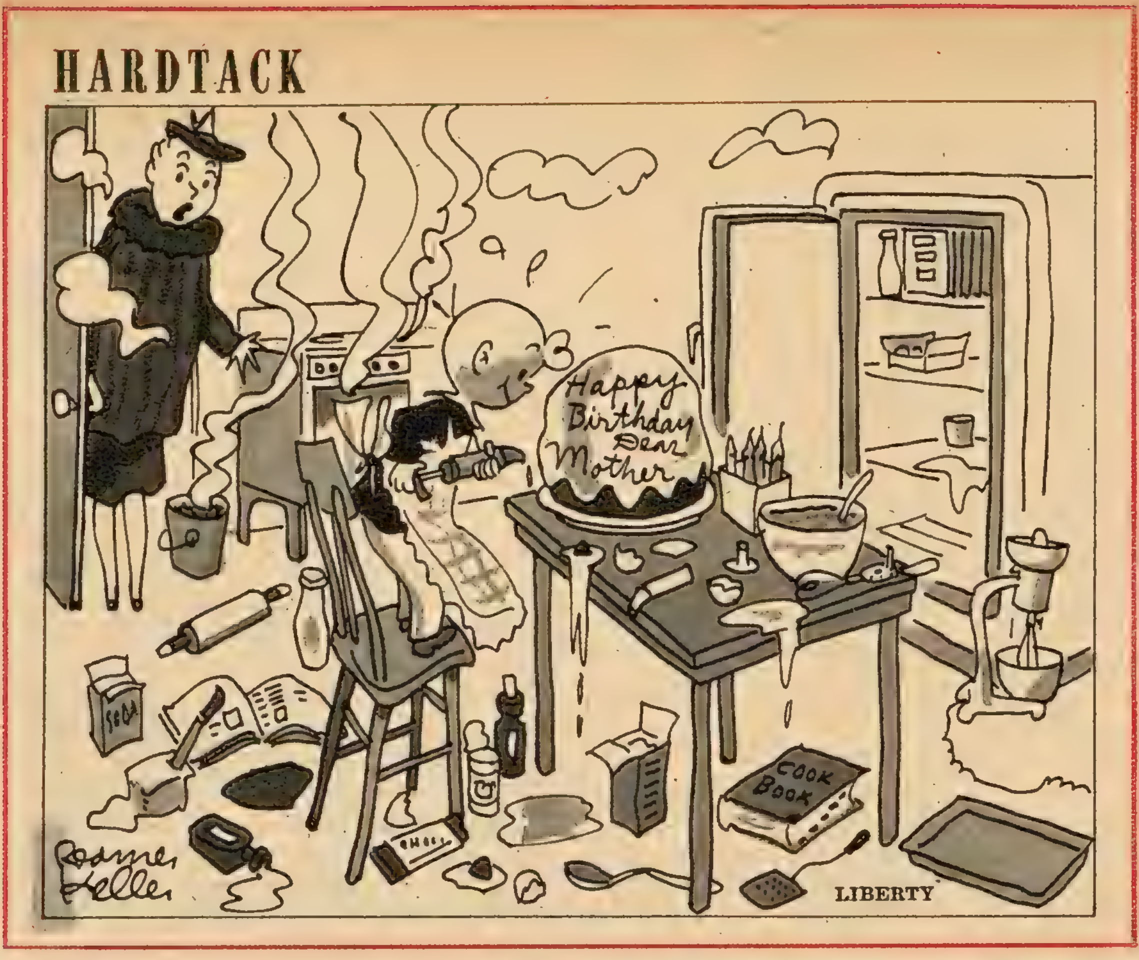

They met a few nights afterward for dinner at a Village restaurant, where they ate fish chowder and apple pie and talked about the Point in an impersonal, friendly way. It was all very nice and jolly and insincere till the coffee came. Adin pushed his cup away and leaned across the table. His hands made tight fists; his lips were bitter. "Something has to be done about us, Cyrilly," he said. "We can't go on this way."

"That's right," she said cheerfully. "At least not now. I'm ten minutes late for an appointment right this minute. 'Scuse me, please."

"Cyrilly!" he cried, but Cyrilly smiled and went.

He did not try to see her for a week. And he did not see Hope, though she called up one day and wanted him to look at an apartment. Adin said he was busy. The following week Cyrilly made two dates with him and broke them both. Then Adin went to the address in Greenwich Village. Her windows were dark and he waited stubbornly for a long time in the small grubby garden, smoking one cigarette after another. People from other apartments came and went and he could feel them look at him, but no one spoke. Cyrilly came at last in a taxicab. He heard her say, "Night, darling. See you tomorrow." Her heels were brisk on the path and up the steps; the door opened and closed. She had not seen him. Adin sat there while her third-story light came on, and not long afterward went off again. A little while after that he went away.

He called her again. "Cyrilly, have a heart. I have to see you."

She waited a moment. "All right," she said at last. "Can you get off tomorrow afternoon? Could you come to tea?"

"Right," Adin said. "Five o'clock, at the apartment?"

Cyrilly hesitated. She was looking at the studio—one-room apartment, that was what "studio" meant. Shabby and inexpensive and a walk-up. Not what she wanted, to impress Adin with her astounding elegance and success. "No," she said. "Not here, I think. I'll be uptown tomorrow afternoon." She gave him an address.

"Will there be a lot of people?" Adin asked. "I want to talk—"

"There won't be anyone but you and me."

"O. K., then. If you'll be there, Cyrilly. This isn't another run-around, is it?"

"I'll be there," Cyrilly said.

SHE broke the connection without putting down the phone, and dialed a new number. Sonny Holland's voice came sleepily over the wire. "You're up with the birds, sweetheart."

"It's almost ten o'clock," Cyrilly replied. She told him what she wanted, without changing the truth by any more than a word or two. "Some old friends—and I want to make their eyes pop."

"But of course. Borrow it any day or every day. You know why I took it in the beginning. This doesn't mean you're starting in to change your mind, does it, my sweet?"

"I'll tell you after tomorrow," Cyrilly said.

She reached the apartment early next afternoon, carrying packages. The keys were at the desk and she left a message for Adin there before the elevator took her up. There were white roses in the living room. "Don't forget whose girl you are," Sonny had written on the card. Cyrilly went into the bedroom. The glittering silver lounging pajamas were still in the closet. She had been modeling them the first time Sonny saw her, and he had bought them for

2
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her the next day, but Cyrilly had never worn them again. She would not let him give her expensive presents. "I can't, Sonny. Honestly, I can't," she'd said. And he had said, "That's the way to play it, baby. Always hold out till you get your marriage lines." The third Mrs. Holland was in Reno at that time, and Cyrilly couldn't feel mad but only sorry. Everyone was always after his money. But she was still holding out. She couldn't help it.

She changed slowly, taking great pains with her make-up, and trying her hair two or three ways before she decided to wear it high, with a rosebud over one ear. There were flat-heeled silver sandals to match the pajamas. Two mirrors caught her reflection and repeated it endlessly: a silvery ice maiden with blazing cheeks. She was fixing tea in the kitchen when Adin came.

"Quite a layout here," he said politely.

"I'm glad you like it."

"There must be a beautiful view."

"There is," she said.

HE crossed to the wide windows and their eyes met. What are you doing here? his wanted to know. And her flashing black gaze said, Is it your affair?

"How's Hope today?" she asked him suddenly.

"I'm afraid I don't know." Adin looked out. The apartment was high, looking down on Central Park. The windows were open to the soft fall dusk. A few lights showed. Trees were mostly bare. There was a pale glimmer from the lagoon. "Japanesy," he said.

"Is it? Did you ever have your trip to the Orient, Adin?"

"No," he said flatly. "No, I never did. I guess I was quite a talker in those days, wasn't I?"

"I used to like to hear you talk," she said. His Navy cap was lying on a table. Cyrilly touched it. "I suppose the war changed lots of plans," she said.

"It wasn't the war. There was time enough beforehand—time for Asia anyway, if not for Europe. I just grew up, I guess. And dad wanted me to come into the bank with him—"

"Instead of writing?"

"Writing?" he asked. "Oh, yes. Instead of that."

"I see." Cyrilly moved over to the tea table. "Sit down, won't you, Adin? Have a cigarette?"

He sat across from her, stretching out his long legs, blowing a cloud of smoke from his cigarette. "Writing. The Orient. Gosh—when I remember things like that, I haven't amounted to a hill of beans."

"There's time enough," Cyrilly said. "You're not very old. And, after all, you're in the Navy—maybe you'll see the Pacific anyhow, though of course not the way you planned."

"Not from a ship, if that's how you mean," he said. "Not with my eyes, they say. A desk in a Navy Yard somewhere—that's my glorious career."

"Well, the war won't last forever," Cyrilly said.

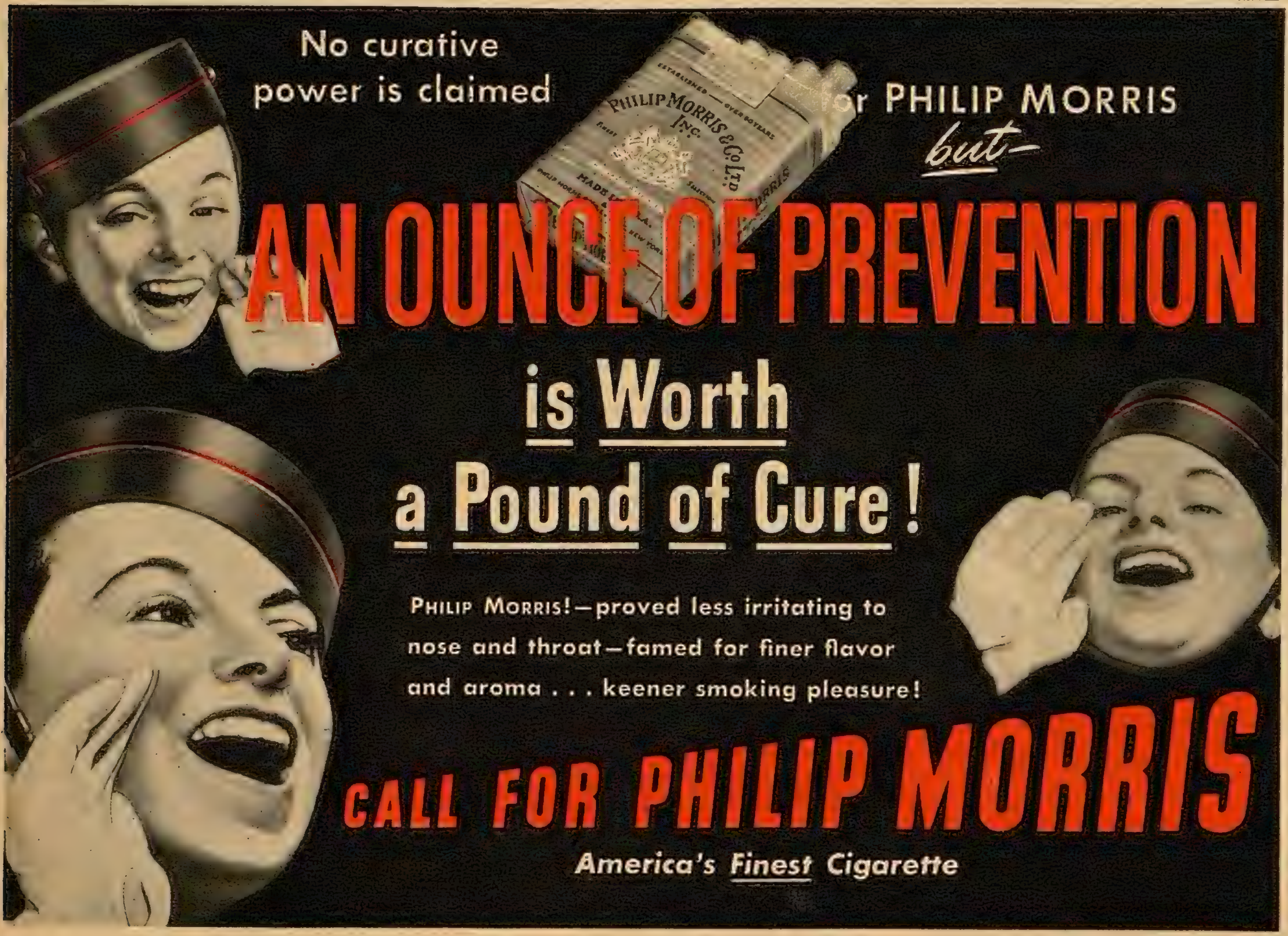
"I suppose not."

ADIN felt the grip of his old dreams again, the big plans he had had, the great ideas. How had he come to lose all that so soon? They went with her, he thought. He put his cigarette down. "Look, Cyrilly. We have to talk things out. You know—"

"Oh, let's have tea!" she said.

Color jumped in his face at that, then faded, leaving it pale. His eyes showed hurt. Her fingers shook, lighting the spirit lamp; her heart bumped painfully as she went into the kitchen for the cake on its silver plate. Nothing was turning out the way she'd planned. She couldn't be clever, sophisticated and suave. Too much of the past had come alive again. Roman candles in her heart, she used to think, and it was like that now. She brought a steaming kettle from the kitchen, hung it carefully on the little hook above the flame. Her lips were parted in a tremulous, joyful smile; reflected light turned her cold costume to fire.

Adin had found a folder of photographs. Pictures of Cyrilly in sports clothes and in furs and negligees; one in a wedding dress, and one bare-shouldered, wearing diamonds. "Advertising cold cream that time," she said with a little grin.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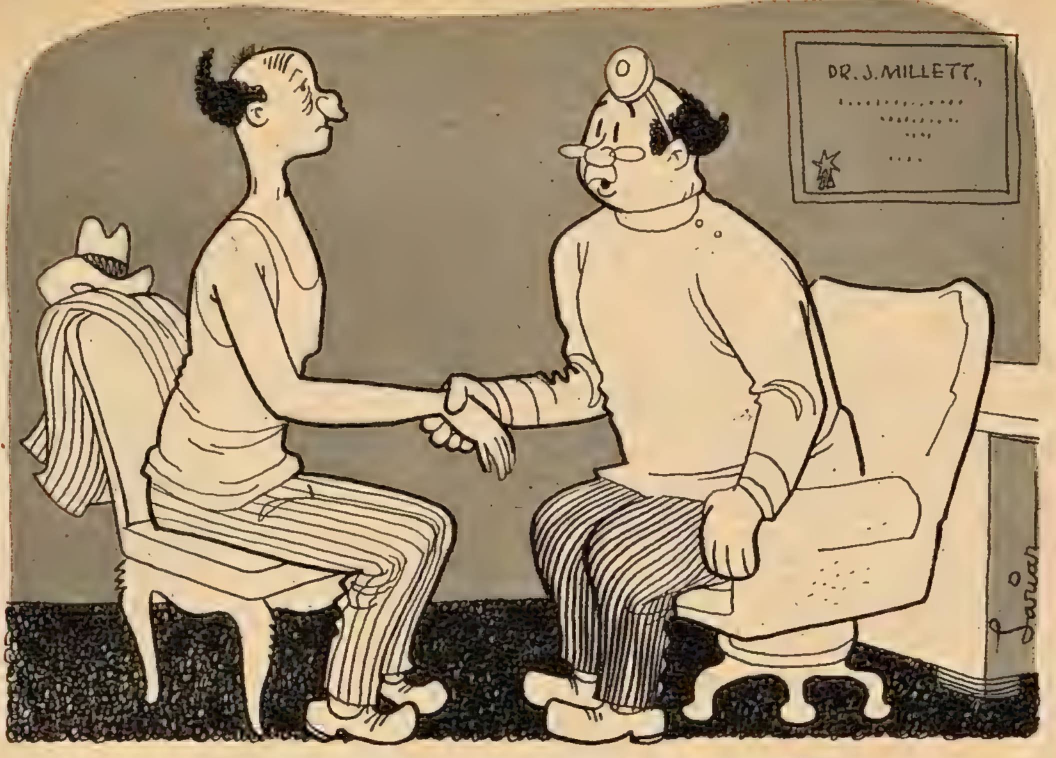


"You *are* run down. Your pulse has stopped!"

LIBERTY

"They're beautiful—I mean, you're beautiful, Cyrilly."

"Ha. You should have seen some of the early ones. I had to make up faces—dandruff, bad plumbing, stuff like that, you know."

"You've come a long way since then."

She said, a little proudly, "Yes, I guess so, in some ways. Sonny got those together for a Hollywood scout he knows—"

"Sonny Holland? Oh, yes."

"But I'm too old to get into pictures I really think. I'm twenty-three, you know. But Sonny says—"

"He seems to be a particular friend of yours," Adin broke in sharply. He had no right to be jealous, none at all. Knowing it, only made jealousy that much worse. His eyes moved round the small expensively perfect apartment. "This is really his place, I suppose?"

"Sort of," Cyrilly said, after a moment's silence. She splashed hot tea into a flowered lacquer cup. She thought: What a fool I am, and this makes twice. "One lump? None? Two? Lemon or milk?"

"I don't want tea!"

"Of course you do. That's why you were invited, don't you remember? And there's a chocolate cake, though, to be sure, I didn't make it myself."

DEEP down in Adin's mind a memory stirred, moved toward the surface, dropped out of reach again. He rubbed the cheek that had been slapped once long ago. "I'll bake a cake for you"—and then what happened? He couldn't remember, but Cyrilly knew. She had been paying off an old score all the time. The cake—the borrowed apartment—like a play or a cruel game, though she must have understood—she must have known— He stood up suddenly.

"It's been a very amusing afternoon."

"Well, that was the idea. But I've had funnier times myself, to tell you the truth." Cyrilly was standing too. "Don't let me keep you if you have—a previous engagement."

"I haven't, as it happens," Adin said. "Not any more." He took his cap from the table, looked at it, put it down again. "You see, I hoped—Look, Cyrilly. Let's part friends anyhow, can't we? Things haven't worked out for us—I mean, it was in my mind— You see, I had rather hoped to ask you to marry me sometime soon."

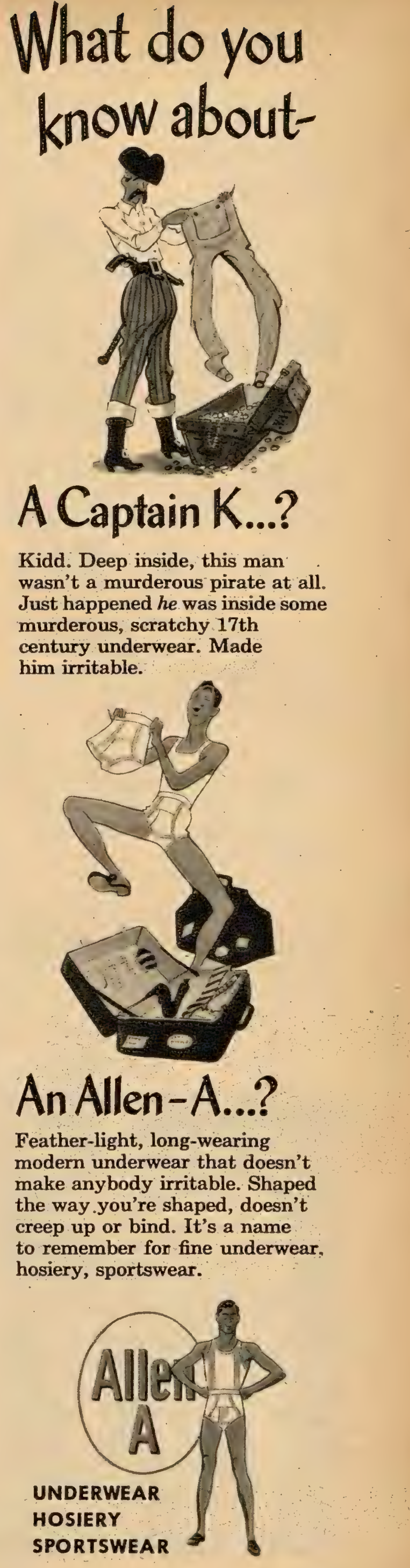
"Really!" Cyrilly exclaimed. "Is this a proposal or just a—a refusal? You don't like my surroundings?" She made a gesture taking in the small rich room. "All this is too much for you? Oh, Adin, you're the limit! You—you prig! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last— I—I— Listen! I'm going to marry Sonny, if you want to know."

"Congratulations," Adin said. "A very rich prize, I understand." He took two steps toward her and caught her hands. "Let's part even Stephen anyway. I owe you something for this afternoon." He was smiling ever so faintly, his eyes were bright, he looked very handsome in his uniform. Cyrilly lifted her face for the expected kiss, and without warning Adin slapped it hard.

"Good-by now," he said. The door closed with a decisive click.

"Darn it," Cyrilly said. "Oh, darn it, anyhow." The words were inadequate, but no one heard. She was alone in the room with the white roses and the untouched tea party, the uncut chocolate cake with a swirl of frosting like a grin right across the top of it.

SARAH GAGE wasn't sick exactly. Just old and frail and tired all the time. By September, 1945, Cyrilly had been at home, taking care of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her, more than six months. They were alone, for George had died in the winter of '43.

"Pity I can't go too, and be done with it, so's you can get back to your job," Sarah said one day.

"Now, ma, don't talk like that. Besides, I haven't any job, now the war's over."

"Oh, I don't mean making airplane parts. Never could see why you did that anyhow. Back to New York, I mean."

THAT was all over too, Cyrilly thought. There had been hundreds of new faces in three years and memories were short. She said, "I think that maybe I'll look for something to do right here in town next year."

"Well—I don't know. I always kind of thought you'd marry one of those rich fellows you knew down there."

"I never really wanted to marry any of them—not when I got right down to it," Cyrilly said with a little laugh. "I guess I'm a born old maid."

"You're a real good girl, Cyrilly," Sarah said. "You've turned out fine. And twenty-six is not as old as you think it is, maybe."

"It's old enough." Cyrilly went out to the porch for the afternoon paper. She said, "I thought I'd walk out on the Point for a little while, if you're all right."

"Certain, I'm all right. I'll read my paper. Leave me a glass of water before you go."

Cyrilly brought water from the kitchen. She got her old red jacket from the back entry. "I won't be long," she said.

"Take your time." Sarah looked up from the newspaper. "I see that Hillyer girl is finally getting married."

"You mean—Hope Hillyer?"

"That's what it says. Marrying the Lerrigo boy. She was engaged to him a long time back, isn't that so? Though I always thought that afterwards—I must have been mistaken, I suppose. They're coming down to the Point for awhile, according to this." Her attention wandered. "You look real good in pants, Cyrilly, I declare."

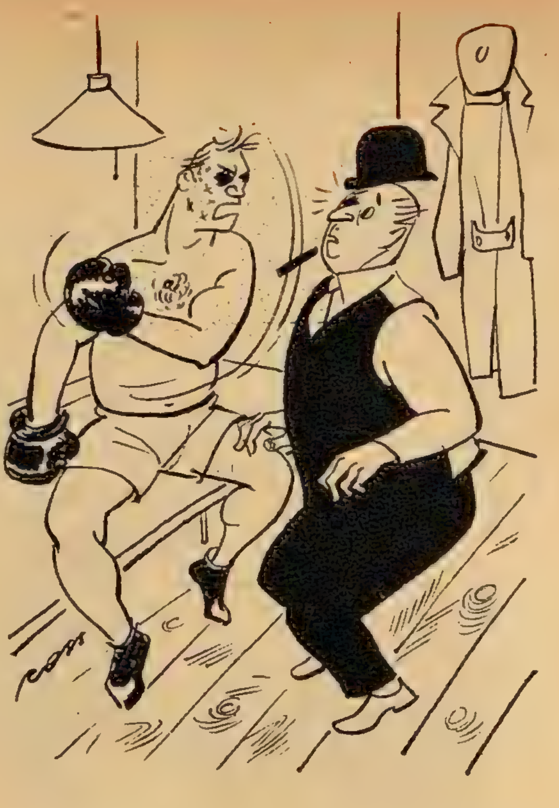
Cyrilly had moved forward, reaching for the paper, then changed her mind. Not now, with those sharp eyes watching. She'd rather read it when she was alone. Adin and Hope—why should she be surprised? Unless because they had waited so long. She remembered watching New York papers that fall three years ago for news of a wedding that did not take place.

"When are they going to be married, ma?"

"Next week Saturday, it says. In my young days we always used to think a Saturday wedding was unlucky. You going now?"

"What? Oh, yes. Yes—I'm going now."

The tide was almost high. Waves screamed across the rocks, taking the Big Pond first, then the Little Pond.



"Here's your ten per cent!"
LIBERTY

It was late in the season, late in the afternoon; the Point was deserted except for Cyrilly. She sat down, hugging her knees, staring out at the water, trying to bring the past alive again: the kids, the bonfires and the marshmallow roasts, hunting for shells and starfish in the tide pools. It was no use—even when she closed her eyes, it was no use. The past was dead. She had never seen Adin since that day in 1942. It was her own fault as much as anyone's. She had run away from him and Sonny, and from all the turmoil and confusion in her own mind. But he could have found her if he'd wanted to; if he had tried. And she knew now that there had always been a small illogical comforting whisper of hope deep in her heart. Always—until today. Tears stung her nose. She drew a long, uneven, aching breath and opened her eyes—and saw Adin coming toward her across the rocks. He was bareheaded, wearing gray slacks and an old sweater she remembered from the past.

"Adin!" she said, with sudden crazy happiness in her voice.

"Hi there," he said. "I saw you crossing the pasture. I knew it was you. Hey—what's the matter? What were you crying for?"

"I'm not. I wasn't." Cyrilly sniffled childishly. "I mean, I've got a cold—I guess."

"I'll say you have—if that's a cold. Here, take my handkerchief."

"I don't need it." But Adin handed it to her anyway. Delight at seeing him had not endured past the first moment. Don't kid yourself. He's only come to get the cottage ready, she thought dully. "You're out of the Navy, I see," she said.

"Only on leave. But I'll be out soon, I think." Adin sat down beside her on the rock. "Just like old times," he said.

"Not to me it isn't."

He gave her a quick look. "Well then, to me. You don't change much, my dear. . . . And you didn't marry Sonny after all?"

"I guess you know I didn't." But sometimes she wished that she had married him. Or, anyway, had tried to make him happy for awhile. Sonny had died of a heart attack that next spring. He wasn't such an awfully lucky guy, in spite of the money. Or perhaps because of it.

"When I got over being mad that time, I tried to find you," Adin said. "But you had left Christopher Street."

NOT right away, Cyrilly thought. Not till she had been sure he would not come. She had waited only about a week, but it had seemed endless then.

"I got a war job up in Connecticut," she said. "I—I was tired of New York."

"So that was it."

"Yes, that was it," Cyrilly repeated. "I suppose you thought that—"

"You gave me reason enough to think," he said. "Remember that. And the fact is, I was transferred to Corpus almost at once, and afterward to Hawaii. I started to write you once or twice from there, Cyrilly. Perhaps if I had—"

"Perhaps," she said.

"What fools we have been, you and I." Adin's hand closed over hers lying on the rock. He felt it quiver for an instant, then grow still. "Remember that day long ago?" he asked. "The one you said you would remember always?"

"I remember more than one." Cyrilly moved her shoulder away from his. It was all coming back, the old, wild, racing, dangerous sweetness in her blood. The way it had always been when they were together. Even when they were kids it had been this way. They were meant for each other from the beginning, never mind what tried to come between. All that I feel, he feels, she thought. If I lift my hand, if I say a single word— She jerked her fingers free.

"It's too late now. You know it's too late," she said. "Why don't you leave me alone? Go back where you belong. Go back to Hope."

"Go back—?" Adin repeated. She would have risen, but he caught her wrists. "Say that again, Cyrilly."

"I said go back to her!" Cyrilly cried. "You remembered me too late, that's what I said. Go back and be married Saturday. See if I care!"

"You'd care all right." Adin's eyes were narrowed slits in his flushed face. He pulled her closer all at once, one arm around her shoulders and both struggling hands held tight against his breast. Cyrilly resisted for a second, then gave in, and Adin kissed her mouth, a long, slow kiss. "Tell me again to go away," he whispered.

"I can't," she said in a small voice. "You know I can't." No matter whether it was right or wrong; no matter how much—anyone—might suffer. I can't help it, she thought. It is too big. "I don't want you to go, not now, or ever."

"Sure of that, are you?"

"I'm sure," she said.

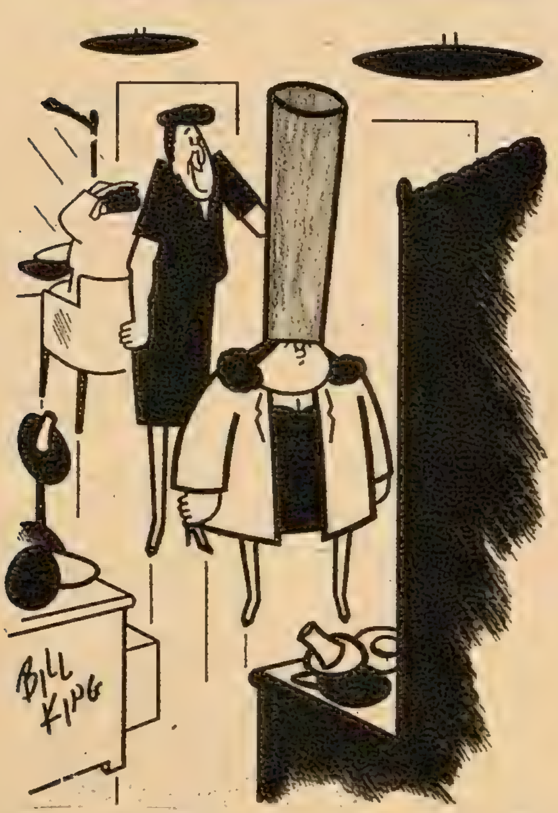
"O.K., my sweet." Adin's voice was gentle, but his eyes twinkled suddenly. "In that case, I may as well tell you it's Hope and Paul who are going to be married next week. Not Hope and me. I've only been back in the States about three days, and I've spent them all trying to locate you. And I don't really see how you could make such a dumb mistake, my funny darling."

"But Adin—I thought that Paul—and the paper said— I mean, I thought—" "The Lerrigo boy" was what Ma Gage had said, and there was only one Lerrigo in the world for Cyrilly. Never but one. As if from far away she heard Adin explain that Paul's wife had died in 1943, and Paul was always the one for Hope from the beginning.

"Like you and me," he said. "We've wasted such a lot of time, Cyrilly, haven't we?"

"But there's still a lot left," Cyrilly said, "if we start now."

THE END



"Now, this one's designed to make the short woman seem taller."

LIBERTY

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Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Bennett and Duryea—acting like people in a Greenwich Village bar.

SCARLET STREET

(Universal)
Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea

THERE was one glaring fault in The Woman in the Window—at the last minute they pulled their punches and told you it was all a dream. Now, however, in Scarlet Street, the same people have redeemed themselves fully. This time, the crime-and-punishment angle is viewed much more intelligently.

It's in a tough mood, and Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are a vulgar pair on the fringes of the middle class, living by their wits, as the saying goes. Duryea is at once cocky and callow, and exercises a strong physical hold over Miss Bennett, who calls herself an actress but would much rather not work.

That's a pretty blatant straw hat that Edward G. Robinson finds in his own studio.

Edward G. Robinson, a middle-aged cashier and a Sunday painter who lives in Brooklyn with a termagant wife, accidentally meets Bennett in Greenwich Village. (Incidentally, the sets around here are very vital and realistic.)

She is impressed with his dignity and his eloquence about painting, and when he tells her that some paintings bring as much as $50,000, her tiny little mind leaps to the conclusion that he must be rich.

The focus now swings to Duryea, and his Machiavellian maneuvers in getting his girl to bleed Robinson of his dough. However, in this "brilliant" scheme he tips his hand, and the dénouement finds three lost souls—two in quite dead bodies.

There is superb acting by all the principals and, furthermore, there are some extremely compelling primitive paintings by John Decker.

At this writing, Scarlet Street is being banned in New York State, and it would be a pity indeed if it were changed or edited to conform with the archaic Hays code of "he who sins must be at least decapitated."

Go see it anyway. It's a fine seamy portrait—way above the average in plotting, directing, and execution.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S

(Paramount)

Lillian Gish, Sonny Tufts, Joan Caulfield, Veronica Lake

Miss Susie sends her boys off properly to their Christmas holiday dance.

THE process of becoming a doctor, as everyone knows, is a tough one, and was much more so back in 1910. In those days Miss Susie Slagle (Lillian Gish) ran a boarding-house for medical students and took mighty good care of her boys during the four years they boned up on bones.

It's a nice idea for a movie, as long as it sticks to the point of view of Miss Susie. But it goes meandering off on two rather ill-starred love affairs. (Astrologically speaking, of course; no offense to the players' caliber.) The first is between Sonny Tufts, an impoverished student with a psychological dread of death, and Joan Caulfield, the fresh, pretty daughter of the head M.D. of the school. After much shilly-shallying he gets the girl.

The other affair provides the tragic element and throws Veronica Lake, a student nurse, in with Pat Phelan, doctor-to-be and son of a Chinese missionary. He is carried off by diphtheria, and she vows to go to China and carry on his work for him.

But it's Susie's house where all of the real warmth and humor are generated, and it's Lillian Gish who's mostly responsible. As ethereally sweet as she ever was, she makes this picture stand up and behave itself. Besides the aforementioned people, she is ably assisted by Billy De Wolfe, who does a lot with his role of the older, sophisticated student.

The sets are nostalgic and charming—and the paraphernalia of the medical student is all here, including the female study in anatomy painted on the ceiling of the boys' bathroom.

Keeping trim is an old reflex for Colonel Effingham (Charles Coburn).

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID

(Fox)

Charles Coburn, Bill Eythe, Joan Bennett

IN this nice but rather thin character study of a U. S. Army colonel who retires to take up a new stand in his Georgia home town, it's the musical director who deserves a lot of the credit for telling the story. The colonel, played with dignity and humor by Charles Coburn, is so imbued with the rightness of militarism that he addresses his yard boy as "Orderly," and when "Orderly" comes running, there's a drum-and-bugle obbligato.

Then there's the incidental character, an evangelist who darts around disposing of cards reading, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways!" Accompanying him on his appointed rounds is a resounding tambourine tune.

Again, to convey the idea that a young reporter (Bill Eythe) has gone overboard for a pretty society editor (Joan Bennett) the music department voices his subconscious whistle at the sight of her legs.

Divested of his military authority, the colonel's a wistful figure. To fight frustration, he begins battling City Hall and the local Tammanyites via a column in the newspaper. His main efforts are spent in keeping the old courthouse from being torn down, in which he succeeds after having enlisted Eythe and Bennett in his cause. Not a very elastic plot; good for a two-part serial perhaps, but not complex enough for a full-length movie.

Aside from its slim story thread and its quaint, reactionary politics, the colonel's raid is a pleasant single-gaited trot.

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WHERE MEDICINE LEAVES OFF

Continued from Page 26

Finally Lois Tompkins, the case worker, persuaded them that the boy was old enough to travel by himself. Then she persuaded them to let Jimmy study typing and other office work and go to gym classes at the Y.

Jimmy's personality is all right now; he has a job, and his seizures come less frequently than before.

Children with epilepsy can and should go to school regularly. They are likely to have fewer attacks when their brains are kept busy. And seizures disturb other children less than they do adults. Sometimes, though, an epilectic develops behavior problems because of the way he is treated in school. One of the clinic's psychologists, Dr. Kate Levine, uses a number of tests to get at the root of these and other troubles.

The tests often indicate there is something wrong with the teacher's attitude. Many teachers still feel there is not much that can be done for children with epilepsy. (This is hardly the teachers' fault; some doctors still feel that way, too.) Little attention is paid to a child with seizures, the teacher either holding him back or, sometimes, pushing him ahead without adequate preparation for the next grade's work.

In one case, a high-school algebra teacher gave a girl low marks, justifying them with the assertion that since she was an epileptic, she had a very poor memory and could not be expected to do well in mathematics. The clinic proved to this teacher, by a test, that the girl had completely normal ability to learn.

Some of the tests delve into the more complicated problems of human adjustment. One of them consists of a series of pictures which the child looks at and discusses. One picture shows two happy-looking girls sitting at desks and apparently comparing notes. A twelve-year-old girl told the psychologist that one of the girls in this picture was copying the arithmetic lesson from the other. It developed that this patient was being urged so hard at home to make high grades in arithmetic she had taken to copying the problems—and to worrying about her behavior.

After all the tests—intelligence and personality—have been made, the clinic's case worker discusses the results with the patient's teacher. Often some change in the child's school life is indicated. Some children need a different type of school. Others, like the girl who was worried about her arithmetic, need extra help in a subject. A few will be happier if they are permitted to drop certain subjects and take on others.

The case worker also uses the interview with the teacher to nail down certain prejudices and misconceptions that for centuries have plagued the lives of persons with epilepsy.

She points out that epilepsy is a fairly common ailment and that the war is adding thousands of young men to the list of people who have it—or may develop it. She presents figures showing how effectively the new medicines are controlling seizures. She tells the teacher about the clinic's intelligence tests, which now show that most children with seizures have mentalities every bit as good as other children. And she stresses the fact that physical and mental activity have proven effective in reducing the number of seizures.

STAFF members talk to parents, too, because often some situation in the home is at least partly responsible for the child's behavior problems. But always—no matter what adjustments can be made in the school and the home—the patient must learn how to work out his own salvation. So, after he has taken the psychological tests, the youngster passes on to a small suite of rooms called the play-therapy department.

LT. BRADY CLEANED UP TWO WAYS, WHEN...
NOT SO FAST, YOUNG LADY!
COME ON, BOYS
AFTER A 24 HOUR VIGIL, LIEUT. BRADY, FAMOUS DETECTIVE, SPRINGS THE TRAP
BUT MR. BEY SAID TO DROP OFF THE PARCEL ON MY WAY HOME
SURE... A BEAUTIFUL DOPE RUNNER, EH? WE'VE GOT YOUR UPTOWN BOSS, TOO
AND THIS GIRL WASN'T WISE, BEY?
NO. I JUST HIRED HER TODAY. SHE THOUGHT I RAN A STUDIO
IT ALL CHECKS, LIEUTENANT. SHE'S OK.
MY APOLOGIES, MISS COLE. NOW, IF YOU'LL WAIT UNTIL I CAN FRESHEN UP, I'LL SEE YOU SAFELY HOME
SURE, HERE'S MY RAZOR
PAT, YOU'VE GOT A KEEN BLADE HERE. NEVER ENJOYED A QUICKER, EASIER SHAVE
SURE, IT'S A THIN GILLETTE. AND IT'S SEEN PLENTY OF USE, TOO
...THAT'S THE STORY, MRS. COLE — AND YOUR DAUGHTER WILL BE A PEACH OF A WITNESS AGAINST THE GANG
YOU'VE BEEN A REAL FRIEND TO BETTY, LIEUTENANT
AND SHE IS A PEACH!
LATER: AT BETTY'S HOME
THE D.A. WILL WANT YOUR STATEMENT TOMORROW. I'LL PICK YOU UP AT ONE
WHY NOT COME EARLIER AND LUNCH WITH US?
TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU GET SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST AND FEEL GREAT WHEN YOU USE THIN GILLETTES. THESE ARE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING LOW-PRICE BLADES YOU EVER TRIED. WHAT'S MORE, THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR ACCURATELY AND PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THIN GILLETTES
BETTER SHOW UP WITH A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE, LIEUTENANT
Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

The main room of this department looks like a children's wonderland. A dozen puppets hang from hooks on a wall. A large work table contains slabs of clay and some human figures molded from it. Sheets of finger paintings hang from a line strung across one corner. In another corner stands a dart board. Blocks, castles, guns, and dolls lie on shelves. Opening off one end of the room is a smaller room containing a sandbox, an easel, jars of water colors, cans of finger paints, and a washbasin. Opening off the other end is the office of Louise Wiener, the clinic's play-therapist.

Miss Wiener turns the younger children loose in the playrooms, watches how they play, and from that usually manages to find out what is bothering them. For instance, she handed me a crayon drawing of a horse that an eight-year-old boy had made shortly before my visit. It was a good likeness, except that a unicorn's horn protruded from the horse's head. Miss Wiener thought the horn represented masculinity, aggressiveness — qualities the shy and sulky little artist subconsciously yearned for. "If I'm right," she said, "our problem will be to help him find satisfying, socially acceptable outlets for his aggression."

Then she pointed to a wooden doll lying on a shelf. It didn't have any arms.

"Jane did that," the therapist said. "She's five years old. She and I were playing with the doll yesterday afternoon and talking about Jane's home. Jane mentioned her aunt; then she suddenly grabbed the doll and wrenched off its arms. It may take a while to find out just why Jane is so angry with her aunt, but when we do, I think we'll know how to help Jane stop her behavior tantrums."

Were both of these children epileptics?

"Oh, surely. But it isn't the seizures that are bothering them—the seizures are under excellent control. *It is the way people act toward the child with epilepsy that often causes him to have peculiar quirks.*"

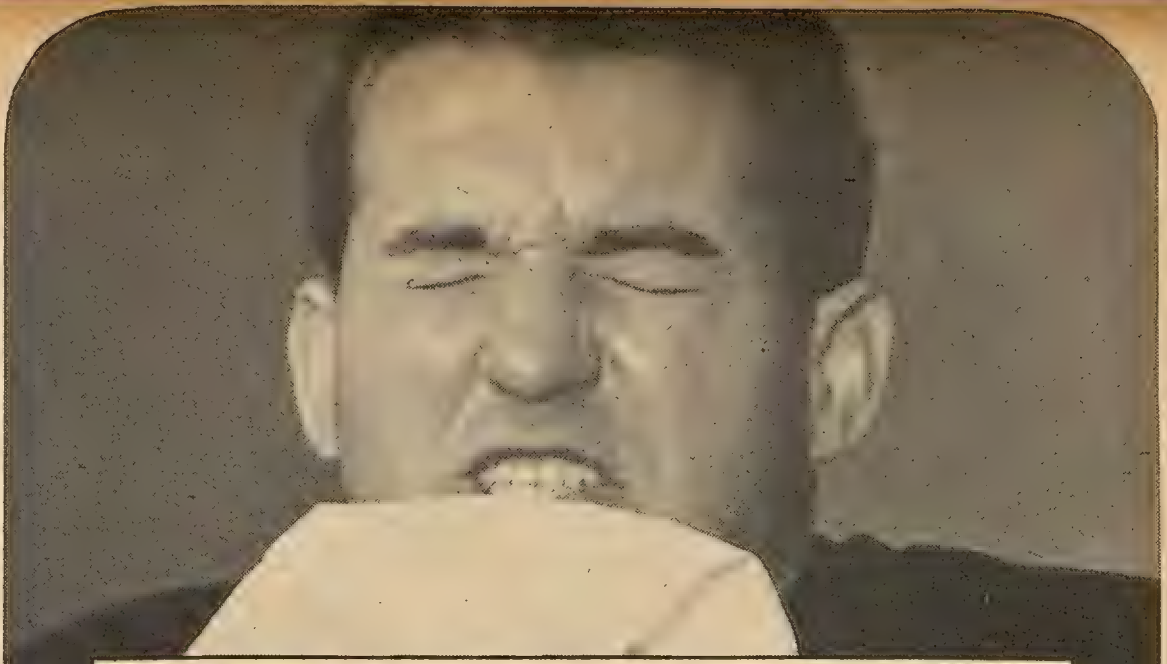
EVELYN, for example, is a girl of eight whose family is well-to-do and has a good social background. During babyhood she began having very severe epileptic seizures at night. These continued until she was put under proper medication six months ago; she has had no attacks since then.

But the medicine couldn't take care of her personality defects. She lisped and stuttered. She was stubborn. She couldn't make friends. She showed no initiative and little imagination.

When she first came into the playroom, four weeks ago, she didn't know what to do—she waited for Miss Wiener to entertain her.

Since then she has had eight one-hour sessions in the playrooms, and

(*Continued on page 86*)



How to deal with COLDS

Physicians advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

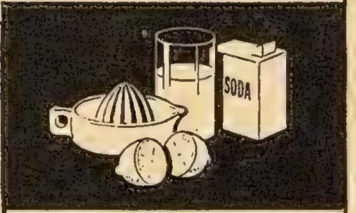
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS — FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

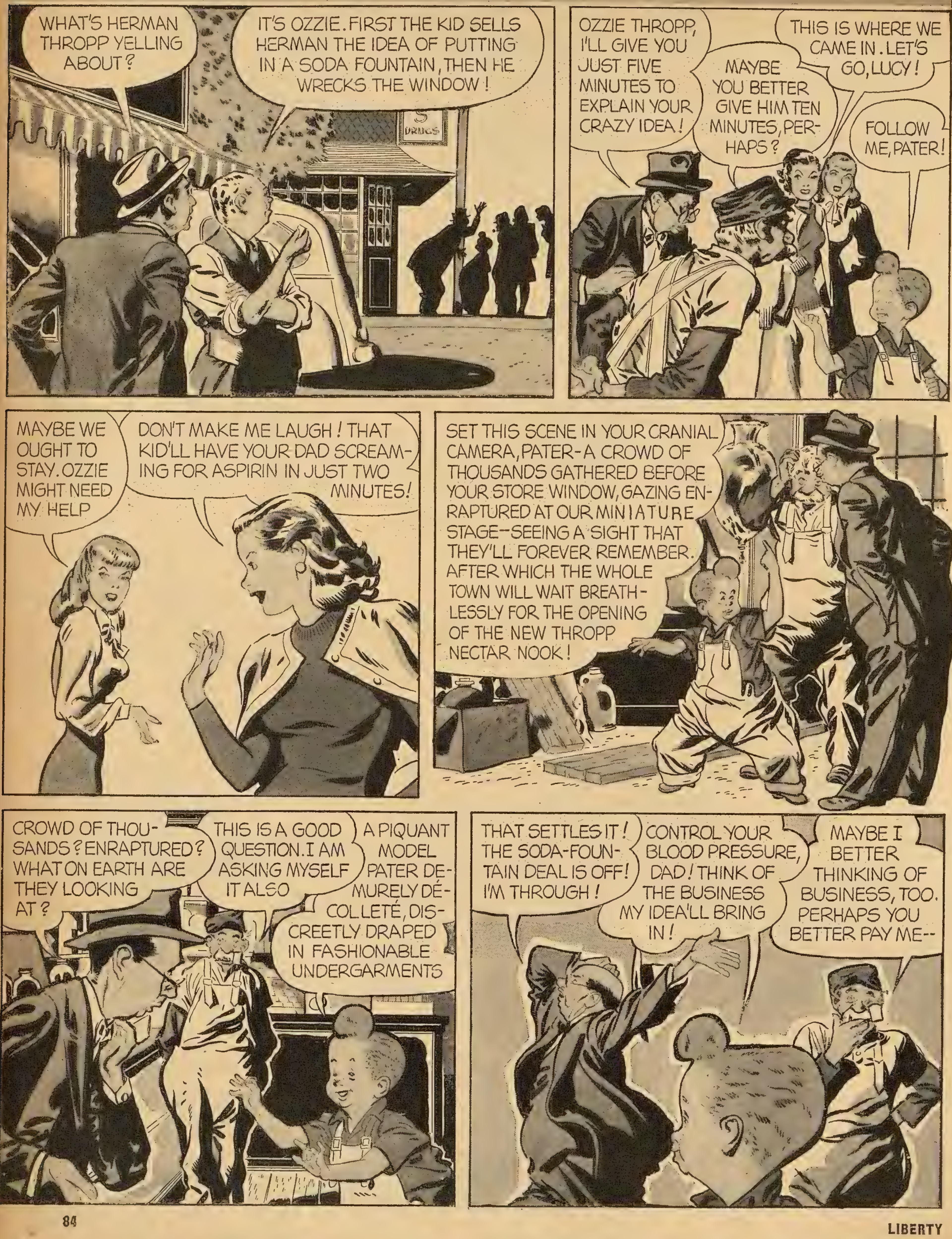
To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

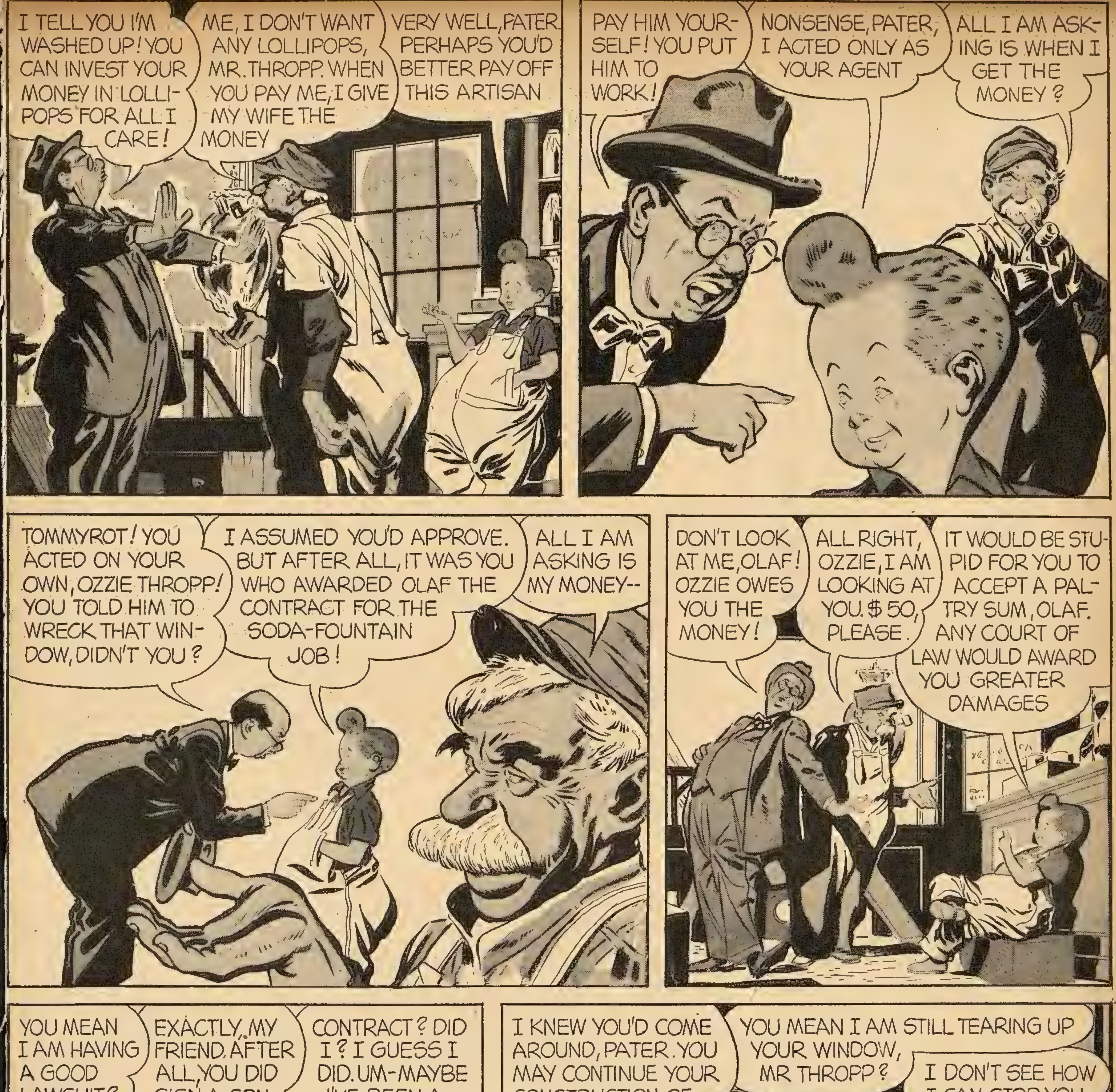
WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


WHAT'S HERMAN THROPP YELLING ABOUT?
IT'S OZZIE. FIRST THE KID SELLS HERMAN THE IDEA OF PUTTING IN A SODA FOUNTAIN, THEN HE WRECKS THE WINDOW!
DRUGS
OZZIE THROPP, I'LL GIVE YOU JUST FIVE MINUTES TO EXPLAIN YOUR CRAZY IDEA!
MAYBE YOU BETTER GIVE HIM TEN MINUTES, PERHAPS?
THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN. LET'S GO, LUCY!
FOLLOW ME, PATER!
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO STAY. OZZIE MIGHT NEED MY HELP
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! THAT KID'LL HAVE YOUR DAD SCREAMING FOR ASPIRIN IN JUST TWO MINUTES!
SET THIS SCENE IN YOUR CRANIAL CAMERA, PATER—A CROWD OF THOUSANDS GATHERED BEFORE YOUR STORE WINDOW, GAZING ENRAPTURED AT OUR MINIATURE STAGE—SEEING A SIGHT THAT THEY'LL FOREVER REMEMBER. AFTER WHICH THE WHOLE TOWN WILL WAIT BREATHLESSLY FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THROPP NECTAR NOOK!
CROWD OF THOUSANDS? ENRAPTURED? WHAT ON EARTH ARE THEY LOOKING AT?
THIS IS A GOOD QUESTION. I AM ASKING MYSELF IT ALSO
A PIQUANT MODEL PATER DEMURELY DÉCOLLETÉ, DISCREETLY DRAPED IN FASHIONABLE UNDERGARMENTS
THAT SETTLES IT! THE SODA-FOUNTAIN DEAL IS OFF! I'M THROUGH!
CONTROL YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, DAD! THINK OF THE BUSINESS MY IDEA'LL BRING IN!
MAYBE I BETTER THINKING OF BUSINESS, TOO. PERHAPS YOU BETTER PAY ME--


I TELL YOU I'M WASHED UP! YOU CAN INVEST YOUR MONEY IN LOLLIPOPS FOR ALL I CARE!
ME, I DON'T WANT ANY LOLLIPOPS, MR. THROPP. WHEN YOU PAY ME, I GIVE MY WIFE THE MONEY
VERY WELL, PATER. PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER PAY OFF THIS ARTISAN
PAY HIM YOURSELF! YOU PUT HIM TO WORK!
NONSENSE, PATER, I ACTED ONLY AS YOUR AGENT
ALL I AM ASKING IS WHEN I GET THE MONEY?
TOMMYROT! YOU ACTED ON YOUR OWN, OZZIE THROPP! YOU TOLD HIM TO WRECK THAT WINDOW, DIDN'T YOU?
I ASSUMED YOU'D APPROVE. BUT AFTER ALL, IT WAS YOU WHO AWARDED OLAF THE CONTRACT FOR THE SODA-FOUNTAIN JOB!
ALL I AM ASKING IS MY MONEY--
DON'T LOOK AT ME, OLAF! OZZIE OWES YOU THE MONEY!
ALL RIGHT, OZZIE, I AM LOOKING AT YOU. $ 50, PLEASE.
IT WOULD BE STUPID FOR YOU TO ACCEPT A PALTRY SUM, OLAF. ANY COURT OF LAW WOULD AWARD YOU GREATER DAMAGES
YOU MEAN I AM HAVING A GOOD LAWSUIT?
EXACTLY, MY FRIEND. AFTER ALL, YOU DID SIGN A CONTRACT WITH THIS ARTISAN, DIDN'T YOU, PATER?
CONTRACT? DID I? I GUESS I DID. UM-MAYBE I'VE BEEN A BIT HASTY WITH YOUR IDEA, OZZIE, PERHAPS WE CAN COME TO TERMS
I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND, PATER. YOU MAY CONTINUE YOUR CONSTRUCTION OF THE STAGE, OLAF
YOU MEAN I AM STILL TEARING UP YOUR WINDOW, MR THROPP?
I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN STOP YOU

Continued next week

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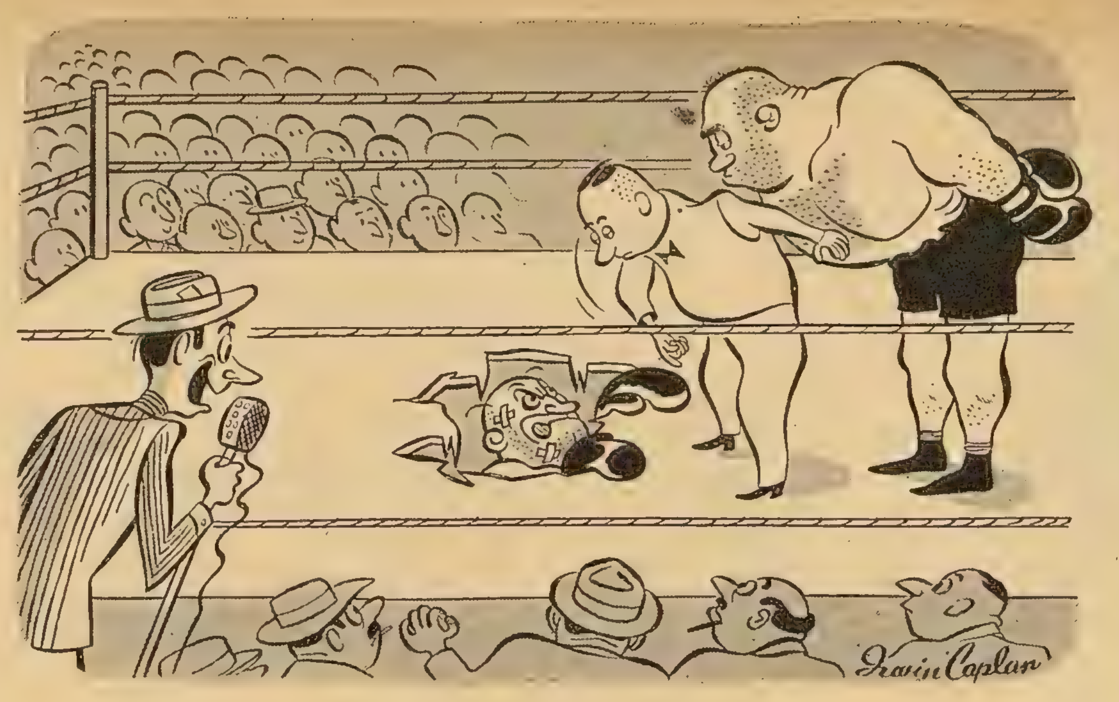

". . . seven . . . eight. . . . Wait! He's getting up at the count of nine!"
LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 83*)

her parents have been in several times to talk to the therapist. Miss Wiener has learned a lot about all three.

"Evelyn's stubbornness is a sort of passive resistance to growing up," Miss Wiener said. "All her life until six months ago her parents were concerned about her physical condition and did everything for her. Then her condition cleared up and they expected her all at once to act like any other eight-year-old. Of course she was lost. She wanted somehow to get the attention that her seizures had got her before. She played the baby. She insisted on having her own way."

Did that explain Evelyn's lack of initiative?

"Partly," Miss Wiener said. "But there's something else. Her father is a perfectionist. For instance, he has a garden, and he tried to get Evelyn to work in it. But when she didn't do things just right, he showed he was displeased. Naturally she became discouraged, unwilling to try things."

Evelyn is getting along much better now. She plays by herself, lets Miss Wiener leave the room. And at the last session she made a clay dish, which she was very eager to take home to show her father. And the father now realizes that his little daughter must be premitted to work and play at her own level—not have to do real work in the garden. Evelyn talks better, too; her speech defects don't show up except when she's worried.

Of course, Miss Wiener went on, many people—particularly the older children and veterans—who come to the clinic have deeper problems, but their troubles are no different from those faced by many a non-epileptic.

The staff of the Baird Clinic agrees that those problems would all be greatly lessened if the public were better informed on epilepsy. The disorder itself, for example, is not hereditary, they point out, nor is it a mental weakness. Most first attacks occur during school age. The ultimate cause of epilepsy, as of many other disorders, is not yet known. Nobody can tell an epileptic by his appearance, and there is no such thing as an "epileptic personality."

NOTHING can be done for a victim of a seizure except to keep him out of harm's way.

Efforts of bystanders to "calm" him may be actually harmful. He absorbs the tenseness of those around him as he awakens. Better let him alone. The usual seizure lasts from one to three minutes, after which the victim may fall into a deep sleep or merely feel dull or drowsy.

But a good deal can be done for an epileptic between seizures. The Clinic has worked out a happy formula which can be followed with profit by parents of children who have epilepsy and by others who work and live with epileptics. The first requirement—after proper medical care has been assured—is to create a normal life for the patient. Children should go to school, engage in athletics, keep up with other children. Adult epileptics should work, play, live normally. But if epileptics are to live normally, *all of us must regard them as the normal human beings that they are.*

Harry Sands, administrator of the Baird Clinic, sums it up in a few simple words:

"An epileptic has a handicap of sorts—and so has almost everybody else. But an epileptic's is a much easier one to get along with than most people used to think."

THE END

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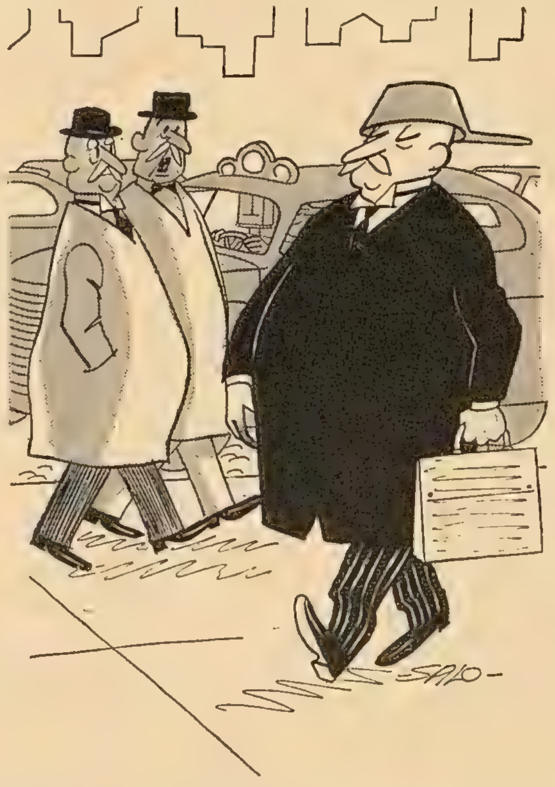
YOUNG MAN IN THE CHAIR

Continued from Page 23

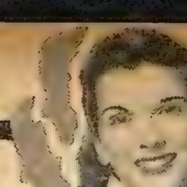
his, and if the phraseology isn't satisfactory and sufficiently down to earth, back it goes to be rewritten. Simple straightforward phrasing is what he likes, and that's the way he talks in public or in private—to his audience, not at it.

Soon after his entry into the business in August, 1943, Henry II began putting much of his time on advertising and sales, but with the idea that research, engineering, manufacture, and other factors soon would receive equal attention. That first speech was given before the National Automobile Dealers' Association convention in Detroit and had to do with what he had found out about Ford sales and advertising. The dealer situation was one problem, and Young Henry explained that Ford was embarking on a new progressive dealer policy. To initiate this, John R. ("Jack") Davis, member of the Ford sales organization since 1919, was called from his position as Western Region manager and appointed director of sales and advertising.

Together, Henry the Second and Jack Davis toured the country, telling dealers that from now on Ford would cease to be merely a manufacturing organization, that engineering, manufacturing, advertising, sales, and service would be interlocked and allied as never before. Mindful of the aloofness that once plagued Ford dealer relations, Young Henry then played his ace card—he yanked the representatives out of any lethargy they might have left after receiving a personal visit from the future head of the Ford Motor Company by telling them *he* needed and wanted *their* help. He was sincere, and they knew it.



"That's J. B. Ferguson of 'Everbright Kitchenware'."



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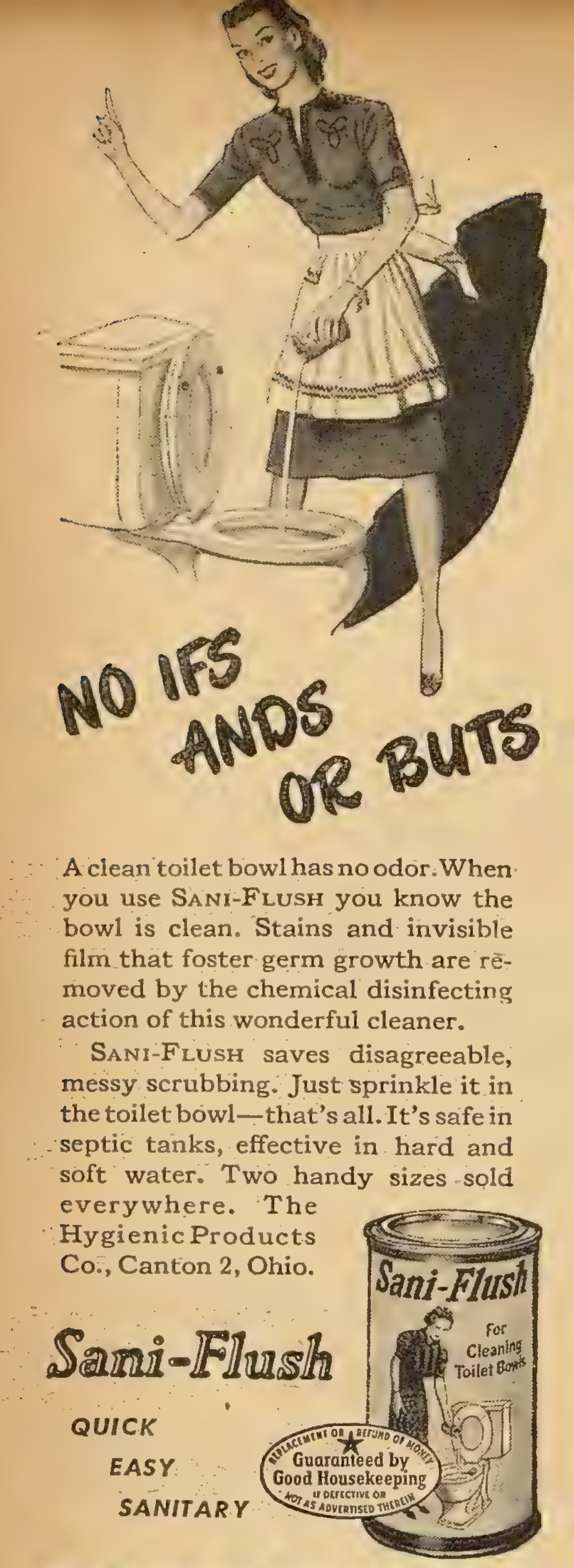

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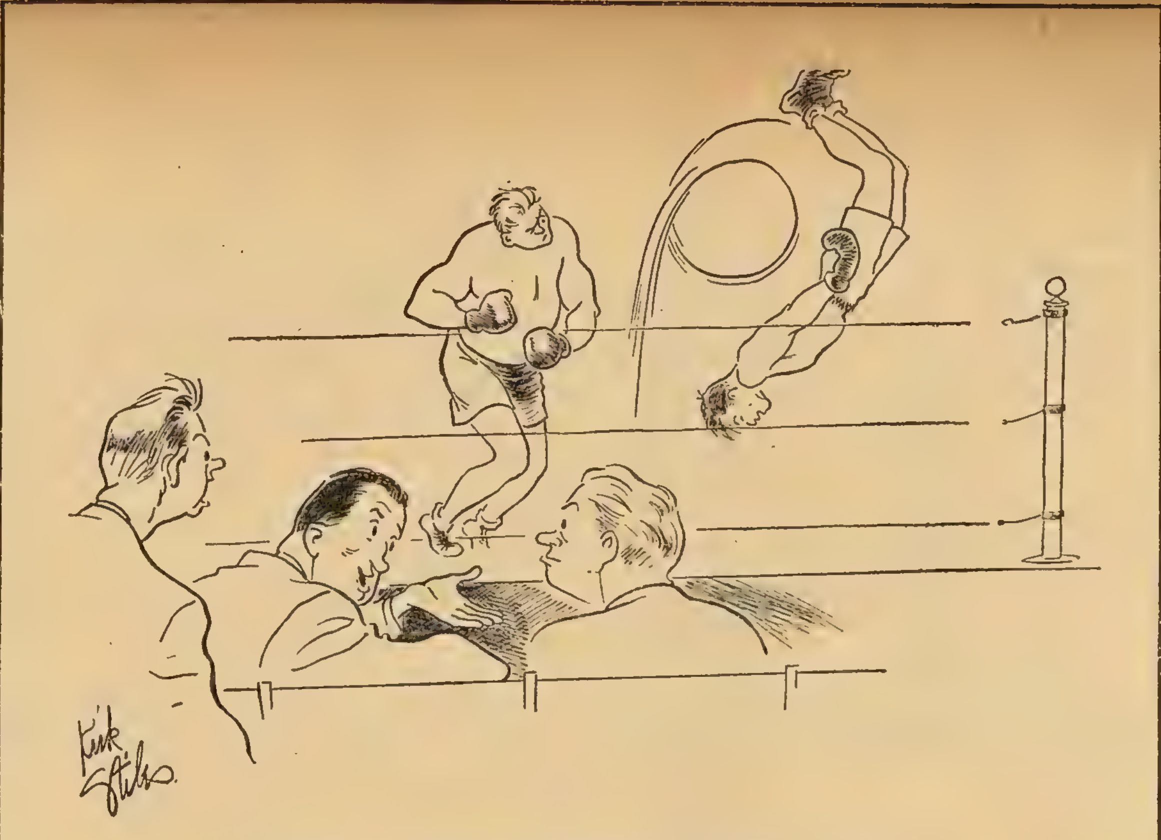

"Pay me. I told you he'd knock him for a loop."

LIBERTY

Later in '44, departmental and interdepartmental meetings were called by Henry II, who led the discussions and, in keeping with his persistent effort to "reach for the answers," he asked more questions than anyone. To speed the policy of a closer-knit organization, Young Henry did one of the most revolutionary things ever done at Ford. He got the supervisory group of about 200 together for a confidential talk. Shop superintendents could hardly believe their ears when the Young Boss frankly reviewed company activities for the past ten years, with hitherto unreleased facts and figures to prove his points. He then revealed details of the proposed future program and explained where the company wanted to go and how the supervisory staff could help. This was unprecedented in Ford management history. When people had said that Old Henry had ideas for Young Henry, they had neglected to consider that Henry II might have some ideas of his own.

DURING all this transition Old Henry was still at the helm. What grandpa secretly thought of the new goings-on under the quarterbacking of his grandson as executive vice-president is not for the records. The fact that the goings-on continued at an ever-increasing scale without any apparent interruption from Old Henry is what counts. It should be recalled, too, that some of grandpa's tightly fixed ideas of bygone days contributed to the success of competitors and to the decline in Ford sales. Among other things, he clung hard to the old Model T and the mechanical brakes.

But even if Old Henry wasn't right every time in the past, his batting average was good enough to build up some $655,000,000 in profits between 1920 and 1926. It's been good enough to make the Ford empire the largest privately owned business in the world, and every nickel of it is held by members of the Ford family. Grandpa still controls 58.5 per cent, while Edsel's 41.5 per cent was divided by his will equally between his wife and four children. Such concentrated private ownership is a powerful weapon in any industry. There are no stockholders to become disgruntled if earnings are low or dividends are passed.

Old Henry established a lot of Ford "firsts," but the one he once was proudest of was leadership in sales. When competitors spoiled that, he said he didn't care, but not many people believed him in view of the strenuous efforts to overtake Chevrolet's lead. At that time he reiterated that his aim was, and always had been, to "give the public the most car for the money," and in that his grandson heartily concurs. More than anything else, Henry II wants Ford to lead again in sales, and unquestionably grandpa agrees, but the younger man has adopted different policies and methods. Perhaps Old Henry, thinking of the days of decline and some of the contributory factors, feels that his grandson may be on the right track. At any rate, that's the way the winds were blowing shortly after V-E Day in 1945. On July 1 the government gave the auto industry a partial green light on reconversion to peacetime cars.

Ford speedily established a new "first." Two days later, on July 3, Young Henry drove a sedan off the assembly line. It was the first postwar civilian car of any make, and as such Henry II thought that, on behalf of his grandfather, it should be presented to the nation's first citizen, President Harry S. Truman.

Then on September 21, 1945, and for the second time Old Henry relinquished presidency of the great institution he had founded. That was the day Young Henry sat down in The Chair, and the automotive industry held its breath to see what would happen. Would Henry II really run the business, or would it be operated as in Edsel Ford's days, when Old Henry kept a firm hand on the controls and Harry Bennett actually was the number two man? The answer is now history.

Outside of his own intimates, not many details are known about Young Henry. After early seclusion at home and later attendance at Detroit University School, he entered Hotchkiss School at sixteen, preparatory to four years at Yale. He wasn't brilliant in his studies, which often bored him; he did fairly well in sports, which he enjoyed; he particularly like campus activities at Yale, such as membership in Zeta Psi, Book and Snake, and management of the Yale crew. In 1936, after graduation from Hotchkiss and while returning from Europe with his parents and his brother Benson, Henry the Second acquired another and very attractive interest. She was Anne McDonnell, also a passenger aboard the Queen Mary, and daughter of the James F. McDonnells of New York.

This interest progressed to an engagement announcement in March, 1940. As Miss McDonnell was a Catholic, Henry II forsook the Methodist faith of his upbringing and took instruction in Catholicism from Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen in anticipation of the marriage, which occurred the following July 13. After a Hawaiian honeymoon, Young Henry went to work in the River Rouge plant. A few months later he bought a Georgian colonial home in Grosse Pointe, near Lake St. Clair. There two daughters, Charlotte and Anne, were born in 1941 and 1943.

Young Henry minded his own affairs. He played a little mediocre tennis and some golf in the low nineties for recreation. He also snapped hundreds of pictures of Charlotte and his wife with a second-hand camera. He continued rising at 6 A. M. to report for work at the plant. Opposing any show of favoritism, he insisted on trying all kinds of jobs, including that of grease monkey in the plant garage. In the spring of 1941 he was inducted into the Navy and won a lieutenancy.

Lieutenant Ford's Navy job was assistant to the Training Office director of the Ninth Naval District, but he always regretted that he never got to sea. Little stories about his naval service corroborated the general idea that he was democratic to a degree and had exceptional ability for getting along with people.

WHILE he has never shown his famous grandparent's mechanical proclivity, young Henry is in at least one respect like him. The grandfather dog-trotted miles about the huge plant every day; the grandson gets around, too. One of his favorite byplays is to visit the end of the production line. After watching new Fords roll off for a few minutes, he says, "I'll take that one." He gets a run-of-the-line car to drive himself and to test and check for "bugs." As for the workingman and Ford management, it is too early at this writing to present final answers to the negotiations that have been going on, but as nearly as observers can determine, there is a disposition on both sides toward reason and amity.

When you leave the office of Henry Ford II, you feel that undeniably a new factor has entered the automobile business. It is a rather young factor in years, but the Young Man in the Chair already has demonstrated that he is capable of tackling one of the world's biggest jobs without fear or favor. He shows deep respect for the teachings of his father and grandfather, often quoting the latter; but, surrounded now by advisers of his own choosing and capable of thinking for himself, he has evolved a new concept of affairs within the "Ford empire."

Still "reaching for the answers," Young Henry has set the Ford Motor Company definitely on the trail that leads back to automotive leadership. Whether it eventually gets there or not is up to the Young Man in the Chair.

THE END

* * *

HANDICAP: ONE STROKE A HOLE

Octavus Roy Cohen tells this one: Two colored golfers went out for a round of eighteen holes. One was a skilled golfer, but the other was a duffer. To equalize matters, the better golfer gave his friend a stroke a hole.

On that particular day the duffer played better than usual, and his one-stroke handicap helped him tie or beat his buddy on the first few holes. Then they came to a short hole, which the good golfer played so well that his ball rolled into the cup. A hole in one!

"Man, just try to beat that!" he said.

The other just stood there, frowning and scratching his head. Suddenly his face lighted up.

"I wins dis hole," he announced.

"Boy, are you crazy?" said the first.

"I wins," maintained the other.

"How?"

"I claims my stroke. That gives me a *hole in nothin'!*"

* * *

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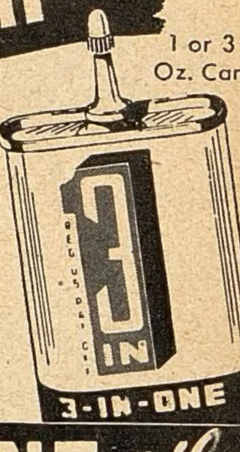

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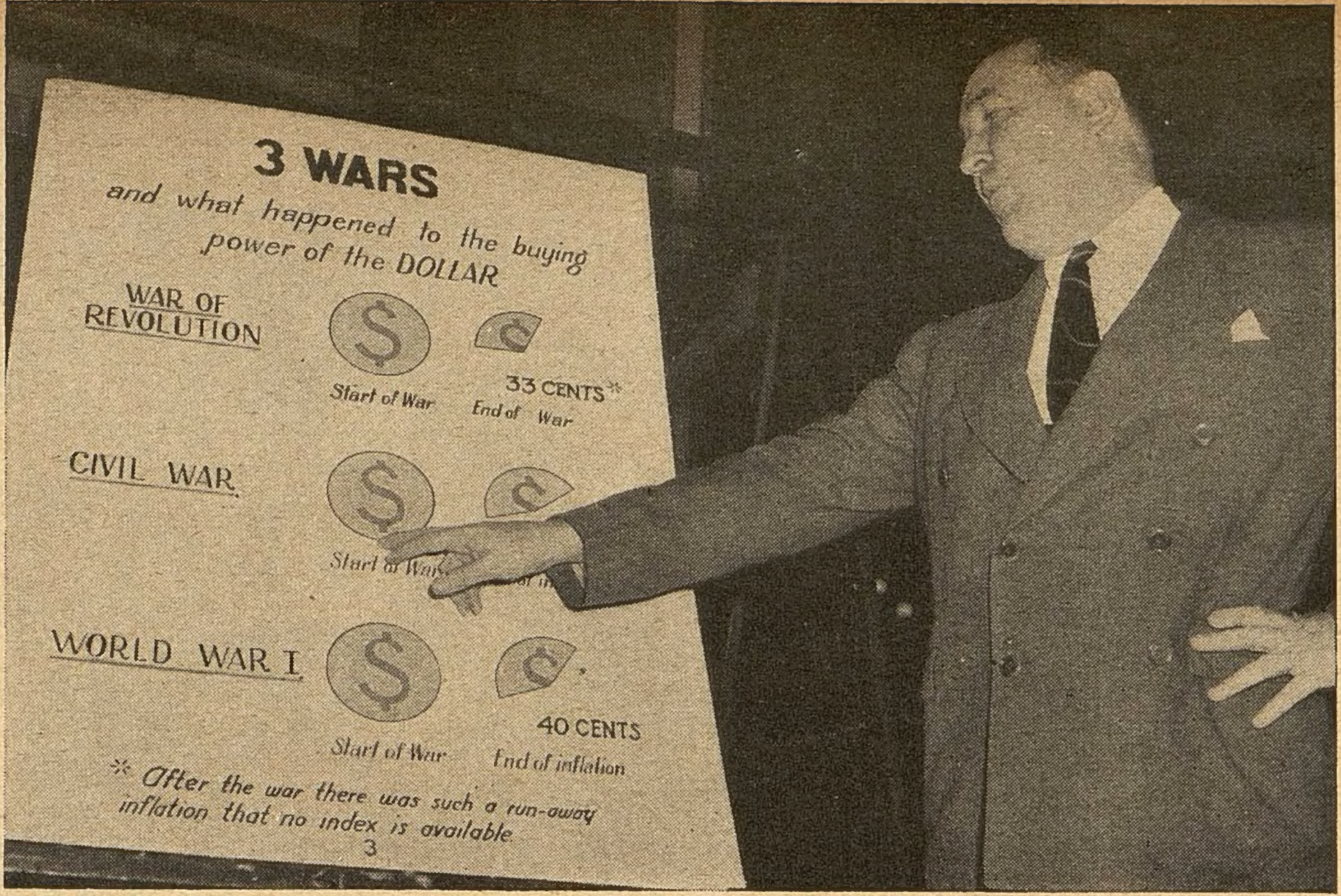
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3

MR. BOWLES STANDS HIS GROUND

THE head of the OPA, Mr. Chester Bowles, occupies an unenviable salient in the battle between America's opposing economic interests. In his uncomfortable foxhole he comes in for some share of the blast of every bombshell whether tossed by business, labor, or the consuming public. Mr. Bowles must be a sturdy soul indeed to stand up as well as he does under the strain.

The resilient Chester is an official of the federal government, sworn to administer the Price Control Act, so help him God. His OPA has never been a truly "popular" agency. All through the war the average citizen was more concerned with the annoyance it caused him through rationing than with the good it did him by holding down prices. Mr. Bowles and his agency have been like nasty-tasting medicine—unpleasant, but necessary for our own good.

Now that the war is over, he reminds us, somewhat wistfully, of the boy who "stood on the burning deck": he manfully holds the ground whence about all but him have fled. He stubbornly insists on carrying out the directives laid on him by Congress and the President. Oddly enough, he seems to think his job is to administer the price-control law, not to make it, and obviously his intention is to continue doing so until the law expires or is changed.

Mr. Bowles' struggle to hold the line on prices is immensely complicated by the removal of government restrictions on almost every factor which goes into the formulation of prices. During the war, wages were controlled, materials were allocated by priority, and the resultant production was rationed where necessary. It was a comparatively simple job to hold the line. Even so, as everyone knows, there were many leaks and price violation having the semblance of legality was rampant.

Soon after the end of the war these other controls were lifted or loosened. Wages were made subject to collective bargaining. Most material allocations were removed. Rationing was abandoned. We began the interesting experiment of trying to operate an economy that was part slave and part free.

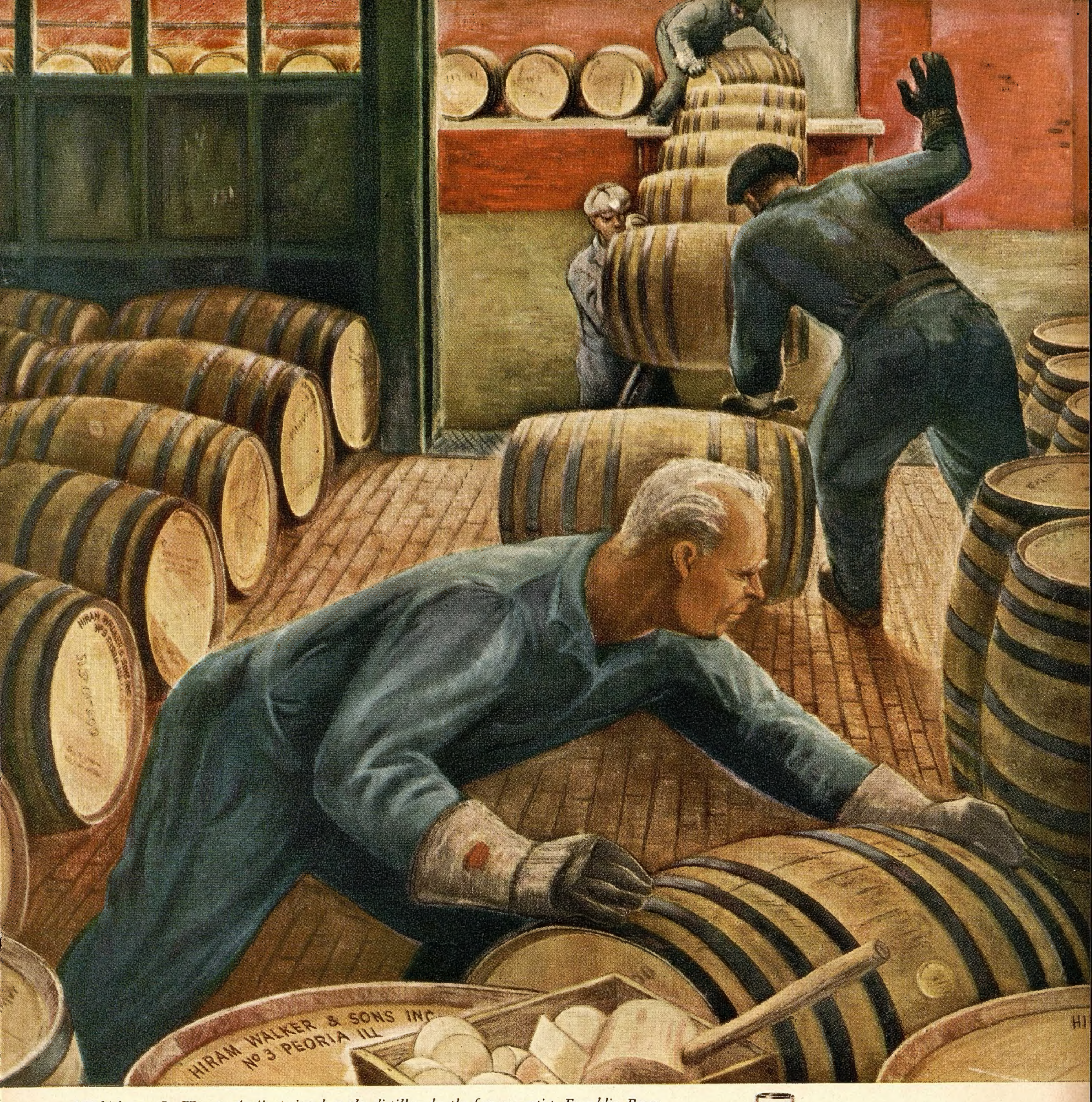
It would be easy under the circumstances for a man of less integrity than Mr. Bowles to modify his attitude to meet these conditions. Without much trouble to his conscience, he could have convinced himself that a little inflation was good for us. After all, with Congress and the administration disregarding the requirements of successful price control right and left, why should he be mulish on his end? Fortunately, or unfortunately, according to one's point of view, Mr. Bowles doesn't play it that way. To him, hold the line means hold it, regardless of how much annoyance he may occasion in the process.

There are varying opinions as to the ultimate effect of Mr. Bowles' singleness of purpose during these crucial months. There are those who say he has a one-track mind and that his refusal to give on price increases holds up the production of the goods for which people clamor. There are others who believe Mr. Bowles alone forfends the roaring boom and eventual bust. In any case, he does his job and for that deserves credit and respect. If price control is to be abandoned, it is up to Congress to do it. It is not Mr. Bowles' prerogative to do it by nullification.

One thing is certain, however. Mr. Bowles and his OPA have made us price-conscious. Even when the lid comes off, most sellers will think twice before raising prices.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL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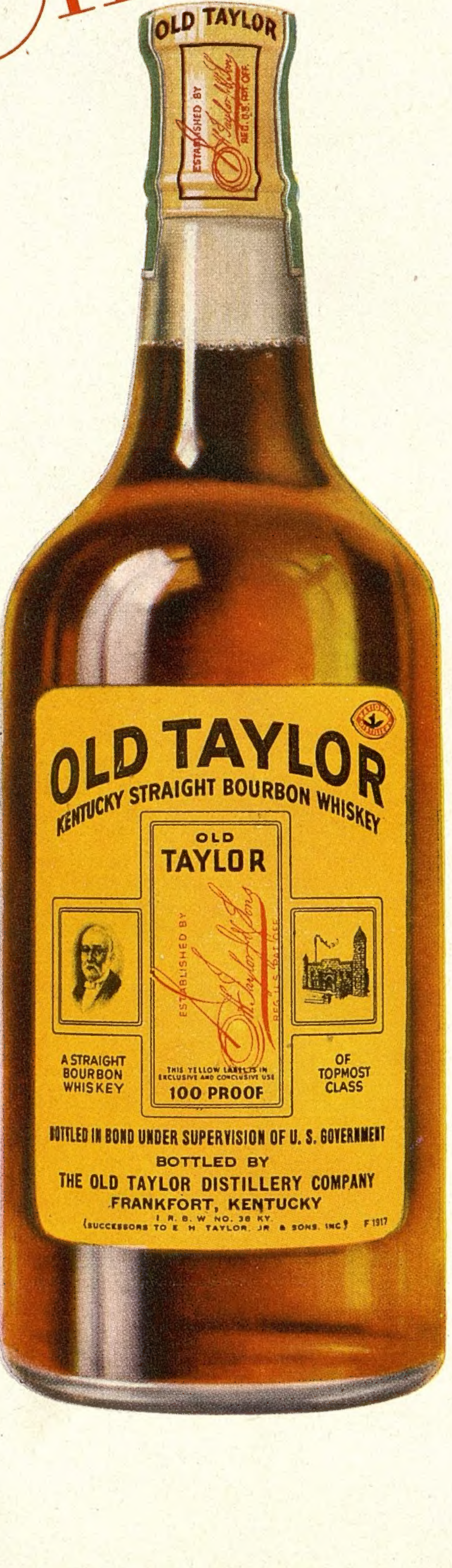
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